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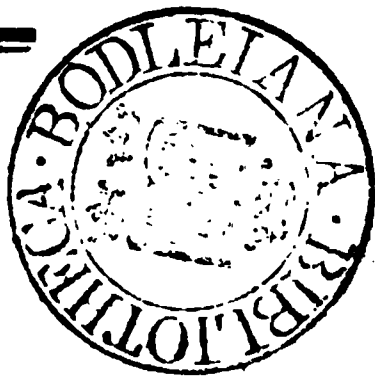
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END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE TIMES; OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH IS PURELY INTRODUCTORY, SOMEWHAT DISCURSIVE,
AND NEED NOT BE READ BY THOSE WHO DO NOT CARE
TO UNDERSTAND.

THE novel writer may be regarded as standing in the same relation to social life as the historian occupies in the political world.

Whilst the latter selects only, those great events which have engaged the attention and occupied the thoughts, and employed the hours, of the "busy great men" of past ages, and which have exerted a material influence, whether for weal or for woe, on the destinies of nations and the fate of millions, and thus occupies, in the mind's eye, a position of vast importance, the former applies himself to the social habits of an age, and entering the palace of the king, the mansion of the peer, or the hut of the peasant, portrays the customs and manners of a people, or of an individual, and holds up to public gaze, to public indignation, or to public approval, the folly or wisdom, the vices or virtues, of those whose characters he essays to delineate.

There is, however, one great difference between these two chroniclers of the drama of life, which is, that the historian is expected by all, and believed by many, to give to mankind a true record of that which has occurred, and is not supposed to indulge in any flights of fancy or wanderings of the imagination, which might cause him to diverge from the path of truth.

The novel writer, or historian of social life, on the con-

trary, enjoys, by common consent, a great latitude in his career, and is permitted, not only to "appeal to his imagination, for his facts," but also, to deviate from the real world altogether, and to record as facts that which passes the bounds of probability and trespasses closely on those even of possibility—a permission which is not always thrown away on many who profess to record the features of the passing age, or the characters of the days which are gone.

The latter is also permitted to be equally oblivious, as to dates, and is by no means expected to be a respecter of persons; he may select his hero from the first and transfer him to the last century; or take his heroine from the cottage and seat her on the imperial throne.

It is enough if he represent his character "true to Nature," either as she is or as she ought to be; nay, he may even create an imaginary being, possessed of all the virtues of an angel, or all the vices of a demon.

He may present man without a failing, woman without a fault, and give to the creations of his imagination, qualities which are not the attributes of humanity.

He may pourtray the man of wealth, the follower of Mammon, as also the servant of his God; he may represent him as the possessor of all that this world can bestow, and the sharer of a share of the bounties of Providence with the creature of sorrow and the child of sin; or state that whilst his heart is filled with an insatiable thirst for gold and silver, and fine things, it is yet open to the impulse of charity, and not shut against the cries of imploring famine, the sufferings of fallen ignorance, or the suppliant prayers of the prostrate penitent.

He may represent the statesman as legislating, not for himself or a party, or any of the *great interests*, as they are termed, of a nation, but for the general welfare of all classes of society, and promoting, with all the zeal he possesses and the power which he wields, the diffusion of the blessings of peace and plenty, and education and religion, over a happy and contented people. Indeed, there is nothing too extravagant to the pen of the novel writer, which does not surpass the bounds of possibility; his privileges are all but unlimited, the greatest limit being usually, and often fortunately, the ability of the writer.

The advantage thus on the part of the novel writer appears to be great indeed, as time, place, and circumstances are at his disposal; he has only to look around and take his choice.

The benefit, however, to the novel writer, is only apparent—the historian has the real advantage. The former must write truth; at least that which is true to nature, and usually does so—yet he is not believed; his is a story of fiction, and no one is expected to credit it; few, therefore, place much confidence in it. It is written to be printed and published, and sold, and read—it is so, but it is not believed, and is soon forgotten.

The tale of love, which warms the heart of youth, and even thaws the chill of age, is soon cast away for the gaudy trappings of the festive ball, or the sensual pleasures of the midnight revel—or that of woe, which has melted the stubborn heart of the maiden fair, or even unclenched the grasp of modern avarice, is soon forgotten, and the tear of mercy is rapidly dispelled by the laugh of the worldling.

It is but a tale—a story—a novel—a romance—a fiction!

And yet, the realities are around us.

We do not hear with our own ears—nor see with our own eyes—nor think with our own thoughts—nor feel with our own hearts—we pay people to hear, and see, and think, and feel for us. Is not that sufficient?

We do everything by deputy, except that which relates to ourselves; who can say that we are selfish, or wanting in charity—the charity of the heart?

The historian, on the contrary, is believed by all, and yet frequently deviates from, or perverts the truth. He is usually the chosen one of his age, and is commonly employed to praise, or calumniate, as it may be, our ancestors, at the expense of posterity.

Kings, queens, lords, statesmen, warriors, people, and nations pass before him in review, and he dresses them up, or strips them bare, or clothes them in rags, as will best suit his views, and will best answer his purpose and that of others.

Shall I appeal to Hume, and Smollett, and Clarendon, for the truth of my assertions?

Perhaps the reader may say, these are the historians of past ages, and deserve only to be reprobated and forgotten; they lived in times when men were blinded by passion, misled by prejudice, or steeped in ignorance, when the precepts of Christianity were unheeded, and the voice of Charity unheard.

Shall I turn to historians of more modern times, and seek in the pages of Southey or Scott for the records of truth?

Or, if these be not sufficiently modern, shall I appeal from the dead to the living, and ask the historians of the present age, for what is the real?

What shall posterity say of them ?

Contrast the productions of all, or any of these, with the writings of Fielding, or Godwin, or Cervantes, or Bulwer, or Dickens, and then say, where is the false, where the true, where the imaginary, where the real, where the history, where the fiction !

'Tis an old saying, and, none the worse, because it is aged, that " Truth lies at the bottom of a well." She may not rest in so dreary an abode, yet she may be as effectually concealed by the garb of the historian.

The profligate monarch may be decked out in the page of history, as the paragon of perfection, all his vices, and crimes ; concealed, and his virtues, if he had any, put prominently forward. Who would recognise in such a man, the abandoned profligate, the cruel husband, the plunderer of the poor, and the executioner of the wretched creatures, whom his rapacity had reduced to poverty, and driven to want and crime. The cries of imploring famine were unheard and unheeded ; the hand of guilt sought to appease the cravings of hunger, but the arm of the executioner alone satisfied the wants of Nature.

The imbecile monarch, who had reduced his people to poverty, and this fair land to bankruptcy ; who dared to violate the principles of the Constitution, which had given to him a people and a throne—whose follies had sacrificed his native land to the intrigues of the Anglo-French faction which formed his court, and had prostrated the best energies of the kingdom, before the designs of a wily French minister—he, I say, may be presented to posterity, as the wisest of men, and the best of monarchs ; or may be recorded as the martyr, not, to his own follies, if not crimes, but to the rebellious spirit of his much oppressed, and long enduring, and patient subjects—nay, he may find admirers, and meet with, even in this age, men who hold his memory in their hearts ; but the admirer of truth, and justice, and right, strips off the cloak, which conceals the fool, and the tyrant, from view, and arraigns him before the bar of public justice, and of public charity, as the man whose weaknesses has deluged the plains of Marston Moor, and Worcester, with the blood of his subjects, and fellow countrymen, but were at last expiated on the scaffold at Whitehall—If we execrate his life, let us lament his death.

The man who, wrung by oppression, at length raised his voice and his arm, and avenged his country's wrongs, and, with the puppet, overturned the designs of the knaves, who

had been previously engaged in pulling the strings, which set the other in motion; who, though terrible in his wrath, was yet patient in suffering, and merciful, when in power; to whom we owe much of the liberty which we at present possess—he may be calumniated as the basest of men, but posterity is doing, and will do him justice, and will blot from out the historian's page the records of his shame.

The historian may, in like manner, hold up to public admiration, his successor, in the supreme power of England, and hail the libertine and sensualist, as "the merry monarch," and record his vices, as the joyful gambols of royalty; but will posterity credit him? Shall we believe him?

The page of history may, in fine, represent or misrepresent the vices or virtues of his successors, as may best suit their objects; but the dawn of information is rapidly exposing the truth to view, and the hand of the diligent enquirer, will, ere long, draw aside the veil which hangs over the events of past ages, and will expose the romantic narratives of history.

Why must truth be perverted? Why should the sacred page of history be polluted with the falsehoods of the infidel?

Why should the records of the past teem with calumny and misrepresentation, and the book of youth be sown with the seeds of prejudice and intolerance?

Why is man set against man—and the records of the past, and the doctrines of Christianity applied not to the extension of benevolence, but perverted to the interests of a few, the injury of the many?

Why are the best feelings of the human breast to be stifled and crushed, and the creature of the Divine Hand to be made the slave of Mammon?

Why is the hand of Charity to be closed, and the voice of Affection to be silenced, and the tear of Pity to be stayed, lest the child of Want should find relief—the daughter of Sin, protection—the offspring of Ignorance, instruction—or the victim of Crime, commiseration?

Why should we retreat into the profane sanctuary of our self-interest, and, regardless of the welfare of those around us, promote only that which contributes to our own aggrandizement?

Why should the mutual, the universal interest of Mankind be subverted by the false dogmas of modern sophistry, be set up against the laws which Nature inculcates, and which Nature's God has established?

When shall this perversion of truth cease, and man be permitted to learn, that the interests of all men are one, and indivisible; or in the language of poetry :—

“When shall all Nations learn that first of laws,
He governs best, who serves the general cause?
Peace and Content, alike, to all belong,
A partial good, inflicts a general wrong.
Each nation, to the rest, its tribute sends,
And thus, each nation, on the rest depends.”

But methinks I hear a voice exclaim, the perfection you advocate, is imaginary—your doctrines are Utopian.

Is it so, child of Avarice?

It is Utopian, to teach the ignorant, and clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, and visit the sick, and comfort the afflicted; but, is it not Utopian, to bind the earth in adamant chains, and by their instrumentality, to compass its limits with bird-like speed? It is not Utopian, to defy the winds of Heaven, and the ocean's waves, and steer our bark before the pelting storm! It is not Utopian, to bring down the lightning's flash, and by its means, to rival the course of the sun, and annihilate both space and time!

It is Utopian to attempt to cultivate peace and happiness amongst men, or promote brotherly love, or forbearance, or charity!

It is not Utopian to stain the fair fields of Nature with the blood of her children, to turn the torrent from its course, or hurl the mountain from its bed!

It is Utopian to endeavour to raise man to be the creature of God—it is not Utopian to make him the slave of Mammon!

Every thing is Utopian except that which pays ten per cent.!

It might be well to inquire why truth is thus usually concealed, and not unfrequently perverted, and sometimes departed from, by historians, more especially when recording the deeds of men whose position in society, or whose acts, have rendered them worthy of a “niche in the temple of fame?”

That the disclosure of truth, in all such cases, would be injurious to the safety of that order in society which is so necessary to the well-being of the social state, is pleaded as the apology for the errors or faults of the historian.

This is an offence to the intelligence of the age, as every well-regulated mind acknowledges the principle, and acts upon it; rank will never be subverted except by its own

vices. It is also an outrage upon justice, as the guilty are screened from punishment, and crimes are allowed to accumulate until they can be no longer endured ; retribution leads to revolution—reformation would have averted the necessity of either.

Man in no station of life is perfect, and is most exposed to temptation in the very highest and very lowest grades of social rank. Men acknowledge this and forgive the frailties of their species. But why is there every excuse for the crimes of the highest, no apology for those of the lowest, in the scale ?

That there is, and must be, different ranks and stations in society, every right thinking and rightly disposed man must admit. Nature has established such, and the laws of Nature will ever maintain such, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of some to subvert or prevent them.

There is no equality, there can be none, unless where there is no room for the display of the superior moral or even physical qualities, which one individual may possess above the other ; or where there is no occasion for such.

The savage acknowledges a chief—the beasts of the field follow a leader. Man, in the most intellectual state, recognises and adopts the principle.

Rank, once acquired, is sustained by the common consent of all, as tending to prevent those fluctuations in society, which are most destructive to its well being.

But rank will never maintain a wholly artificial superiority ; the position conceded to it by general consent, is for the general good, and commands many advantages, which are therefore to be applied as well to the general as to the personal welfare.

“Property,” it is said, “has its duties as well as its rights ;” to this may be added, “Rank has its duties as well as its privileges.”

Stations in life, to be respected, should be respectable ; and it is in vain for man, in any station, to expect to command and receive respect from society, unless he prove himself worthy of such by the due discharge of his social duties.

A contrary line of conduct may flourish for a time, or succeed for a season, but experience soon proves the folly of such, and the fallacy of the principles by which it is sought to be supported.

Necessity urges to thought ; reflection induces men to ask, what do we gain for that which we give ? and the conclusion too often leads to retribution.

Wealth and poverty—plenty and want—power and strength—liberty and slavery—seldom exist long together contented; when the struggle comes, the loss is usually on one side, the gain on the other.

Many such contests are recorded, not only in our own history, but also in that of all nations; the beginning has been the same in most cases, the end somewhat similar.

The excesses of the French revolution have been a dreadful, but not altogether a useless, lesson to mankind.

Happily the good sense, good feeling, and reflective habits of the English nation have preserved them generally from such excesses. It is only where these have been outraged or contemned that they have sought retribution.

But these are not the only sources of security in the English nation; at all periods, in all seasons, under all circumstances, the nation and the people have ever found strenuous defenders and brave protectors amongst the nobility and gentry of the land, who have stood by their side in defence of their rights and liberties. These are they whose posterity have descended to us worthy of their ancestors, and are now standing forward in defence of a nation's rights, and in the promotion of a people's happiness. The contest is a moral one, and must succeed.

They not only recognise the principle, "that property has its duties as well as its rights," but act in accordance therewith.

THEY ARE THE TRUE DEFENDERS OF THE THRONE, AND THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH IS ALSO INTRODUCTORY, SOMEWHAT LIKE THE LAST, AND MAY BE SIMILARLY TREATED, UNDER SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

AVAILING myself of the privileges, conceded to novel writers in general, I shall not assign to any particular period, the occurrences which may be represented in the following pages.

To those readers, who read only to be amused, this will be a matter of little consequence, as one period will suit their purpose fully as well as another; indeed this arrangement, or rather want of arrangement, may prove of advantage to such, as each may select that particular period, the records of which, awakening the most agreeable associations, will be most agreeable to him; if, of a romantic turn, he may select the

days of chivalry; if skilled in legendary lore, the times when learning dwelt in the cell of the monk, or the cloisters of the priest; or, if of more violent spirit, he may choose those periods of modern history, when the flames of discord burst forth in the interior of France, and thence desolated the plains of Europe.

The appellation "modern," may include all these different periods, as it is but a relative term. Are they not modern when contrasted with the times of Cæsar, when Virgil wrote? or still more so, when compared to the days, wherein Homer sung of Achilles' wrath, and recorded the battles of the Greeks, and the siege of Troy?

For those who may read, for some other purpose than that of amusement, some hints may be, and should be given, and some means afforded of ascertaining, within a century or two, at least, the time of our tale.

For their benefit, then, it is set forth, that the period of the story is one of the most remarkable in the history of this country, and stands prominently forward on the tablets of time, as marked by characters, which will not fail to distinguish it amongst the records of the past.

The characters of the age alluded to, may be stated, as those of CONTRAST, affording instances of opposing principles and opposite practices, not to be found in any other period of time.

Those who may feel anxious on the subject, will at once recognise it, by the following features.

It was at that particular period of our history, when the English monarch could boast the possession of a kingdom, on which the sun never set; whilst the English peasant could scarcely claim even the ground on which he stood.

When the victories of the British soldier, and the darings of the British sailor, collected from the four quarters of the world, the jewels of Asia, the gold of Africa, the precious metals of America, and the produce of the distant countries of Europe, to add to the treasures, and increase the wealth of the wealthy, of the land; whilst those who guarded the treasures, had no share in the stores which they had contributed to heap up.

When wealth abounded in the land, whilst her people were sunk in poverty.

When Commerce, and Trade, and Manufactures flourished, whilst Peace, and Plenty, and Happiness decayed, and were almost unknown to the cot of the peasant, and the room of the artizan,

When Statesmen were employed in a series of experiments in *Natural Philosophy*, from which they expected to shew how little was sufficient to support animal existence, and how much could be extracted from animal life, but only proved how little the intelligence, and how much less the benevolence, necessary to such pursuits. †

When the political economists of the day contended, that a man might serve God and Mammon; that the laws of Nature, were unnatural; that the feelings of the human breast, were folly; that the head should control the heart; that the bonds which bound man to man should be broken, and the chain of self-interest substituted for that of mutual sympathy, mutual love, and mutual charity; that man was not a social being, and the labourer but a machine, whose destiny was to toil, and labour, and produce, but not to enjoy.

When the religious enthusiasts were busily employed in diffusing the blessings of education, and the divine light of the gospel amongst the most distant nations of the earth, whilst their fellow countrymen, at home, were sunk in the depths of ignorance.

When the interests of the nation were in the hands, and perverted to the purposes of the few, whilst the many were neglected.

When the merchants of the land were princes, her princes merchants, and her people paupers.

When the corporate bodies of the kingdom, originally destined to be the defenders of the rights of the people, and the protectors of the throne, were more remarkable for their gastronomic, than their philanthropic qualities, and were warm supporters of all sanitary measures, which promoted their own health, but indifferent to those of more general benefit.

When the schoolmaster was "abroad," but not "at home," where he was most required.

When the doctrines of false philosophy, and the dogmas of modern sophistry, were fast undermining the strength and spirit of the English labourer, and reducing the bold peasantry of the land to the abject inmate of the workhouse, or the outcast criminal of the gaol.

When men pursued wealth as the only source of happiness, but found the pursuit vain, and the possession only the Ideal phantom of the imagination, to which they had sacrificed the truly Real.

It was at that particular period of our history, when the

great and the noble of the land, at the head of all whom Avarice had not corrupted, or whom Sophistry had not deceived, the worthy descendants of an ancient race, once more stood in the breach, and interposed between the people and their oppressors.

That the precise period, at which this state of things existed, must have been far distant, will be the conclusion of many; most probably it may be referred to the middle or dark ages, as they are so properly called, as we are so much in the dark respecting them—or perhaps to the time when the oppressed triumphed over their oppressors, or to some other period of dire calamity.

I can only say that these periods are not those to which I refer, but must beg leave to avail myself of my privileges, and decline giving more accurate information on the subject.

Some, perhaps, will say, that this state of things never existed, and that they are creatures of the imagination, the wanderings of some visionary, the lucubrations of some enthusiast.

It may be so.

Let it be remembered, that I do not profess to write history, but—a novel.

My novel is, however, or rather shall be, as the dramatist says, founded on facts, so far as the most authentic records of the day may be considered as facts.

In these are detailed numerous instances:—

Of females engaged in labour, by which they might, by proper industry, that is, working from fourteen to sixteen hours per day and night, earn some two or three shillings per week, to pay for rent, and coals, and candles, and food, and clothing, and all the necessaries, and comforts, and luxuries, of life, so far as this sum would reach, and thus sustain life in a constant struggle with death, until the latter at last triumphed, and happily took the victim to himself!

Of men, and women, and children, perishing from want and hunger, in the midst of wealth and plenty, and found in rooms, and cellars, stretched on the damp clay, or cold boards—naked!

Of children, passing their days in the streets of London, bare headed and bare footed, living on what they could steal, and spending their nights in the door-ways, and halls, and passages, and dark arches underground!

Of men, quarrelling about the bones and flesh of horses, and concealing these, and feeding on them, to satisfy the cravings of hunger!

Of adult men and women, who knew not the name of God, except in blasphemy, or who He was, or what He was.

But let me not proceed. I shall spare the feelings of those who have any, by concluding with the general observation of that time, "that more people perished annually in the metropolis, from want of the necessaries of life, than were killed on the plains of Waterloo."

I do not give these as facts, as I have not seen them all, but can assure the inquirer that they rest on respectable authority.

Many will not believe these statements; this, of course, no writer can control; it is enough if he furnish evidence, he is not bound to provide credulity.

Some people never feel what they do not see, and never see what they do not feel.

No author can be expected to supply the defects of the incredulous and iron-hearted.

Doubtless, some one will inquire, Was there famine upon the earth at this time? I reply, No! but a superabundance of food.

Was there no wealth in the country, no resources? I reply, both abounded!

Was it not a time of war, when some mighty destroyer of men had desolated the earth, and drenched its plains with gore? I reply, No! Peace was everywhere—save the peace of death, whose arm was busy, and whose right hand ceased not.

What, then, was the cause of this?

I reply, FALSE PHILOSOPHY, which, having first deprived the labourer of every resource, thought it wise, and prudent, and benevolent, and charitable, and just, and merciful, and Christian, "*to throw the poor upon their own resources.*"

What should we all be, or have been, even the best, and greatest, and wisest, and most learned amongst us, if we had been left to "our own resources?"

No mother's hand to prepare the midnight couch, and close our eyes in sleep!

No mother's tears to fall upon our trembling cheek, and tell us, that the fountain of MERCY was not closed against us!

No mother's prayers to ascend, with the lisping of our infant lips, to the throne of JUSTICE, and of MERCY, and of LOVE!

No hand to take us from the abode of want, and crime, and poverty, and sin, and place us where we might rest, and grieve no more!

No tongue to tell us that we were made for "better things," for "brighter worlds," or teach us that a BEING existed, of infinite justice, and unbounded mercy, who was a Father to the fatherless; the orphan's stay, the hope of the outcast, the refuge of the penitent!

No hand to chasten us, till the rod of the jailor, or the weapons of the executioner, told us that there was a power to punish us, although none to instruct and protect us!

One-half, nay, one-third of the amount expended at present in the repression and punishment of crime, would be more than sufficient to prevent it, and would save our annals from the recital of deeds and things, from which *Humanity* recoils with disgust and horror.

THE SMILE AND THE TEAR.

By W. S. PASSMORE.

SAID a smile to a tear, "What is your mission here,
That you come but when sorrow's at play?"

Said the tear to the smile, "Why, I hover a while—
And then quickly wash sorrow away."

Said the tear to the smile, "What have you to beguile—
With your love-hallow'd dimples so gay?"

Said the smile to the tear, "Why, I gladden all here—
When you 've kindly wash'd sorrow away!"

So the smile and the tear found they'd both but one care,
'Twas to solace the children of clay;
And the smile with a cheer, join'd the balm-dropping tear
To console and chase sorrow away.

PEEPS INTO SHAKSPERE.—No. X.

By JACQUES.

AMABILITY.

How comprehensive is the phrase we so often apply to the description of character—a very amiable person! Few could be found more significant, for amability not being in itself a distinct and active principle, but simply consisting in a proper modulation of others, necessarily implies the presence of many good qualities, and the absence of many that are evil. Thus we must have Intellect—a fool could not be strictly amiable; kindness, forbearance, benevolence, gentleness, and the like. And when we speak of gentleness, we do not mean that miss-ish insipidity so often mistaken for it, which exhibits itself in an eternal adherence to monosyllables, in glances that seem to fall asleep as they steal from the heavy eyelids, and smiles as languid as though they had a whole pack of terrors at their heels. No! our gentleness is a very different thing. It is that *je ne sais quoi* which we so often meet in woman, that sunny radiance which hovers round her thoughts, words, and actions, encircling them with all that is warm and beautiful, and enduing them with a grace and tenderness wholly irresistible. And it is evident that this placid temperament would at once be destroyed by the introduction of passion, jealousy, envy, or any of those stormy emotions which raise the tempests on the sea of life. Of all the characters of Shakspeare there is none which so decidedly merits this description, and which exerts a more pleasant and balmy influence over the heart than the sweet *Rosalind*! Others, certainly, excite more powerful emotions, and claim our inmost sympathy with greater intensity. We weep with the loving Juliet, and the noble-minded and suffering Constance. We mourn over the fate of the pure Desdemona, and the sorrows of Cordelia, but not less characteristic and gracious is the o'erstealing of *Rosalind*'s presence, the music of her silvery voice, which comes to us like the gladness of spring! and the manifestations of her diverse moods,—whether she be gay, and the sparkling eye seconds the merry jest, and every word and motion is wreathed with smiles,—or pensive, and the drooping lash trembles with the bright tear-drop, and the tender sigh steals forth, not less in melody than her laugh of gladness—whether she be engaged in the merry war of words with Orlando, assuming the pert-

ness of the wayward youth, to cloak her affection for him, or appealing to the repentant Oliver for the goodness of her counterfeit, when fear and love o'ercome her gentle heart, and spite of her manly garb, she faints,—whatever she does, she is equally pretty and engaging, and we are equally charmed. All her ways are winning and insinuating, and we listen to her very heretical dissertations on love and constancy, and her unmerciful quizzing of both sexes, with something, which, if it be not acquiescence, is very near akin to it, inasmuch as it tempts us to exclaim with the captivated Phoebe, who, however silly in other respects, at least displayed good taste in falling desperately in love with Rosalind—

Sweet youth, I pray thee chide a year together ;
I had rather hear you chide than *any* man woo.

In intellect, Rosalind very much resembles Portia, albeit her talent may be better expressed by the term, clever,—she is not nearly so deep a thinker, and her conversation, though it is often more showy and brilliant, has not the same solidity, it is clearly inspiration of the moment, the effervescence of her nature. Her wit is often almost as sparkling as that of Beatrice, and what it lacks in splendour is to our mind fully compensated by its more genial character—like all else she does it is sunny and chastened by the sweetness of her spirit.

Like a true good woman she was in love, and the conduct of her love cause, and the object of it, are alike characteristic of her disposition. People are too apt to consider the choice of a lover merely an affair of chance, one of those lotteries into which we rush blindfold, and must abide by whatever lot the Fates are pleased to decree, whether it be a prize or a blank. But this is degrading love, and certainly making the holy boon a curse, rather than a blessing. We view the matter otherwise, and ever regard the loved one, to a certain degree, as a mirror of the loving. And thus did Shakspeare depict them—instance Romeo. Is he not the reflex of Juliet, with only such difference as was necessary to frame one, to whom the gentler and more timid maiden might turn as the support of her confiding and guileless spirit? And again there is Ferdinand and Miranda, with many others, whom it is needless to cite, as they must of themselves occur to the mind. And in the same manner is Orlando reflective of Rosalind. He is just such an one as she would be likely to love, and he is such a frank, generous, open-hearted youth,

that we think him very nearly worthy of her, which is saying a great deal, considering the estimation in which we hold her, and we can therefore applaud his poetical description of her stature, "just as high as my heart," to the very echo.

And then the affection between her and Celia is very charming; Celia evidently regards her as a sister but there is also intermingled a kind of veneration, which is ever felt towards a superior mind, even where the utmost love and familiarity exists.

Rosalind has a feeling heart, and is keenly sensible of kindness and affection, although she has one of those happy tempers, whose own brightness often lumines the darkness of grief with rays that mirror hope. She was not of those who pine and mope in corners, brooding over every petty sorrow, till their weakened minds magnify each trifle from a molehill to a mountain; nay, more, she was one of the few exceptions to that law of nature, which makes us ever desirous of appearing interesting under imaginary sufferings, which does very well until we have a touch of the reality to teach us the nature of the thing we mimic. She has none of this affectation. We will introduce you to her in one of her pensive moods, and let her own words speak for her. Celia bids her "be merry," but Rosalind replies—

Dear Celia, I shew more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

And this is a melancholy which we like, it only bespeaks her own goodness of heart, and is very foreign from that mere romantic feeling before alluded to. Celia, with that enthusiasm which is the peculiar and the beautiful characteristic of youth, and whose fading only too soon marks the decline of the pure and ardent spirit, 'neath the contaminations of the world, comforts her and deplores the banishment of her uncle, and the usurpation which has deprived him of his honors, and her friend of her succession, and vows the restoration of that inheritance at her father's death—"for," she exclaims, "what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection, therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry." Rosalind touched by her kindness, returns,

From henceforth, I will, coz, and devise sports; let me see,—what think you of falling in love?

Ah Rose! Rose! thou didst not know how soon thou wert to fall in love "in good earnest"—but it is ever the way—Cupid likes not to have his art sported with, and we often play with his arrows till we scratch our own fingers.

It is charming to note the process of love in her breast—the gentle words she breathes to dissuade Orlando from the wrestling, until she learns that he is the son of Sir Rowland de Bois, her father's friend, and her heart seizes on it as an excuse for loving him—then the gift of the chain, and her reluctance to depart, her mistaking the voice of her heart for that of Orlando.

He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes :
I'll ask him what he would :—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, *and overthrown*
More than your enemies.

Dear Rosalind, thou art ta'en in the toils! we need not go on to the next scene to discover it. We need not listen to thy answer to the question of Celia respecting thy silence and meditations,

But is all this for your father?
Ros.—No, some of it is for my father's child.

Nor to thy pretty sententious exclamation, worthy of Cupid himself did he ever put on the bands,

O how full of briars is this working day world!

We know that love laughs at reasons, but we think he would almost laugh at thee, sweet, did he hear the account for thy loving the son by,

The Duke my father loved his father dearly!

But alas! this world is very full of briars, which, though they be "but burs thrown on us in holiday foolery," are not so easily shaken off as we would fain believe in our happier moments—and whilst the cloud of love, which is a very sunny one, and only veils harsh and unsightly outlines, and shews the beautiful in brighter colors, is resting on her heart, her uncle, who richly merits the title of tyrant, enters in a passion, and banishes her from his court, on pain of death. Her answer is beautiful in the simple earnestness with which she pleads her innocence of any fault, even in thought, to deserve such treatment, but to the insolent retort of the petty usurper,

Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

She replies with a dignity and modesty which are admirable,

So was I when your highness took his dukedom ;
 So was I when your highness banished him.
 Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
 What 's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

But he lets the secret out ; jealousy, that scourge of little minds, has been at work, for he cries,

Her smoothness,
 Her very silence, and her patience,
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Ah me ! how selfish we are ; but for the life of us can we feel sorry at this banishment, which takes her from the painted pomp of courts to the life of the greenwood, and "the shade of melancholy boughs," with which she is inextricably connected in our mind.

How shrewd are her reflections on the resolution of adopting the male attire, to disguise and protect them in their wanderings !

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
 A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart
 Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
 We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside ;
 As many other manish cowards have,
 That do outforce it with their semblances.

There is one very great charm about Shakspeare's women, and it is, that they are ever *women*, whether they be habited in their own proper robes, or in "doublet and hose"—they do not change their natures with their garments—indeed, if they did, we would feel anything but pleasure at the mention of such a change for Rosalind, but as it is, we find her in the forest of Arden, exclaiming between a sigh and a smile,

I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman : but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to shew itself courageous to petticoat ; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

She exclaims very gaily against the false gallop of verses, and the "tedious homily of love" with which she was be-rhymed, until she hears from the sportive Celia that they are written by one "who has a chain which she once wore, about

his neck," whereupon she blushes, and becomes very inquisitive, and begs,

I pr'y thee, who?—nay, but who is it?—nay, I pray thee now, with most petitioning vehemence, tell me who it is.

And at length, wearied of her laughing delays,

Good, my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch more delay, is a South-sea-off discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace.

When she learns it is Orlando, "that tripped up the wrestler's heels and her heart, both in an instant," her perplexity at the idea of being seen by him in doublet and hose, and her anxiety to hear an account of her lover, is exquisitely delineated. And, though the propositions of a lover, and (Heaven forgive us) of a female one, are difficult to resolve, as it is to count atomies, who would not love them, and ever wish to hear them after so sweet an apology as Rosalind's—

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak?

There is much truth and wit in her description of the "paces" of time; and well does she support the character of the "saucy lacquey," which she assumes to mask her identity, and "play the knave" with Orlando. It is a good beginning to tell him "There is no true lover in the forest;" but who, save a woman, could have replied to the question of her lover.

Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros.—With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Is it not just the answer of a maiden, and only of a maiden, displaying all the pretty taste and conceit of a feminine imagination!

But ah! she is a sad little reprobate, to give the malicious tirade against her own sex, which immediately follows:

I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

OR.—Can you remember any of the principal evils?

Ros.—There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault come to match it.

And then, how she cries out against "the man who haunts

the forest, abuses the young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks, hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind." But, though she does all this, and frightens poor Orlando, by proving, upon incontestible evidence, that he is not a true lover, till he almost doubts himself, and, abandoning argument, contents himself with the wish that he could make her believe that he loved, her arch rejoinder makes ample amends:

Me believe it? you might as soon make her that you love, believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does.

And, with all this gay rattle of words, see how anxious she is to discover the true feelings of her lover, and when she can, how she slides in a point-blank question for the purpose—

But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

And in her pleasure at his assurance, though she does exclaim, most flippantly, "love is merely a madness, and deserves, as well a dark house and a whip, as madness does," she qualifies it so prettily, by admitting that the reason they are not so punished is, "the lunacy is so ordinary, the whippers are in love too;" that we cannot be angry, and do not wince at all under the infliction.

But here comes new matter for consideration. She professes "to cure love by counsel," and she is so eloquent and pert withal, that we are anxious to hear the method—here it is:

I would cure you, if you would call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cot, and woo me.

O gemini! Cupid turned physician—and such a prescription! written, too, in opposition to the patient's determination not to be cured, and, for that old-fashioned remuneration, which was altogether exploded a dozen centuries ago—love and glory!

But how sweetly does all her converse flow, so fresh and gay, so redolent of the lightness and perfume of the heart. It resembles nothing but a clear rillet, dancing and singing over a meadow in summer time, amid mossy hollows and flowery dwellings, over which the sunbeams sparkle with a cool and delicious brightness, as though they had just bathed in the limpid tide, and ever and anon a rosy blossom comes floating down it, telling of some sunny garden or gentle

pleasance on its course. And it speaks sweet things of the soul, when thus the current of thought is poured forth, without premeditation, and all is so pure and graceful, so joyous, and yet so feeling. Alas! that the summer of youth should so soon fleet; that the coldness of the world should chill and nip its happy aspirations in the bud! And, is beauty then so transient, whilst its memory is "a joy for ever?" the ideal alone lasting and lovely; the zeal which creates it, sudden, as lightning, "which doth cease to be ere one can say it lightens?"

Love, from time immemorial, has taken out a license for speaking its own sentiments respecting the object of its affections, though it is, at the same time, monstrously severe against any who dare to infringe this patent, and interfere with its own exclusive privileges of praising or dispraising, and thus was Rosalind. It seems, that Orlando has committed this unpardonable offence, "breaking an hour's promise in love," and she feels very much inclined to weep thereat, notwithstanding the hint of Celia: "Do, I pr'ythee, but yet, have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man;" and she begins to find little faults with him, very little ones, though,—love's faults, as for instance:

His hair is of the dissembling color;

but it is only proper for *her* to say this,—she will not allow another to breathe a syllable against him; for when Celia, who is a very arch and mischievous little one, ventures to agree with her, adding a few stray touches of her own, as

Something browner than Judas's; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

She retracts at once, and exclaims,

I faith, his hair is of a good color—and his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

She lectures Phoebe right saucily; but there is much warmth and latent feeling in the expression,

Down on your knees,
And thank heaven fasting, for a good man's love.

Did not her own spirit teach it to her?

How playful and witty is her bantering of Orlando on their meeting—it seems as though her heart were overflowing with pleasure at his return, and she pours forth every thought in the pure joyousness of the moment. The various

homilies she utters certainly do not weary us, nor require the apologetic "have patience, good people," at their conclusion, and whatever appears heterodox in her doctrines, we reconcile to ourselves by the knowledge that "a woman's thought runs before her actions," and the discovery that the preacher does not add example to precept, but actually belies her own teaching—to arrive at which conclusion, by-the-bye, we do not require to hear her exclamation,

Oh, coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love!

But if we had, the swoon on hearing of Orlando's adventure with the lioness would have been sufficient, spite of her ready excuse, to disguise its reality. We do not, as a general rule, like fainting ladies, but there is something so tender and womanly in this instance, that we really admire her more for it, and there is one trait which she evinces during the recital of the incident, which we cannot but respect. When Oliver recounts the position in which he was found by his brother, she demands,

Did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?

It must be remembered that Orlando had received the most unjust and cruel treatment at the hands of his brother—he had been insulted, and his very life attempted by him, and he was now actually a fugitive from his base practices against him—yet to rescue this same person was it that she would have had the being whom she loved most tenderly, ~~expose his life~~—for it is evident that the question is dictated by her own feelings of humanity and honor—and that had Orlando turned away and left the unhappy wretch to his fate, he would have sunk most sensibly in her regard.

And can we not pourtray our sweet Rosalind to our mind's vision!—Her soft blue eyes now melting, now beaming with gladness, but ever sunny and lovely—Oh yes! she must have had *blue* eyes, for we think it part and parcel of perfect amability to have them, not that now and then it may not be found with brown or black ones, but we always look on eyes as the index of the soul, and blue eyes are so mild, and gentle, and liquid, that we cannot imagine other than pure and chastened thoughts gliding along their dewy currents, we cannot think of a storm ruffling their smoothness, nor of the lightning which sometimes shoots from the jetty orb, rending their repose—they are an eternal moonlight, calm and beau-

tiful! Phœbe assists our portrait with some very charming tints.

It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—
 But, sure, he 's proud ; and yet h's pride becomes him !
 He'll make a proper man ! the best thing in him
 Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, *his eye did heal it up.*
 He is not tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
 His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :
 There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
 A little riper and more lusty red
 Than that mixed in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

And for her mind and disposition, the lights that vivify beauty, need we say aught more? Need we tell how "the people praised her for her virtues," or that in her gentleness and kindness, she "would not kill a fly?" an assurance vouched, too, by an appeal to her own white hand? or need we tell how many hearts fell in love with her, nay how even the fastidious Jacques, who professed an utter contempt for compliments and lovemaking, which he termed "blank verse," condescended to admire her, and say something very nearly verging on a compliment, as he prayed permission to be better acquainted with her? And who knows, if he had not been interrupted by Orlando, whether Cupid might not have proved the better philosopher, and prevented his vows of a "suit of motley" and a hermit's cell!

But it is useless to moralize further, since Orlando won her, and we doubt not, a very happy man she made him, and a loving and tender wife she would be as any in Christendom, although, if he had that "vice i'the blood," jealousy, he must have had many struggles with himself on account of the multitude of her adorers, since, even now, we cannot help loving her with all our hearts!

GENIUS.—AN ESSAY.

BY RICHARD BEDINGFIELD.

GENIUS is next to God, and it is to the intellectual world, what the sun is to the material—imparting life to all. Rare is the gift, and dangerous its possession ; for it is not in life that its full glory is known and wondered at : but when the eloquent voice is hushed, when the inspired breath is mute, and the silence is stern and deep, the solemn music rises from

the tomb, swelling and swelling until it fills the heavens, and flashes light and immortality around.

"The sun 's a poet, and his poetry
The stars of heaven that shine when he is absent :
So live men's verses best when they are dead,
Gilding the night of Time." HERAUD.

Genius itself is above all mortal passion, but the poor mortal who possesses it feels the God and the beast warring within him, and there is often fever in his being. Yet calm power, above enthusiasm, passion—wisdom and profundity—*inspiration*, in one word, is the attribute of genius, and so God speaks to us with oracular voice ; and we feel " what a piece of work is man," because genius can enable us to perceive how great our nature is, and how adorable the Creator of it.

It is impossible to conceive a man of genius unconscious of its possession ; but it is generally those of inferior mind who are continually boasting of their powers. Genius loves to revel in self-contemplation, and it is satisfied if the soul can worship the divine breath imparted to it. What is the applause of man to that of the immortal part within ? It is rarer than the world believes—this genius, and to possess it, is to be one in ten thousand. Even its appreciation is not so common as we think, nor is it very easy. Genius delights in difficulties, always seeks the heart of a thing, and holding it like a giant in its grasp, rushes as the eagle does with its prey through space, above human breath. It is not every eye that can really perceive its exceeding glory. Genius delights in the supernatural, and its element therefore is imagination, which " bodies forth the forms of things unknown," while a lower faculty is more pleased with the natural, the fanciful, and the flowery. Genius is severe and exacting—impulsive, it is true, but never allowing impulse to divert the intellect and the spirit from the pure ideal which is its goal. The ideal, however, has few charms for the ordinary race of mortals, and such writers as Plato, Kant, Schiller, Coleridge, Shelley, *et id genus omne*, are " caviare to the million."

But can genius be displayed in the realm of low art ? Were the Dutch painters, were Fielding, Vanbrugh, and Le Sage men of genius ? Yes, and no. They never mounted to actual inspiration, but inasmuch as they could read human nature " with a learned spirit of human dealing," they had Genius. There is a power to create distinct from the power of re-producing ; but there is greatness in the latter as well

as the former. Tom Jones is as fine in its way as Christabel. It is only men of universal mind, like Shakspeare, who can ascend to the highest flights of idealism, and descend to the lowest Dutch minuteness, with equal vitality. There have been many complaints of late that we have no existing literature to be compared with that of the preceding centuries; and yet if we look at what has been done within the last forty years, we question whether the world has ever been richer in *members*, though there may have been a *few* greater mental giants than in that time. What an array of names in fiction and the drama! Scott, Bulwer, James, Dickens, Gerald Griffin, Banim, Cooper, Mrs. Baillie, Miss Mitford, &c., to begin with; to say nothing of Grattan, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Hall, Jerrold, Thackeray, Lover, and many others! And as for dramatists—Knowles, Milman, Talfourd, Marston, Hunt, Lovell, Browning, Home, Heraud, Jones—are these nothing to boast of? Then, in ideal poetry, when has England been richer?

We have not had many great poems, but we have had great poetry in abundance; as Childe Harold, Hyperion, Queen Mab, Prometheus Unbound, Don Juan, and Wordsworth's Sonnets testify. In the highest rank of minor poets, Campbell, Tennyson, Miss Barrett, Mrs. Hemans, and about a dozen more will be sufficient to prove that we have done well and nobly in that department: but it is perhaps in history, metaphysics, and theology, that we have been least brilliant. Still such names as Carlyle, Emerson, Macaulay, Godwin, and their best disciples, will not permit us to think, that thought is not busy in English minds. Genius, in fact, can never die, but it has periods of exceeding light and darkness, as all things in nature must have. Often it appears to be lost in obscurity, but anon it rises from the grave with a form as vast as light itself, and rejoices in its elemental power. It rises with a life that proclaims the divinity of its origin, and calls forth the noblest powers of the mind. It stimulates us to exertion in the great, the holy, and the beautiful, and erects the name of *man* above the perishing things of Time. Genius is not mortal, it is the continual aspiration to the Divine; and the extinction of it would be equivalent to oblivion of truth and eternal wisdom.

COGGLEWOOD TRUSTUM'S FIRST STRUGGLE FOR A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.

A POLITICAL SKETCH, FOUNDED ON FACTS.*

By WHIZ.

DURING the late general election, many aspirants to parliamentary honors, and political fame, were—from the wide field open to their, somewhat, extensive ambition—induced to try their luck in the *wheel of fortune*, of electioneering excitement, and by the free circulation of extraordinary views, principles, and pretensions, (liberally committed to type, on large and fanciful *posters*) led to imagine, that success was the sure result of a candid confession of a few political views, &c., calculated to make some little impression upon a domesticated and sentimental constituency. The most prominent of the principles, (which were to be found on paper, placarded all over the walls, of the various towns), were the following;—"The People's Charter"—"Abolition of the punishment of Death,"—"Exclusion of Bishops from the House of Lords"—"No Popery grants"—"Vote by Ballot,"—"Short Parliaments,"—"Repeal of the Window Tax,"—"Sanitary Reform,"—"Abolition of the Cursed Poor Law,"—"Cheap Bread,"—"No Starvation,"—"Destruction of Monopoly,"—"No sanction of Ministerial Artful Dodges,"—and such like.

Among the numerous candidates throughout the country, figured Mr. Cogglewood Trustum, a gentleman resident in town, who generally carried on the profession of money-lender; occasionally that of law; and who periodically professed to carry on the business of architect and surveyor, Yes! Mr. Trustum thought, (and very properly too), that he had an equal right to stand forward as a representative, as any linen-draper, candle-maker, hotel-keeper, stock-broker, carrier, chinaman, map-seller, or railway speculator; and accordingly put himself forward as candidate for —, in the county of—. It was during the candidate's first visit, and introduction to the constituency, that we became possessed of the following particulars:

On the day set apart for Mr. Trustum's electioneering *debut*, a host of friends (as is usual) was summoned to accompany him down on his political speculation. Mr.

* It is almost needless to observe, that *fictitious names* are made use of.

Crumpy, a worthy member of the legal fraternity, was appointed chairman of committee, and chief spokesman of the honestly-disposed club. Mr. Twawdiddy, a literary gentleman of great repute, and "getter up" of many philanthropic institutions, was chosen deputy chairman, and ardent supporter of everything proposed by his superior official, or rather, officious superlative; Mr. Benynoty, a good-tempered member of the London press, was thought the proper person to report progress in the proper quarter; Mr. Bungareeton, an athletic personage, and short-hand professor, was selected as *aide-de-camp extraordinaire* to the worthy candidate; Mr. Gardypren, a composer, was appointed occasional speaker, and suggester of new ideas; four other gentlemen accustomed to electioneering business, completed Mr. Trustum's committee, making in all, with the honorable candidate, ten persons.

It should be observed, that several deputations had been sent down to ———, from Mr. Trustum; but this was not sufficient for the constituency, who wished to form some idea of the candidate before they pledged themselves to support or reject; they wanted to see him in person, and measure the length of his brain, and height of his stature, and depth of his disposition, &c. Much against his will, then, was it, that Mr. T. should go and exhibit himself, and display, by oral demonstration, his own particular capabilities and peculiar talents; we say peculiar, because a man carrying on professions, which ordinarily take up the time and attention of three individuals, must gain peculiar talents or perhaps talents peculiar to himself, provided he does credit to his neighbour and debits himself with the profits arising therefrom.

It was a beautiful morning when the party left Trustum's offices, in three cabs, for the railway terminus, Euston Square. The fineness of the weather seemed to augur some cheering prospects and pleasing occurrences. Hope possessed a firm foundation in the minds of Trustum and Company, and put more than an average amount of confidence in the various gentlemen forming the well-meaning committee! With what gladdened spirits did they ensconce themselves in the vehicles! How certain did they feel that success would attend them on their pilgrimage! How well was everything planned for taking the electors by surprise, and for making a firm impression upon the eager-minded voters! How satisfied did they feel that the *posters*, freely scattered all over the town, would create an extraordinary sensation! Yes! everything had been managed with propriety, zeal, and intelligence, so that all was

accomplished but the usual formality—a grand visit with procession, music, banners, favours, and amiability of personal appearances.

Arrived at Euston Square they were soon in the railway train, which very soon trained itself into locomotion of the usual speed. In about two hours they were liberated from steam propelization, and located in the apartment of a comfortable hotel. Sundry libations of soda-water and brandy, &c., inspired the little band with confidence and unanimity, and gave them an opportunity of recruiting all desirable arrangements and suggestions.

Three carriages and four with postilions and outriders were soon got ready, and banners hoisted, and favours donned, and committee seated, and orders given for motion.

The town of ——— was situated about fifteen miles from the railway station, so that there was a very pleasant drive through a most beautiful part of the country, and well was it enjoyed by the Londoners, who so rarely get a true country excursion now-a-days. In about two hours' ride they perceived, through the trees, that their destination was not far distant; so it was proposed to stop a few minutes to complete any little arrangement and give the horses breath, before galloping up the hill leading to the town. Ten minutes sufficed for this purpose, and if ever horses did use speed they certainly did upon this particular occasion. In what grand style did they ride into the town! The populace rushed out of doors, put heads out of windows with mouths wide open—so awfully thunderstruck did they appear at so unusual a sight.

After a slow procession round the town preceded by music, banners, &c., the honourable candidate and friends were liberated from the carriages and domiciled in a large room, anxiously awaiting, and eagerly craving for dinner, which they had been led to expect would be a very sumptuous one, as it had been ordered sometime previously. Much to their dismay did they find, that starvation of appetite had been resorted to for the most disagreeable consequences! Frequently did the worthy candidate urge upon his committee the necessity of abstaining from solidities, in case of doing injury to their zest for a good dinner; for, said he, "it would be a most disagreeable coincidence if they sat down to a good repast and could not do justice to it, after such a pleasant journey."

At five o'clock dinner was announced, and the ten gentlemen rushed up stairs with the appetite of wolves and the vo-

racity of pikes; but judge their feelings, their prostrated nerves, their insulted dignity, their defeated corporeal expectations, at finding nought on the table but the half of a cold boiled ham and a profusion of bread.

"Is this all?" anxiously inquired Mr. Crumpy of the waiter, and labouring under great uneasiness.

"No, sir;" replied the thick-headed automaton, "we've got some cheese and celery."

"Got what?" "How do you mean?" "What a swindle!" "Where's the landlord?" "This must be the wrong room!" "It's all a hoax!" "D—n the ham and celery!" "This is too bad!" "Shew us to our own ordered dinner." "Diabolical insult!" "Impudence of the most aggravated character!" were only a few of the many expressions that fell from the lips of the panic-stricken *deceim*.

The landlord was called—

"What do you mean," said Mr. Trustum, very angrily, "by insulting us in this——"

"Pardon me, gentlemen, you should have given me instructions, and I would have provided better for you," said Huggits,* in an abrupt manner.

"The order was given to you!" roared out Mr. Crumpy, "and pray, what is the reason it has not been executed?"

"Yes; what is the reason?" exclaimed Twawdiddy, with double fury. "A paltry ham, indeed, and cheese and celery! Do you think we are all fools, sir? Are you ignorant of common sense and legitimate etiquette? Are gentlemen to be treated in this disgusting manner? Don't tell me, sir—send up six bottles of wine immediately, and take away that vile apology for an hungry stomach. Let the cloth be instantly removed! Dinner, indeed! The most glaring affair I ever witnessed! Positively shocking!"

"I wish this fellow had been in London," remarked Mr. Benynoty to Gardypren, "and I'd have given him a lift in the newspapers; but you see these clowns know nothing, really nothing. He thought, no doubt, that we should revel over the ham and fight over the celery. The stupid old billygoat!"

"I must have something," said Trustum; "for I'm starving—decidedly starving."

"Welsh rarebits, my boy, is a capital dish; let's have a quantity," exclaimed Mr. Bungareeton, smacking his lips as he finished speaking.

* Landlord of the Bottle Inn.

"True!" rejoined Gardypren, "a capital thought that! What can be better than——"

"Oh don't bother! Who can eat after such a brutal disappointment?" vociferated Crumpy.

After a great deal of discussion, it was agreed that Welsh rarebits should go towards satiating the appetite, made rare by expectation and journey, and in the course of half an hour every one was a little more satisfied and contented. The landlord had his share of scolds and warm expressions, but (as it turned out to be) it was no fault of his, and therefore he was most cruelly wronged. It appears that Trustum's clerk was desired to write down and give instructions for the preparation of a good meal, but the wooden-headed quill-driver had forgotten to do so, and hence the gastronomical disappointment.

Ere the knives and forks were resigned, Trustum and party were interrupted by the entrance of about twenty rough-looking personages, who requested a private parley with the honourable candidate upon business.

The purport of *business* was soon ascertained upon retiring into another room with the deputation, for Mr. Trustum was overwhelmed by overtures of the most *promising*(?) nature. One of them, Mr. Braddles, suggested the propriety of Mr. Trustum giving £25 for his vote; another elector, Mr. Crackit, proposed that Trustum would do well to possess himself of his vote for £20; as, said he, "I have considerable interest in this town, and can lay my hands upon the heads of two hundred voters, and say, these," &c. All the rest made some cheering proposition in terms somewhat similar to the before-mentioned; however, Trustum assured them that it was his intention to get into the House of Commons (if possible) by the most honourable means; "and moreover," said he, "I have no notion of the country being represented by men who get into parliament by such downright unfair and abominable practices."

"But," said they, simultaneously, "Mr. ———, our last member, paid many of us most liberally; and——"

"More to your discredit to acknowledge the fact," abruptly rejoined Trustum, adjusting his collar. "It is a most astounding thing that Englishmen have so far lost their sense of honour, and regard of decorum, as to sanction and encourage so vile a system of bribery. Do you think our forefathers would have listened to or permitted such proceedings? No, gentlemen! Depend upon it they were above such dirty modes of getting parliamentary notoriety. Besides,

how can you come forward as “ unfettered and free electors,” and make such un-British—nay, more—unfair and unreasonable propositions? England prides herself upon her Constitution and upon her legislative proprieties, but are not such actions as you propose I should commit, calculated to injure, if not ruin, the empire of Great Britain? Should we not, as a duty to ourselves and our sovereign, do our utmost in placing the best men we can find into the House of Commons? Does not the country at large demand that our parliament should consist of honourable, upright, and consistent members—men who might, could, would, or should have distinguished themselves in——”

“ Pardon me, sir; that is completely irrelevant to the business which brought us here,” ejaculated Braddles, in a Volcanic tone of voice. “ We are quite satisfied that you are not a fit person to be a representative of this ancient town, and, therefore, cannot think of giving you our support.”

At the conclusion of Braddles’s speech, Crackit made a motion for the party to move; and thereupon the room was soon cleared of the uncourteous and rotten * deputation.

Upon the entrance of the honourable candidate into the committee room, he informed the gentlemen what had transpired, and what a *gratifying* reception he had met with at the hands of Messrs. Braddles and Crackit, who appeared to hold the reins of government over the rest, and who were the chief spokesmen of the not very prepossessing electors.

Before there was time for cogitations, Trustum and party were alarmed at the windows of the committee room being, all of a sudden, smashed by stones, cabbages, turnips, and all sorts of missiles. It was now evident that vengeance had been instituted in the camp, and that total destruction of property, both corporeal and household, was threatened by the savage mob (who appeared, in a very short space of time, to muster about 1000 strong) and that certain annihilation of peace of mind was resolved upon by the disappointed constituency. The carcase of a cat being thrown into the room, alighted upon the table, and displaced therefrom an uncorked-bottle of “ good old port,” which was the means of creating the utmost consternation.

“ Gracious heavens!” exclaimed Twawdiddy, in a state of great nervousness. “ Whatever’s to be done? We shall

* A political term given to electors whose suffrages are *purchasable*.

be murdered! Look there! (An old hat filled with rubbish was here introduced, per window, into the room, already strewn with a profusion of *all sorts*.) "Ring for the landlord, Gardypren, and let's know how he dare tolerate such proceedings!"

The landlord made his appearance.

"Pray what is the reason ———?"

"I cannot help it, gentlemen," replied Huggits. "I've done all I could to prevent it; and, even now, I have the greatest difficulty to keep the angry mob from coming up into this room."

"Send for the military and police," ejaculated Crumpy, "and give them a ———"

"Unfortunately there are no soldiers in this town, sir; and what few police there are, are now taking part in this rebellion," rejoined Huggits, in a melancholy tone of voice.

"Put us into another room, then, immediately," vociferated Gardypren, "or we shall be forced to send for fire-arms!"

"I've no other room, gentlemen," replied Huggits, "except a bed-room, which you are perfectly welcome to make use of; but it is at the top of the house."

"Oh, anything," said Trustum; "let's go up immediately; for this is a dreadful state of things. I could not venture to address the rabble, or I would do so, from the balcony; but I see nothing's to be done; let's go up-stairs immediately! Send us up a quantity of good cigars ———"

"And send for six brace of pistols, with powder and caps," &c., added Bungareeton, who appeared to anticipate something romantic.

"Yes," said Gardypren, "for our own safety, we had better have some fire-arms, in case our citadel is stormed! For my part, I consider it the most prudent step that can be adopted."

"No!" ejaculated Crumpy, "I want no pistols. This,—"(walking towards the fire place, he took up the instrument most common of fender utensils)—"this shall be my weapon, and if any man enter our apartment, I'll lay him a lifeless corpse, without ceremony, and ———"

"And, if you please, Mr. Huggits," exclaimed Benynoty, in an anxious tone—"have the goodness to send up two or three pokers, as I apprehend ———"

"Stuff!" remarked Trustum—"there's no cause for apprehension! You may depend upon it they will not attempt to follow us to the top of the house. Shew

us to the room up stairs (addressing the landlord), and we'll follow."

The party, it is needless to observe, soon made ready to quit their unpleasant *locus*; but had not done so, before a brickbat, thrown through the window, had very cleanly removed the hat off Twawdiddy's head, and caused again a shock not easily to be forgotten.

To describe what took place in their new tenement, would take up more space than we dare presume to expect will be allotted to us; suffice to say, that Trustum and Co. remained closeted till half-past five o'clock the next morning, not daring to venture out, as the mob remained till that period, threatening the most outrageous things; among which, was, that they would "duck Trustum and party in the — as soon as they made their attempt to start." However, at the time named (whether from the enraged electors having to go to work, or being tired of their desperate behaviour, we cannot say), the honorable candidate and friends were enabled to get into their carriages and to be ready for starting from the scene of their woes and unpleasant sensations. Just as the order was given for the *cortège* to move, a gentleman rushed up to the vehicle in which Trustum was located, and implored of him not to move a step, as, said he, "there is a gang of rascals waiting at the bottom of the hill determined upon impeding your progress, and stoning you all!" Trustum, notwithstanding, was not to be daunted; but, after thanking his informant, gave instructions to proceed.

We should mention, that *one* honest-looking policeman remained faithful to Trustum and his cause, and accompanied the party, (who were slowly trotted down the hill), taking care to keep his bull's-eye-lantern pretty freely at work, so as to distinguish in time any sign of "a breach of the peace" being committed.

Fortunately for Trustum and Committee, there were no desperadoes lying in ambush, so thanks having been tendered to the good-hearted policeman, the procession was soon in very quick motion.

* * * * *

Arrived at the hotel from whence the carriages were hired, Trustum and party, though very tired, jumped for joy at their escape from such atrocious constituents, and though they were forced to kill time for two hours, (the next train to London not arriving before that time), yet they managed to do so in a most cheerful and happy manner. Trustum, with great glee, danced the Polka with Benynoty, while

Gardypren and Bungareeton whistled the music; Crumpy and Gardypren did the Celarius to the music of Twawdiddy and another; a country dance was managed with good effect by the whole party, all of whom, in grand concert, whistled forth the enlivening strains. Several songs were sung in right good style, among which, was, "Three blue-bottles," admirably delivered by Bungareeton.

* * * * *

The ten politicians arrived safely in London, and proceeded direct to Trustum's offices, where, after the recapitulation of occurrences, and recollection of scenes, they determined never again to enter into an electioneering speculation, and resolved in future to take a lesson from "COGGLEWOOD TRUSTUM'S FIRST STRUGGLE FOR A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT."

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

CHRONOLOGICALLY AND BIOGRAPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY W. COOKE STAFFORD.

(*Continued from page 434.*)

ALTHOUGH the ill-success of Handel, pecuniarily speaking, was the cause of his abandoning the opera for the oratorios, he had succeeded in creating a decided taste for Italian music among the higher classes in England—a taste which has, with few fluctuations, prevailed to the present day. And not only was the Italian opera itself rendered popular, but a decided change was effected in the structure of the music of our English operas during the eighteenth century. The music of the Italian stage also received great improvement.

In its origin, the operatic music of Italy was extremely *jejune*, meagre, and defective in expression. Choruses, hymns, and secular songs, were interspersed with dramas at a very remote period, in the fifteenth century, certainly—perhaps earlier; but the first opera approaching to the modern form—"the chanted declamation of the ancient Greek drama being adapted to the Italian lyrical play"—was the "*Daphne*" of Ottavio Rinuccini, a Florentine poet; the music of which was composed by Giacomo Peri, also a Florentine, who was not only a good composer, but a singer, and a performer on

keyed instruments. To this composer—to Giulio Caccini Romano, a young, elegant, and spirited singer—to Emilio del Cavaliere, of Rome—and to Claude Monteverde, Maestro di Capella to the republic of Venice—we are indebted for the application of recitative towards the close of the sixteenth century. Airs for single voices seem to have been introduced about the same time, by Vincenzo Galilei, who set to music Dante's story of Count Ugolino, "which he sung himself," says G. Batiste Doni, (a learned and elegant writer on music) "very sweetly to the accompaniment of a viol." He was imitated by G. C. Romano, who, says the same writer, "in a more beautiful and pleasing style" than that of Galilei, "set many canzonets and sonnets written by excellent poets."

With Peri and Caccini began the first epoch of Italian opera, in 1600; and that epoch may be considered to have ended with Alessandro Scarlatti, who, born in 1650, flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth, and the early part of the eighteenth centuries, dying in 1728. "Previous to Scarlatti, Cavalli, Chapel Master at Venice, who composed a number of operas between 1637 and 1667, and Cesti, a singer at the Pope's chapel, who flourished about the same period, added air to the recitative: and Dr. Burney says, that Cavalli's opera of '*Giason*,' composed in 1649, was the first in which that ornamental sort of stanza called aria, was introduced. Cesti still further improved the air; and, in '*Doria*,' composed in 1663, are melodies in which the talent of the singer might be displayed to advantage. But Scarlatti was the real inventor of the dramatic, or expressive style; and the origin of the *obligato* recitative is generally ascribed to him. The age of Pergolesi, born at Casano, in 1704, and who died in 1737, forms the second epoch in Italian opera; as he introduced a more graceful simplicity and melody into those compositions than had heretofore been found in them."*

The genius of the composers above-mentioned, together with that of Caldara, Vinci, Porpora, Rinaldi di Capua, and others, was directed to the emancipation of the music of the opera from the shackles in which the rules of the ecclesiastical school, with its fugues, canons, and elaborate harmonic contrivances, had encumbered it. Leonardi da Vinci was one of the most eminent of these great composers. Born at Naples in 1690, he evinced a decided musical genius at a

* "Progress of Music on the Continent of Europe," by the Author of these Papers; published by Cradock.

very early age ; and, before he left the conservatory, he was engaged to compose the music for the opera of "*Semiramis*," at Rome. "The Romans," we are told, "were struck with the melody of his airs, the science of his accompaniments, and the brilliancy of his style, which was the purest and finest of his time, so fertile in great masters." His opera of "*Astyanax*" was composed at Naples ; and, such was its merit, that his services were solicited by the *impresario* of the greatest theatres in Italy. He was at Venice in 1725, where he saw his "*Siface*" preferred to the "*Siroe*" of Porpora ; his "*Iphigenia*" was equally successful. "*Rosmira*," "*Artaxerxes*," and "*Didone*," followed. The latter was written at Rome ; and in the height of its success he formed an attachment to a lady of high birth, considerable talents, and large fortune. She is said to have returned his affection ; but the amour was the cause of his premature death. On his return to Naples, a relation of the lady's heard that he had boasted of the favours received from her ; and he found means to administer poison to Vinci in a cup of coffee. He died, in consequence, in 1732. This composer "possessed, together with the talent of invention, that of the most perfect execution. He completed the improvements in recitative, rigorously adapted the music to the expression of words, and was [one of] the first composers who effected any great change in the musical drama, after the invention of recitative by Peri [or Cavaliere], in 1600." The accompanied recitatives in "*Didone*" are particularly celebrated.

We copy the description of the structure of an opera at this period from Hogarth's "*Memoirs of the Musical Drama* :"—

"The number of characters was generally limited to six, three of each sex ; and, if it was not a positive rule, it was, at least, a practice hardly ever departed from, to make them all lovers ; a practice, the too slavish adherence to which introduced feebleness and absurdity into some of the finest works of Metastasio. The principal male and female singers were, each of them, to have airs of all the different kinds which we shall, presently, describe. The piece was to be divided into three acts, and not to exceed a certain number of verses. It was required, that each scene should terminate with an air ; that the same character should not have two airs in succession ; that an air should not be followed by another of the same class ; and that the principal airs of the piece should conclude the first and second act. In the second and third acts there should be a *scena*, con-

sisting of an *accompanied* recitative, an air of execution, and a grand duet sang by the hero and heroine. There were occasional choruses; but trios and other concerted pieces were unknown, except in the *opera buffa*, where they were beginning to be introduced."

The dialogue of the opera was delivered in *recitative*—a species of "musical declamation, or an adaptation of words to musical notes, so that while measured tune and cadence are given to them, the inflection, emphasis, and accent of speech are preserved." Written in common time, with four crotchets in a bar, recitatives are executed much according to the singer's fancy. The plain recitative has only a few notes in the bass to sustain the chords; but short symphonies, or *ritornelli*, are occasionally introduced for the orchestra, or pianoforte; and then they are said to be accompanied.

The airs were classed into—1. *aria cantabile*;—2, the *aria di portamento*;—3, the *aria di mezzo carattere*;—4, the *aria parlante*;—and 5, the *aria di bravura*, or *aria d'agilita*. The first is the highest species of song; devoted to passages of great tenderness and pathos; with notes arranged so as to give ample scope to the voice of the singer; and it "is the only kind of song which gives the singer an opportunity of displaying at once, and in the highest degree, all his powers, of whatever description they may be." 2. The *aria di portamento* is applied to subjects of dignity; but calm, undisturbed by passion; composed of long notes, it allows the singer an opportunity of dwelling upon them, and of exerting, to the utmost, all the powers of his voice. We may describe the *cantabile*, as belonging to the agreeable and the pleasing; the *portamento*, to the dignified and the majestic. 3. The third species of aria is a species between the first and second. It admits of very great variety; and is devoted to the secondary subjects and passions of the opera. 4. The *aria parlante* [speaking air] also admits of great variety. "Expressions of fear, of joy, of grief, of rage, when at all impetuous, even to the most violent degrees, are all comprehended under the various subdivisions of this class." The fifth is that which more especially calls forth the powers of execution in a singer. These airs are frequently written for particular vocalists, for the purpose of display, and of testing the flexible and agile qualities and compass of the voice.

The instrumental accompaniments to these airs were of a simple kind, compared with the elaborate instrumentation

now adopted, more particularly since the brass instruments have come to be so much used in the orchestra. But, previously to their introduction, the influence of the German school had been brought to bear upon that of Italy, and had caused the instrumental accompaniments to be more full, the harmony more rich and flowing, and the whole effect more grand and imposing. This brings us to the third period of Italian opera.

"This epoch commenced with Maio and Jomelli. The latter [born at Aversa, near Naples, in 1714, and died in 1741] was fortunate in being the friend of Metastasio, and composed the music for several *librettos* of that distinguished poet. He resided some time in Germany, where he wrote his best operas; and where, no doubt, his intercourse with Gluck, then in the zenith of his fame, gave a colouring to his compositions, which were denounced, says Mattei, by his countrymen, 'as too rough and German, pleasing them less than the songs of the *gondoliere*, and having airs with few accompaniments, and many graces and divisions.' His instrumental accompaniments were more full; and the union of great orchestral with vocal effect, may be dated from the days of Jomelli and Maio. The gay and popular Piccini, Sacchini, and Cimarosa; [the former born in Baio, 1728, and died in 1800; the second, a native of Naples, born in 1735, and died in 1800; the third, also a Neapolitan, born in 1754, and died 1801;] followed in the train of Jomelli. The latter, in his '*Il Matrimonio Segreto*,' has left us a specimen of the *opera buffa* which never palls on the senses, or tires the ear."*

The Italian Opera was just entering upon its third epoch when Handel quitted the scene; and the King's Theatre was opened by the Earl of Middlesex, who took "upon himself," says Dr. Burney, "the perilous and troublesome office of *impresaria* of Italian operas," having engaged "an almost entire new band of singers from the Continent, with Galuppi to compose." The singers were Monticello and Andreoni, *soprani*; Aurevoli, tenor; Signoras Visconti, Panichi, and Tedesilio. *Angelo Maria Monticello*, the first man, made his debut at Rome in 1730. He was more feminine than masculine, his face being really beautiful; and he had, in addition, an excellent figure. He performed female characters in Rome, where no women ever appeared on the stage; and he represented them *à la merveille*. He

* "Progress of Music on the Continent of Europe."

had a fine, pure voice, which was extremely clear and sweet; and was as good an actor as singer. He was well supported by *Andreoni*, the second man. And *Aurorevoli* was an admirable tenor. Dr. Burney says,—“I have heard better voices of his pitch, but never, on the stage, more taste and expression.” The *Visconti* had a shrill voice, of considerable flexibility, which enabled her to give the *aria d'agilita* in a style that always commanded applause. She was not so successful in the passages that required pathos and feeling. “She was so fat,” Dr. Burney tells us, “that her age being the subject of conversation in a company where Lord Chesterfield was present, a gentleman, who supposed her to be much younger than the rest, said she was but two-and-twenty; his lordship, interrupting him, said,—‘you mean stones, sir, not years!’” Signoras *Panichi* and *Tedesilio* were quite of an inferior order, and only filled up the *baser* parts of the opera.

Baldessaro Galuppi, engaged to succeed Handel as composer, was born in Burano, a small island near Venice, A.D. 1701. From his birth-place, he was often called *Buranello*. He began very early to shew talents for music; and his first two operas were produced in 1722. After he left England, he resided at Venice, where Dr. Burney visited him in 1770, and found him as full of fire and genius as ever,—seeming “to have constantly kept pace with all the improvements and refinements of the times, and to have been as modern in his dramatic music to the last year of his life as ever.” The charming air, “How blest the man,” in “*Love in a Village*,” is by Galuppi, and affords a pleasing specimen of his style. He died in 1785.

The season opened on the 31st of October, 1741, with “*Alessandro in Persia*,” a pasticcio, in which the above singers were allowed to display their abilities in songs of their own choosing, which were judiciously interwoven with music, by Galuppi. The first opera of his composing that was performed was “*Penelope*,” which only contained one air, “*A questo bianca mauo*,” which was of any decided merit. “*Polidoro*,” a pasticcio, performed January 19; “*Scipione in Cartagine*,” by Galuppi, March 2nd; “*Meraspe o l' Olimpiade*,” April 20th [chiefly selected from Pergolesi, the first time his serious compositions were publicly heard in England], with “*Ceffalo e Procri*,” [anonymous] were the new operas produced. The season closed on the 1st of June.

The season of 1742–3 opened on the 2nd of November.

The same singers, with Frasi, Galli, and Contini, were engaged. Guilia Frasi was young, interesting, and brought a good reputation from Italy. She had "a sweet, clear voice, and a smooth and chaste style of singing, which, though cold and unimpassioned, pleased natural ears, and escaped the censure of critics." Galli had a mezzo-soprano voice. She made her debüt in a male character, and frequently performed those characters during her stay in England,—where she and Frasi became great favourites. Contini only remained one season. The operas were "*Gianguir*" by Hasse, Nov. 2nd; "*Ennio*," Jan. 1st., by Galuppi; "*Themistocle*," Feb. 22nd, by Porpora; and "*Serbaces*," April 9th, by Galuppi. The theatre closed May 17th. "How much the balance turned out in favour of the noble *impresario*," says Dr. Burney, "I am unable to say; if considerable, the honour must be totally ascribed to the composer and performers, as dancing appears to have had no share in attracting the public attention." Signora Contini, and Galuppi the composer, left England at the close of the season.

The season of 1743-4 commenced on the 15th of November, with "*Roxana*," an opera by Lampugnani, the composer, who was engaged to succeed Galuppi. It was very successful; and was replaced on the 3rd of January, by "*Alfonso*," also by Lampugnani. The other operas were "*Roselinda*," Jan. 31, by Veracini; "*L' Errore di Solomone*," Veracini; "*Aristodemo*," a pasticcio; "*Alceste*," April 28th, by Lampugnani. The season terminated on the 16th of June. Lampugnani, the composer, was a native of Milan, where he retired when he left England, and was still living, when Dr. Burney wrote. He was very young when in England; and his genius was evidently not matured. His style is not a grand one; but there is a graceful gaiety in the melody of his quick songs, and an elegant tendency in the slow, that resemble no other composer's works of that time. If any defect is more prominent than another in his productions, it is a want of dignity and richness of harmony.

1745.—This was the year of the Scotch rebellion; and the King's Theatre was not opened for the Italian opera, on account of the prejudice against the performers. They were most of them Roman Catholics, and were supposed, on that account, to be favourable to the cause of the Stuarts. The little theatre in the Haymarket was, however, opened, under the direction of Francisco Geminiani, the celebrated violinist and composer, on April 7th. The opera was a pasticcio, "*L' Incostanza Delusa*;" the principal characters

were performed by Frasi and Galli; but the house was only kept open nine or ten nights. Geminiani was born at Lucca, in 1666, according to Dr. Burney, and 1680 according to Sir John Hawkins. He lived till 1762. Although he made a considerable sum by his profession, his habits were expensive, and he was often in difficulties. At one period, when his distress was very urgent, the place of master of the state music in Ireland became vacant. The Earl of Essex obtained a promise of this post from Sir Robert Walpole, and offered it to Geminiani, telling him that his troubles were at an end, as he was now sure of a comfortable provision for life. The poor musician was overjoyed; but when he found that the office was not tenable by a Roman Catholic, he thanked his benefactor, and declined it, saying,—that however humble his pretensions might be to a religious character, yet he never would renounce the communion in which he had been baptized for any temporal consideration.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

BY RICHARD BEDINGFIELD.

INSANITY has many phases, all more or less repulsive and painful to us; and when we know how subject we all are to this most distressing malady, it is enough to humble the pride of human reason. Yet the poor maniac himself, has, perhaps, many sources of enjoyment that we cannot conceive, and in the majority of cases, madness is not gloomy.

THE DEATH IN LIFE is far more sad to contemplate than that cessation of animal existence which we call death itself; for then, the weary heart ceases to mourn, and the solemn curtain of mystery conceals those we have loved and lost; and for the mere corruption, what is it? Nature will be busy with that same mass of bones and ashes, and new forms of life will spring up, phoenix-like, from her teeming bosom.

These sights of pain, of aberration of mind, and of death, are no doubt intended to have their effect upon us; although we could never agree with the religionists who would never have us smile, we cannot think that existence is a holiday, or a jest, as your “men of faith” are wont to assert.

Let us walk into yonder huge building, with vast gates, that look as if meant to shut out hope, and proceed into the

house. Many hundreds of human beings, almost unconscious of life itself, have there been buried, from the sight of man; and their wild laughter, their strange merriment, and grotesque gestures, are all the mere *travestie* of our own actual being: they have no feelings in common with us, and everything is inverted to their eyes. Madness and death are the phantasms of reason and life: they are unreal and spectral, and we cannot comprehend them. How fine the philosophy of the Apocrypha is—"All things are created double, one against another!"—Here is a man who has been a poet! He talks to the calm moon, in incoherent accents, and when the bright sun sheds glory on the world, fancies that he is the sun, and should be worshipped as a God! And here a philosopher, who never indulged in imaginative rhapsodies—a cold, keen, logical man, who would believe nothing!—See how he sits and holds discourse with silence, on points of casuistry: how incredulous he is still, poor wretch! How he argues, and argues some vain point, and in the midst breaks off, and loses the chain of argument. Some imagine they are kings, some angels, some the Supreme Being: and they gibber, and mock, or evince their weak cunning, as the case may be. The air is soft and sweet, the birds are singing, and the world is green and glorious; but they live not in what they see. And when night comes with her holy stars, and others lie—myriads on myriads—sleeping in the bosom of God, these stricken ones will rise, and shriek to the purple sky, or smile at their own fantasies. What a sight to the eyes of spirits must this world be, if they can penetrate into the recesses of our souls! Even those blessed with reason in sleep are mad: and the infant, the youth, the aged, the sick, the desolate, and the dying, even as these lines are penned, are stretched helpless on their beds. Seeing so much that is strange and wondrous, we may exclaim,

"It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one consider it—
To think that *Life* itself must be
Naught but a very fantasy;"

and that madness is the threshold of some great Temple—dark in itself, but leading to Light and Beauty.

PROGRESSION.

By EDWIN F. ROBERTS.—AUTHOR OF "ATHANASE," &c.

BECAUSE this magazine of ours, once imbued with the vigour and vitality of a great and gifted man—now no more, because it is entering upon a new phase of existence, into another hopeful year—ah, how hopeful are all the new—because with all the renewed freshness and vigour, which all new contingencies create, by greater, deeper energy; it therefore strikes us, that an article on Progression is no inappropriate thing.

Magazines, like men, are progressive; they begin in embryo; a genesis of thought goes forward, like that, the creative energy rouses up in man. These exhibit that life, other than his physical existence—they are the voice of that struggling soul of him, when he would cry, "friend, thou goest not right"—or "heed well to me, and I will shew thee a better path," and so on; they are determinate marks of his growth. He who at one time wished to speak to many out of the hoarded great treasures of his intelligence, said, "I will do it by a mightier voice—by a Magazine;" they are thus, marked epochs of some one or other more progressed idea, some truth more nearly approached; the sublime majesty of its lovely face more closely seen. They for ever exhibit the spirit of the age; be that good or ill—to use an expression which we much fear has become hackneyed, and which ought not to be so, a great man once having originated it—they are the statistics of the intelligence of the Present.

"Progression," is an undoubtedly fine word, inasmuch as from its power of expression, it testifies to life and doing so emphatically. For to suppose *progression*, must of necessity pre-suppose something, to progress, to go forward; thus at once creating the agent and the act; thing and thinking. It signifies not only to step out, forward, but also the still continued capacity of going on, onward!

For thus is the life of man; thus the life of man's soul. From the thick darkness, where the soul of him is wrapped blindingly in its clay, its faculties swathed and bound, in infancy and the cradle, some wondrous progression of time, and inner instinct, of that same soul struggling in wrath, stormily, to cry out from its prison—struggling still on, like a new Baptist in the wilderness, till it comes at last to the

fine height which human intelligence climbs, progresses to, and thus we have Angelos, Dantes, Listons.

Like the life time of the Creator, so progression takes new aspects. In God's eternity there lies the final causes, but for ever and ever they move onward, step forward; each event does but barely step from the foot of the last one. Not all at once are worlds formed—so we believe; and neither are moons cut out into stars, as the *runes* of the nursery go; but in fires, some generic, and some telluric—growing, some; and some going into the darkness—rolling down the Starless Aisle—thus progress the Eternal Shuttles in the woof; amid the heaving and the billows—in the boundless infinite space!

This word is, as it were, deified, or become adjunct of it, in old paganism and mythology. The labours of Hercules progressed to his apotheosis—to his Pyreum or Mount Cæta, when the tongue of flame sprang up, and licked his mortality, to clothe him with the asbestos robings of his immortality—so also with the incarnation of Vishnu and Buddha. Thus the powers of greatness—of The Great in any kind, were, by progression to superhuman altitude, made so far comprehensive to men, that they were the very creators of this ultimate grandeur,—and when looked into closely, earnestly, this word takes a meaning that broadens, widens, deepens, till it seems to be the whole circumference of all—man or thought, however these may grow or expand.

For ever doth the great pendulum of time—noting its minutes to us by birth, and death—go forward, and onward, its very receding being but a further progression—for ever doth it swing to and fro, beneath the dome that rains down stars, and fires, and dews;—through the whole æther it sings, all embracing us; and, as sublimely under this circular heaven progresses the seasons with its April foolery—its All-Saints, and May festivals, with its October ale, and Christmas was-sail—amid the gladness of hearts that are soft, and tender, and human; if the grim necessity that rules life, will but *let* them smile—onward, going onward, growing graver, greater; in this human school, where life and death play at times—and in turn, so grim a game,—on progresses the soul of man from his first wonder, to his last triumph over art and nature; from the old Greek's kettle of boiling water, to the steam engine of Watt—from the coarse textile fabrics of barbarism to Gobelin tapestries, and the fine perfections of Arkwright.

This era of progression, like life in new nations—that new life which submerged the civilized world, of a more antique

time, with rude Teutonism—with Asian Conquestors—this fact of Progression gives a singular impulse, and a new characteristic to this age ; for, in fine, it ought to be a great age, with all the past precedencies that we have ; which it *will*, doth shew in greater, other guises than parliamentary debates, and meagre subdolous speeches on Irish questions. For then doth this fresh life-blood commence, in the appropriation by the people, of a significant word. We began with a “young” England, and we presently had a young France, with Joinville carrying the war into Africa, through the palace of the Algerine ; and then out of the ashes of republican Italy, ever struggling for freedom, till freedom,—with its temple consecrated on San Marino—till Lombardy again became Gaul under the Corsican ; as of old, under Charlemagne and Pepin—arose its head, in wrath and conspiracy, out of the fire-flashes and sabring of Lodi, of Arcole, of Venice-captures, sold to Austrian marrying cabinets ; and thus, we say, Young Italy ; and now, this very time, we have a Young Switzerland, well reminded of Arnold and older Melcthal. All this, be it understood, not an impudent, stormy, riotous youth ; but a grave, noble, and thoughtful youth ; not the Intelligencies—those, that built mansions like Sallust, out of the plunder of provinces ; that built marble, or ashlar palaces, at Tivoli, or on the slopes of Samnium or Baiæ, by wrenching drachmas out of the hearts of men, at the expense of their hearths—but that noble, antique youth, which, like the renewed freshness of fine souls, when old world-feelings become stale, obsolete ; belonging, as it were, to the dull days of our grandmother’s hoops—that fresh tide of Progress, under new influence of the celestials,—so vivid, so invigorating, so mighty, like a great breathing through the Heart of the world—this new Progression, so singular to look upon, and singular to say, has now put Platina and his old Popes quietly on the shelf ; nay, old Popedom quite forgotten, except by eras of other men, as Luther, Zuinglius, and so on ; and, lo ! on this throne of modern Rome, there sitteth a man who threatens to make innovations on the triple crown by concessions to the people, and by reforming abuses. Singular *that*, of all other singularities, few progressions can be more striking—where Borgias and great Lorenzos reigned, here is a man who repudiates all of them—where bulls and interdictions travelled, behold the railway ; listen to the din of the mart and the exchange ; behold now, no longer, Genoese interests fighting against Venetian jealousies : they are gone, all of them—prejudices and factions, with all other

Capulets and Montagues, swept beneath the great tidal wave of Progression!

We live now, not so much as progressing individually, as on the whole. Civilization, taste, refinement, perfection, is rarely the work of one; but it is the whole mass taking hold of one idea, and adopting it as a thing suiting each and all—therefore the All carry it forward. Monopolies, however bad, have, at all events, shewn the immense powers that can be multiplied by combining utility, skill, and talent. He must be mighty indeed that can, with his *self*-energy alone, cut out his grand and solitary path of progression, though there must be such men. Some there be, some there ever will be, who will independently do so—creators of popular opinion, like Islamesin, like *Sans-Cullotism*; but these men are great leaders in other unseen movements. Say we that the days of miracles are past?—folly. Are not these men they who work miracles? Are not the things that they do most miraculous? most wondrous? God ruleth all; and therefore do these lead, by steps of progression, to the infinite, the perfect; and yet some tell us, with a most sad brow, that they think this perfection all Utopian. Why the very fact of living *thus*, as we do; of dying, as we do; rather falling into just the next step onward; this is the very proof that the thirsting of the soul after perfection is no dream—no visionary phantasy. Let us believe then rather, that it will turn out to be reality, and that right soon.

Down through the blue ocean, where calmly floating, shining in all the glory of their golden fires, float the stars. Down past these, cometh to us the voice of God!—cometh to our souls, a small and solemn voice—"Forward and progress," it crieth to us. If the body with its human intelligence and its fine senses—its appreciation of the true and beautiful—has instincts so great, those of the soul are nobler, truer. Conscience is greater than consciousness. Man and the world progress on in age, and to maturity at times, and arise in new youth and vigour. At one time all goes to decrepitude and decay, like the crumbling of dynasties and empires, though you hear not the thunders of their fall, nor for ever is there a Marius to mourn over the ruins. Some old cycle hath done its part, and left no mark with its huge hammer-hand,—stricken with paralysis; on the world's adamant, that it ever lived; some again strike us with its *vraisemblance* to the present—the ever present—the present to all generations coming; and they therefore never die. Names become the great land-marks of social and human

progress—the mile-stones of nations and people. With a battle-music, and a struggling, like so many world-storming Wallensteins doth man oscillate, sometimes vacillate, if his energy be not fed powerfully by the sentiment—the idea of progression; for what is more disheartening, more soul-subduing, than the thought of going no-where—no-when? This living without progressing in life, this mere rolling lazily down the tide to oblivion, this yawning into the sleep of death, is the most desponding kind of despotism, to speak by antithesis, in our mutable human world.

The schoolboy begins with his alphabet; and his famous and rare old Dilworth; and presently he discourses to you like Bossuet, like Dante, like Bunyan, or Defoe. Out of his fine Saxon tongue, that he lisped at his mother's breast, he soon gets to the mystic Chaldee; and soon talks, like Moses in Egypt, and becomes a new prophet to a new people. Soon he sounds in your ears the great and terrible verses of the Agamemnon. Soon out of his "pothooks and hangers," he comprehends the writing of the hierarchs in the Pyramids, and reads them like a Champollion. Out of the old cinerary urns of death, and time, and dusty old centuries, he wakens the Memnon music of the past, over the arid plains of ignorance and unbelief it stream to us—for the finest age have these characteristics, the latter being perhaps more predominant; out of these he progresses in light, and life, and knowledge.

Progression has led men out of Paganism to Christianity, from the Mythos of primitive and patriarchal ages to modern Pantheism; only that the great Pan is dead; but it is life, the energies, the progressive form of the Idea which our great Pantheists worshipped. They beheld the world imbued with vitality—the rock living—even the amorphous iron-stone writhing in atomic life. From councils at Delphos to councils at Jerusalem and Trent; from the diets of Daphne, in the Syrian groves—now no longer sounding to the timbrels of Astarte or of Apollo—to the diet of Worms; from the old prophets, stoned at the city gates, down to Luther; all have been progressing onward, purifying the mind, enlarging capacities, magnifying the soul; till by perseverance and prescience, by difficulty, danger, and death, the silent and dark pathway of human life begins to be lighted up, and the sombre aisle to echo the trampling of more feet moving onward simultaneously to their serene home.

There is *now* more truly—spite of Acre-storming, Caucasian-fighting, and Caffre-battles—there is now one great

human brotherhood acknowledged; and, before long, progression will have made us all brothers in heart, hand, and purpose; for in progression there is a power of unity, a capacity for fusing down opposite opinions, or of modifying the extremes, that more than all conduces to the harmonious purposes and ends of life, though it take further a few centuries to accomplish.

COME! COME! I PRAY.

Br M. W. H.

COME! come! I pray,
Let's haste away
From these scenes of heartless folly;
To me, they speak
Of the faded cheek,
And nought but melancholy.

I would rather dwell
In the lonely cell,
Where the hermit offers his prayers
To Heav'n above,
For there is love,
And not this world's destroying cares.

For what this strife,
This anxious life,
This harrowing of the mind?
For wealth and fame,
And power and name,
Which all must leave behind!

Give me the brook,
The rugged rock,
And the fields of verdant green;
There I would rest,
Happy and blest,
Unknown, unheard of, and unseen.

Thence called at last,
My trials past,
Freed from this garb of mould'ring clay,
With arrowy flight,
To realms of light,
My soul would gladly wing its way.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

(Translated from the French.)

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

TOWARDS the end of the month of January, in the year 1793, about eight o'clock one evening, a venerable old lady was seen to descend, alone, the declivity terminating at the church St. Laurent, in the faubourg St. Martin, at Paris. A heavy fall of snow during the day had rendered the pathway so hazardous, that the feet, which at that moment tremblingly pressed the crispy particles under them, were scarcely able to support the aged form of the solitary being who thus ventured to trust them. Silence prevailed through the deserted streets,—it was the “Reign of Terror”—not a passer-by appeared; but, in the distance, were now and then discernable flitting shadows of persons hurrying on, impelled by some peculiar interest, to brave the danger of appearing publicly, during an epoch, in which all France trembled for safety. Trusting to age as a talisman of protection, the old lady crossed “la Rue des Morts,” when suddenly she heard, for the first time since leaving her abode, the footsteps of a human being; they were heavy, and firm, and seemed to be in close pursuit of her own. Not daring to turn her head to descry her pursuer, she hastened on towards a distant light, hoping by its aid to be able to ascertain whether he were friend or foe. Having gained the spot, one glance sufficed to fill her mind with the intense apprehension that her actions were the subject of suspicion, and that the man in pursuit of her was a spy. She recognised his figure to be the same which had for some days past hovered around her dwelling,—having certainly a purpose in view, but not frank in declaring it.

The deep impression of portending danger, instead of depriving her of power to proceed, gave strength to her weakness, and darting forward to the open door of a confectioner's shop, she entered it with precipitation, casting her eyes imploringly at a young female, who stood behind the counter, and throwing herself into a chair, unable to utter a word.

The young woman, judging the errand of her customer from her mien and dress, opened a drawer, as if to search

for some article wanted, then impatiently testifying her disappointment at finding the drawer empty, she called to her husband, to know where he had put the —.

"Dost think I would leave them there?" replied a gruff voice. "Here, come and fetch them!"

The woman disappeared for a moment, then quickly returned, holding out to the old lady a small pasteboard box, covered with blue paper. Touched with compassion at the pallid, distressed countenance before her, she uttered an exclamation of sympathy, which brought the confectioner himself from his retreat at the back part of the shop.

"What is the matter, *citizeness*?" asked he.

"Nothing, friend," replied the old lady, in a soft, gentle voice.

Raising her eyes to give her thanks for the precious deposit of the box, she perceived the sanguinary "bonnet rouge" on the man's head: "Oh! I am betrayed," exclaimed she; but the look of horror which this suspicion excited in the man, as well as his wife, re-assured the affrighted lady. "Excuse me," she added; then drawing a louis d'or from her pocket, presented it to the confectioner.

There is an indigence which the poor alone know how to appreciate. The man regarded his wife, whose answering look seemed to say, "it is the last louis d'or the poor lady possesses." Placed between interest and pity, they immediately sought to qualify their exorbitant gains by kind words.

"You are ill, I fear, *citizeness*," said the man; we have good soup, will you take some?"

"Madame had better rest awhile," said the woman, assiduously wheeling forward a commodious arm-chair.

"Thank you," replied the venerable lady: "I am neither hungry nor fatigued, but alarmed at the presence of a man, who has followed me from my dwelling, and even now awaits me at your door. I dare not return alone."

"Oh! oh! is that all?" exclaimed the confectioner; "I will settle that business, by seeing you home myself." Then quickly apparelling himself in his National Guard uniform, and mounting his bayonet, he appeared under arms.

His wife, having had time to reflect, abated much of that softened feeling which the louis d'or, safely deposited in her pocket, had awakened; and pulling her husband by the sleeve, as he passed with the old lady on his arm, whispered,— "perhaps it is a spy; take care of yourself."

Courage froze in the confectioner's breast at the word "spy;" dropping the unprotected lady's hand, he became

alternately pale and red, with his varied feelings of fear and rage. At length, the latter spoke out for both,—“ Begone, vile aristocrat !” vociferated he, “ nor think that I will lend myself to your treacheries : away, away ! I say.”

Aroused by the dread of losing the little box, which he endeavoured to seize as he spoke, the poor lady lost all remembrance of the man who haunted her steps. She darted past the confectioner and his wife, and once more braved, unprotected, the desolate streets. Soon the weighty step of the unknown was re-heard ; but a calm had succeeded the violence of agitation in the old lady’s breast, and she no longer trembled at her mysterious attendant’s presence. After half an hour’s walk, she stopped before a house—the desolation and misery of which bespoke the poverty of those obliged to occupy it ; and, as she ascended a rude staircase, aided by a rope for a banister, her mysterious companion paused to contemplate, with evident compassion, the contrast between the habitation and its inhabitant. Knocking gently at a door in the further extremity of the building, the poor lady gained admission, and, precipitately entering, exclaimed, to a venerable ecclesiastic, who held the open door in his hand,—

“ Hide yourself, quick, for we are watched ! ”

“ What is there afresh ? ” asked an infirm female, seated by the humble hearth.

“ The man who prowls round the house has followed me all the evening,” replied the old lady.

Seized with equal dismay, the three unhappy persons regarded each other with painful sympathy ; at length the pious man thus addressed his friends in distress :

“ Why doubt in God, my sisters ? we sang his praises in the midst of the assassin’s cries at the convent of the Carmelites ; since He willed that I should be spared from that butchery, doubtless, it is to reserve me for a destiny which I ought to accept without murmuring.”

“ Hark ! ” cried she, who had just arrived with the *hostées*, “ I hear some one coming up the stairs—take these, I pray.”

Then, opening a secret recess in the roof, she hurried the priest in, with the small box of *hostées* in his hand. Scarcely was the aperture closed, ere three blows, struck upon the door, in a slow portentous manner, made the hearts of the holy women tremble. They dared not to say “ come in,” so the door was opened unbidden, and the mysterious stranger stood before them. He was of middling

stature, rather stout, with nothing in his mien or deportment which indicated evil motives. He remained silent for a while, contemplating the sisters, and their forlorn dwelling; taking, as it appeared, an inventory of their wretched furniture, with one glance of his scrutinizing eye; his countenance, affected by his feelings of compassion and sorrow, induced confidence in the minds of the agitated women, and they listened, with almost breathless attention, to his words.

"Fear not," said he, "I am no enemy, but one who comes to ask a favour at your hands. If I distress you by my importunity, or presence, say so, and I will depart; but, be assured, that I am devoted to your safety, and, if I can serve you, employ me without fear."

The delighted sisters, prayed him to sit down; he did so, taking up in his hand a breviary which laid upon the table.

"You have sheltered here a priest," rejoined he, "one who escaped from the massacre of the Carmelites."

The eyes of the sisters filled with tears. They were tempted to say, "we have no priest here," but the stranger stopped them, by continuing,

"I have known your distress, and attachment to the venerable Abbé de Marolles, these five days past, and if I had been disposed to betray you, I have had time and opportunity sufficient."

Hearing these words, the aged minister of religion came out of his hiding place, and thus addressed the stranger:

"I cannot think, sir, that you are a persecutor, therefore, I trust you. What favour do you require of us?"

The noble air, the holy confidence of the venerable priest, might have disarmed a murderer. With awe and admiration the mysterious stranger replied,

"My father, I come to supplicate you to celebrate funeral mass for a soul, whose mortal remains will never rest in holy ground."

The father shuddered, and examined attentively the stranger, whose looks bespoke deep anxiety, and ardent supplication.

"At midnight," said he, in a solemn and impressive tone of voice, "I will be prepared to offer the only expiation for the crime of——"

The unknown passed his hand across his pale forehead—a calm, satisfactory feeling, seemed to take the place of some secret anguish—he bowed respectfully, and without speaking again, withdrew.

At midnight, a gentle knock denoted the stranger's return. All was prepared for the sad ceremony, in the most simple form. Between the rude partitions of two projecting chimneys, an old chest of drawers was placed, their worm-eaten exterior being covered by a green watered altar cloth, sad relic of pious spoil; a large ebony inlaid crucifix suspended against the dingy yellow wall, shewed forth its misery and nakedness; two glasses, scarcely worthy to decorate the table of the lowest inn, contained the water and wine; a common plate stood ready for the washing of innocent hands, and a breviary supplied the place of a missal. The aged sisters knelt at each corner of this unpremeditated altar, clad in a mean disguise; the stranger bowed himself contritely in the centre, and the venerable priest, arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, with the magnificent chalice, saved from the pillage of De Chelles, in his hand, stood, as if he who was to offer the exalted sacrifice was not to be despoiled. Four puny tapers, fixed in hot wax, for want of better sockets, shed their pale light; too feeble to extend itself over the chamber, it fell upon the holy objects like a ray from heaven, suited to their humble and depressed condition; no pomp, no beauty, gilded the scene, but the solemn interest it excited in the hearts of those devoted to the ordinance about to be dispensed, supplied amply the place of external grandeur. All to them was noble, though diminutive—grand, though to appearance mean.

The fervor of the stranger was sincere, his prayer audible. At the sight of the crape around the crucifix and cup, he started, tears quickly flowed down his cheeks, large drops of dew stood upon his pale brow, and convulsive sobs issued from his troubled breast.

The service ended, the holy father approached the suppliant, and in a deep impressive tone of voice thus addressed him.

"My son, if thou hast steeped thine hands in the blood of a martyr, confide in me—there is no crime too great to be forgiven, effaced by a repentance sincere as thine appears to be."

The stranger evidenced symptoms of the greatest horror; then resuming calmness, and looking intently at the astonished priest.

"My father," replied he, "no one is more innocent than I, of the blood that has been shed."

"I must believe thee, my son," said the priest.

"I am ashamed to offer money," continued the stranger,

“for this acquittal of my conscience. An inestimable service can only be repaid by an offering beyond price; deign to accept this sad relic—a day will come, perhaps, when you may know its full value.” Saying this, he presented a small case to the priest, then saluting the sisters, he said, “The man to whom this house belongs is a friend to the Bourbons, he shall watch over your future needs. If you remain a year here, I will return, and again beg this service at your hands.” Then mournfully contemplating the surrounding objects of poverty, and deep interest, he withdrew.

The Abbé, with care, opened the little case, and drew from it a fine cambric handkerchief, bearing evident marks of profuse perspiration; examining it scrupulously by the feeble light of the tapers, dark spots, almost black, but transparent, were discoverable.

“Blood!” cried the terrified sisters.

The priest silently replaced the handkerchief in its receptacle, and from this day no further mention was made of its mystery.

The three prisoners soon felt that a powerful hand was placed over them—sometimes they received wood and provisions, sometimes linen and clothing—also from time to time useful information for the safety of the Abbé, which could only be given by persons initiated in state affairs, was conveyed to them, and, notwithstanding the famine which overwhelmed Paris, white bread was regularly placed at the door, by invisible hands—they could not, however, doubt for a moment, that the unknown suppliant was their benefactor.

Thus, a year passed away—Midnight arrived, and the firm step of the stranger was again heard on the stairs.

All had been duly prepared by the sisters for his visit, and one of them stood with open door to receive their welcome friend. “Come,” cried she, unable to keep silence from the warmth of her grateful feelings, “we are waiting for you.”

The stranger cast a melancholy look around; he replied not a word to the kindly greeting, but knelt, prayed, and wept, heard mass, and disappeared, leaving the objects of his benevolence grieved and disappointed at his determined silence, for they had promised themselves the delight of expressing all the overflowings of hearts filled with gratitude and Christian affection.

The stranger continued to return until public worship was re-established by the First Consul, when expiatory mass was no longer celebrated in the isolated granary. At length Bu-

naparte assigned to these persons suitable pensions and they retired to the bosom of their families. The Abbé was visiting a family in Paris during the year 18—; the social whist party had finished their rubber, the evening was far advanced, and every chair being drawn round the fire, the venerable guest, solicited to give a recital of the principal incidents of his varied and interesting life, had briefly gone through them as far as the expiatory mass and the mysterious unknown; all eyes were upon him, all ears open, expecting to hear at last who the singular being was, when an unusual step was heard in the adjoining saloon. “There must be a stranger,” cried one of the listeners. “Perhaps the unknown is about appearing amongst us,” said another, half joking, half afraid. Suddenly the door opened, and a servant announced that some one wished to speak with the Abbé de Marolles. “Inquire his business,” said the Abbé; the domestic did so, and returned to say the messenger came from one who had consigned to the Abbé’s care a relic, in the year 1793. All the party exclaimed, with one voice, “We will not let you go, order the messenger to appear.” A young man of superior person, decorated with the Legion of Honour, entered—all fears vanished; he declared that the unknown was in the agonies of death, and required to see the Abbé immediately. The venerable ecclesiastic arose, followed his conductor, and getting into a coach which waited at the door, traversed Paris until they arrived at a secluded house of neat appearance, situated in a garden; passing through several rooms, well furnished and ornamented with works of art, musical instruments, books, drawings, &c., the Abbé concluded he must be in the house of a rich man, at least. Reaching the drawing-room, he found a family assembled in tears; they received the father in silence, and the young man who had been his conductor having proceeded to an inner apartment, speedily returned, inviting the Abbé to enter there. Upon the table of the sick man’s room stood a lamp which shed its soft light on his dying countenance, and discovered the features of the holy trio’s benefactor. The Abbé drew near the couch, preparing to lend an attentive ear to mournful confessions and mysteries not often revealed; but, what was his surprise, when the patient thus addressed him:—

“Sir, I think I am entitled to claim of you a service which will not, I hope, be too great a task to impose upon you. This packet,” continued he, presenting a sealed paper to the Abbé, “contains documents which can only be appreciated by persons of honour and probity. My own family are too

interested to do them the justice I seek. Will you take charge of them?"

The Abbé bowed assent, and perceiving that the dying man was very feeble, and little disposed to converse on religious topics, gently reproached him for having waited so long ere he sent to summon him, expressed his heartfelt thanks for benefits received, and returned to the drawing-room with the packet in his possession. Bowing to the still weeping silent relatives, he hastily proceeded to the waiting coach, determined to know, if it were possible, whose house he had just quitted; he made the inquiry of the coachman.

"What!" exclaimed the man, with surprise, "do you not know that the public executioner lives here?"

A few days after, the Abbé was called to attend the funeral of one of the sisters; as the cortége passed la Rue des Amandiers, another procession of sadness joined it, an immense concourse of poor people following. The Abbé's curiosity led him to put his head out of the window to inquire who it was thus publicly lamented; when an old woman, apparently much touched with sorrow, replied, "Does not every one know that Monsieur Sansou is dead, It was his funeral."

THE ART AND ARTISTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES CONTRASTED.

THE object of the following remarks is, not at all, to question the truth of the prevailing opinion entertained of the superiority of ancient art, and artists, over the efforts of modern professors, and, in a degree, applied to the acquirements possessed by artists of the present day, but, rather to inquire into the circumstances surrounding the sculptors and painters of antiquity, which gave occasion for the production of those immortal remains of art which succeeding ages have regarded with veneration, even approaching to a point of blind—exclusive worship! and, by reviewing the state of art in the present time on the Continent, and more especially in England, to shew, in a manner, rather apologetic than otherwise, that the world is inclined to judge too harshly

of the merits or demerits of modern artists, compared with their great precursors in art.

We find, that the first great lever for upraising an artistic or poetic fame, was Religion. Even the most refined of ancient nations, great as they were, mighty, indeed, in battle, ponderous as are the remains of their monuments, were but as barbarians, when judged through the medium of Christianity, which teaches us to shrink from the contemplation of the wholesale deeds of blood, executed by kings and commanders, who regarded them as patriotic acts, and as peace offerings to their false deities

It appears almost incredible that nations, aiming at high aspirations, and occasionally producing men, whose names embody the good of the age, indicate great revolutions in the social state of man, and start up in our thoughts as we contemplate the retrocession of ages even to the remotest antiquity;—it, certainly, appears astonishing, with so much intelligence on great affairs, that their religion should have been based upon the absurd allegory of their priests and poets, and the very form and semblance of their divinities, in strict conformity with their fictions, bodied forth by their painters or sculptors. The gross superstition in which the nations of antiquity were plunged, the shallow humbug of their oracles, appear too palpable for us to believe, that mankind, and, especially, nations capable of abstract thinking in so high a degree as the Greeks, could be so deceived! But we must take the fact as it stands, and only conclude, that the Almighty will, inscrutable, and mysterious, permitted such follies to exist for great and wise purposes. On beholding the rude idols of savage nations, in spite of their hideous form, we see force, combined with other attributes, abundance, fecundity, &c., although the combination of human and brute forms, and the duplication and reduplication of the extremities, render the representation as distorted, and frequently disgusting, as could be possible. In the accounts of ancient art, which have come down to us through many centuries, invested with the glowing colouring of poets, or the eloquence of historians, very little reliance can be placed upon the descriptions of the state of art in remote ages.

In the Egyptian remains, ponderosity appears to have been the first aim; and, perhaps, as points of constructive art, the pyramids, and the gigantic temples of Egypt may be highly interesting to the architect; but to the mind of the

sculptor or painter, little interest can attach to the gigantic and monstrous combinations of Egyptian art, however poetical may have been their origin. In a technical point of view, indeed, the extreme hardness of the granite, or porphyry, may set the mere stone-cutter thinking of the chisels, and their temper, in working such materials; to the student in physiognomy, and the structure of man, the Egyptian sculpture and painting are certainly interesting; to the archæologist, they are also of importance; but to the artist, especially the painter, as examples of the *beau idéal*, they are nothing, although valuable to him as authorities, for costume, of national characteristics. The same remarks apply more or less to the works of the progressive stages of art.

The periods of Greek art are generally considered to be thus classified: first, Archaic period; secondly, the Phidian; thirdly, the Praxitelian; and fourthly, the Decline. The first, or Archaic period, is foreign to our purpose, as the rigidity of early Greek sculpture, its rude and uninteresting form render it only interesting to the archæologist. Upon the second, or Phidian period, of Greek sculpture, we will dwell, as to this period we look for the truly sublime in art. Of this time, the chief sculptors were Pythagorus, Myron, Polycletus, Phidias, Alcamenes, and others; some of whom founded schools of art. Of the works of Phidias, we can now judge by the fragments in the British Museum, contained in the Elgin Saloon. The great quality of these marbles, as works of art, is the example they give of ideal beauty; truth is everywhere preserved, with a rejection of the coarse individualities of the mere model. In the statues of the Theseus, and the Ilyssus, we find simplicity and grandeur united. Phidias, the author of these works, has met with his deserts from the pens of ancient authors. He was called the Sculptor of the Gods, and the awful grandeur of his Olympian Jupiter, was said to have purified and exalted the minds of those who beheld it; and to have added something to the beauty or sublimity of religion. It is much to be deplored, that this greatly celebrated statue was destroyed by fire at Constantinople, after having been preserved until the year 475, of our era. Of the frieze, portions of which are preserved in the Museum, critics are agreed in their admiration of the truth of action of the horses, the variety and skill displayed in the arrangement, and grouping of the riders, and other figures.

It is unnecessary for us to particularize the works of the Phidian disciples—we turn to the beautiful models of the Parthenon, in the Museum; that which attempts the Restoration of the Temple, with the statue of the presiding Divinity, and the application of the sculpture, the fragments of which we have noticed.

The Parthenon was a magnificent temple, erected to the honour of the virgin goddess, Ath  ne, or Minerva, the protectress of Athens, and situated on the Acropolis of that City. The chryselephantine statue of Minerva, of gold and ivory, was 39 feet high, and the gold which ornamented the statue is stated to have been worth 44 talents, or £120,000 sterling. Lachares, about a century and a quarter after the death of Phidias, robbed the goddess of her riches.

A temple so rich in sculpture, in treasure, and so simple and grand in its design, was the offspring of the period of Pericles, when Athens had become the seat of philosophy and art; and sculpture, painting, and architecture, were called in to adorn the city with masterpieces of their art.

Tragic poetry flourished with the genius of   schylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. In an age like this, the impersonation of the presiding goddess by the sculptor's art, the magnificent temple erected by Ictinus and Callicrates, under the guidance of the master mind of Phidias, with the treasure and devotion of the Athenian people and the hierarchy, were stimulants of an extraordinary character, and worthily did Phidias discharge the important trust confided to him.

Of painting, as an art, we have nothing certain to enable us to ascertain what relation it bore to the productions of the pencil, under the pontificate of Leo X.; but from the antique marbles and Etruscan vases, we can unhesitatingly assert, that everything accomplishable by outline, and careful filling of that outline, they achieved; much reliance, however, cannot be placed on the florid descriptions of certain pictures given by ancient authors.

If we may credit the account given in the well-known story of the grapes, painted by Zeuxis, and the curtain over them by Parrhasius, we must accord to them complete mastery over the illusive portions of art; colouring, light and shade, modelling of form, must all have been, in this instance, carried to perfection, even to the pitch attained by Van Husem, centuries after, and by our excellent painter of fruit, George Lance; but a slight consideration of these stories suffices to shew that they were glowing descriptions, given by an elegant writer, of the works of a favourite artist.

Our purpose will be sufficiently answered, by allowing the question of what degree of excellence in the minor qualities of painting had been attained by the Greeks, to rest; for ideal form, comprehensive thinking, serial compositions, intimate acquaintance with the bony structure and muscular arrangement of the human figure, are evidenced by the antique sculpture.

The common proverb, that "Rome was not built in a day," applies here. The great artists of the age of Pericles, did not, at once, start up into giant-like maturity; this perfection was with them a work of time; and the arts of remote antiquity contributed to the formation of the art of the archaic period—the base of the towering superstructure raised by the genius of Phidias and his school.

The Greeks were essentially an out-of-door people, democratical, warlike, and requiring constant occupation, in which respect, our French neighbours bear some resemblance to them; and we accordingly find the authorities of those times, when not engrossed by warring upon other nations, or subverting each other, constantly anxious for the splendour of their cities, especially Athens. The Piræus, the port of Athens, its fortifications, theatre, temples, and other sacred edifices cost immense sums: in Athens the cost of fortifications was enormous, and when we consider the public buildings, porticos, temples, theatre, gymnasium, hippodromes, fountains, baths, &c., we are astonished at the great wealth and splendour of this seat of learning and philosophy.

It is to these causes, these opportunities, that Greek art mainly owes its greatness. The artist, in those times of ignorance of the true God, partook of the character of priest, or poet, or both; surely the god-maker was regarded as superior to his fellow men! and the manufacturer of divinities was closely connected with the hierarchical showmen to mislead the unsuspecting people. Hence arose the necessity for the employment of art; to this may be added, as an incentive to exertion, the desire to perpetuate the memory of illustrious patriots, by raising monuments to their honour. It remains to notice the employment of the pencil, and the subjects selected by their painters. Pausanius enumerates the pictures of Polygnotus, in the Lesche, at Delphi; the subjects were, the Capture of Troy, the Departure of the Greeks, and the Descent of Ulysses to the Shades; in the Pæcile, at Athens, Polygnotus' works were placed by the side of the Battle of Marathon, by Panænus, and the Combat of the Athenians and the Amazons, by Micon.

A history of the progress of art, will put the reader in possession of a catalogue of works by the ancient sculptors and painters. Little need be added to shew that the peculiar state of religion and society were highly favourable to the development of the genius of the Greek artists.

It is also worthy of notice, that portrait-painting, the staple commodity of the English art market, was then much encouraged, and that Apelles was made serjeant-painter, like our own Hogarth ; (or the present appointment of painter in ordinary) to his Majesty Alexander the Great. Even in those times, a touch of flattery was agreeable, and the Thebans mulcted the unfortunate artist who failed in reaching the beauty of the original ; a law, which, if in force at our annual exhibitions of pictures, would produce a tolerable revenue.

It now remains to glance at the means by which anatomical knowledge and technical skill were acquired by the artists of antiquity.

Controversies have arisen respecting the opportunities possessed by the Greeks of obtaining an acquaintance with anatomical details. To the surgeon, the dead subject is a profound study ; not so to the artist, he has to deal with the phenomena of action, and the little anatomy required to explain these could be derived from the many casualties to which human life is subject.

To us, whose custom is to appear completely clothed, anatomy has become more necessary, and greater stress has been laid upon it in consequence ; but, pent up in close houses, in close streets, in close towns, in utter defiance of sanatory principles, we can hardly conceive the beauty and majesty investing the human figure in the ages of antiquity. The gymnasia, or schools, in which young men of all classes were accustomed to exercise, were frequented by statesmen, philosophers, poets, and artists ; and afforded to them an opportunity of creating that abstract beauty possessed by their statues ; while, from attenuated subjects, or spare models, the muscles, including some deeply seated, would be sufficiently apparent for the purpose of the artist.

This has all passed away ; the historical painter, or the sculpture of modern times can only supply this want of opportunity by reference to the antique form ; very few of the models whose business it is to sit to artists are of forms equally developed, and no conception can be entertained of the difficulties besetting an artist, in a work of abstract beauty. Imagine the manly beauty of Alcibiades, the union of strength and agility perfected by constant exercise in the

gymnasia, or the successful pursuit of public honours in the public games, and substitute for this perfection of human form, a fighting tailor, or a soldier in the guards with disproportionate arms, ill developed legs, and a head at which the artist dare not look, especially if he have studied physiognomy, or have dabbled in phrenology; ardent, indeed, must be his feelings for beauty, if he can bear to view the animal characteristics of the mentally low being before him without a feeling of regret, that a model more worthy of art was not placed before him.

Art in ancient, and art] in [modern times, is pursued under a totally different state of things; and critics, who mercilessly assail the productions of modern art, should pause and consider the great disparity of opportunity offered to the modern artist, and then form a cool judgment upon the works presented to them, without prostrating themselves, blindly, at the high altar of ancient art. In the grand style, modern art must be merely imitative. The soul of Greek art has departed ages since—and all modern attempts aiming at such excellence can be but *rechauffées* of old and highly esteemed dishes.

GUIDO D'AREZZI.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

By G. H. LOVELL, Esq.

THE very high position occupied by Mr. Lovell among the dramatists of the present day, is perhaps a sufficient reason why the appearance of an addition to the many works of this successful writer, should be hailed by the public with some degree of pleasure.

As the author of "The Provost of Bruges," "The Wife's Secret," "The Avenger," and other meritorious productions, Mr. Lovell is favourably known to the dramatic world; and the subject of our present observations will add to the well-earned fame already enjoyed by our author.

This tragedy presents many points of poetic as well as dramatic beauty, which we shall present to our readers as occasion permits.

The plot of "Guido D'Arezzi" is somewhat intricate. Guido, the old grand Duke of Parma, being well-nigh dis-

tracted by grief at the loss of his younger son Leonte, who had suddenly disappeared no one knew whither, gives place to his elder son Viotto, who cajoles the old man from the ducal throne and takes his place.

The circumstance is alluded to in the first scene, where Nemmo, Conti, and Guiseppe, nobles of the court, are discussing the matter.

GUISEPPE.

Nemmo believes all virtue fled the world
With his old master, the Duke Guido.

NEMMO.

Aye,
Indeed I loved him truly ! and he was
A man to force affection—even his faults .
Had such a smack of heartiness about them
They made you love him more. Alas ! to think
So proud a bark should lie a wreck so lonely !

CONTI.

Lives he then still ?

GUISEPPE.

In person, not in function.

NEMMO.

He lives as live the ashes of a fire
Wasted and spent by its own eager heat ;
Letting the meanest foot now safely trample
Where once the proudest had not dared draw nigh.
His younger darling son, some three years since,
Suddenly disappeared—and on his loss
The fond old man, impetuous in all things,
Wore out his soul with wild and fruitless search ;
Then turned him loathing from the vacant world,
Cast his great office by, as shaking off
A weary weight, now past his strength to bear ;
And freely, so 'tis said, resigned his power
Unto his elder born, Viotto's keeping.—
There ends his history—from that sad hour,
Unseen, unnamed, he wastes his hours alone
In strict, I only trust not *forced*, seclusion.

The character of Count Andre D'Arezzi, Guido's cousin, who takes a prominent place in the play, is then described by Nemmo, who is a faithful adherent of Guido, and opposed to the old roué Andrea.

NEMMO.

That means, the choicest villain !
 Sir, this Count Andrea is a walking vice !
 A kinsman of the Duke, and at this moment
 The highest in his favour.—In his youth
 He had an ample state, which he diffused
 In wenching, dice, and wine,—until, at length,
 Beggared alike in character and name,
 He fled the court, and sought in other lands
 To learn new sins and to improve his old,
 Cloaking them all with a most fair outside.
 Then on the old Duke Guido's abdication,
 His guiding devil brought him here again,
 Where he has leapt into the highest state ;
 The young Duke's counsellor and bosom friend,
 The guider of each secret machination,
 The stumbling-block of virtue, vice's patron.

[*Enter* ANDREA.]

ANDREA.

And good Lord Nemmo's most devoted servant !
 My worthy friend, nay, look not thus confused ;
 Pursue your censure ! Virtue that grows dumb
 In the lashed object's presence, looks like slander !
 You need not fear me—for your honest rage
 More wins my heart than others flatteries.—
 Oh, gentlemen, to me, in this false world,
 Truth comes as sweet as waters in the desert !

This extract will give the reader some idea of the general style of the play. The sentiments expressed throughout are chaste and delicate, and the conception for the most part bold and majestic, eliciting themselves with much poetry and elegance.

The principal female characters are Angela, the daughter of Guido, and Leonora, the wife of Viotto, the then Grand Duke. The various intrigues into which Viotto as the usurper of his father's throne, has been plunged, and the difficulties which he has to contend with, have soured his disposition ; and this being somewhat tyrannical in its general tenor, the grand Duke makes himself hateful to his wife Leonora, who finds a confidante in her husband's sister, Angela, who becomes disgusted at Viotto's treatment of his wife :—

ANDREA.

Sooth, sweet lady,

You'd pass a busy life!—But you are moved,
What is't has angered you—the Duke your brother?

ANGELA.

I pray you, sir, no brothering with him!
The Duke, my sister's husband, if you will—
For she shall be my sister for her sweetness,
And he no brother—not for half his Dukedom!
He has been witty, sir, exceeding witty—
His humour grows apace! In former times
He only wrung his lady's heart *in private*,
But now such humble triumphs are too poor—
The world must see his prowess! His cold taunts
To-night have forced her *tears* before them all!
At which he smiled—and then those puppet things
That dress like men, and stood around, smiled too,
Because his Dukeship smiled—he was so pleasant!—
If looks could kill, mine should have slain him then—
But he's invulnerable!

ANDREA.

Favored he!

While others of more penetrable hearts
Die hourly of the eyes that pass him harmless!

ANGELA.

My lord, my mood is not for fooling now,
And I but hinder you—so fare you well.
You go, I see, to join the knaves within.

ANDREA.

I go to pay my duty to the Duke.

ANGELA.

To *pay* your duty—a well-chosen phrase!
Exceedingly well chosen! Love, my lord,
Gives all its service—slavish duty *pays*
The debt of homage—not of will but force!
Well, good Lord Andrea, go and pay your duty!
But since I think you yet an honest man,
Pray you be quick, and hasten home again,
Lest the infection taint you like the rest,
And there be left no honesty in Parma!

ANDREA (*aside.*)

Is this a jest—or pure simplicity?
Good Mercury—my honesty in peril!—
Can gentle Angela have grown so bitter?

ANGELA.

Ay, for I feed on naught but bitterness—
 Breakfast, dine, sup on it—what wonder then
 If my complexion take a taint of that
 Which is my constant meal?—I had rather live
 On a hill top, with all my company
 The kine and goats, than rot my soul away
 In this rank lazaret of polished sin,
 With it's presiding vice!

ANDREA.

Nay, by my honor
 I must not hear such language of the Duke.

ANGELA.

The Duke! you recognise the portrait, then?—
 That is enough, and needs no commentary!

ANDREA.

What shall I answer? as yourself I grieve
 The little love Viotto bears his Duchess?
 But for this fault and I confess it such,
 For truly she is a most gentle lady,
 And well deserving,—still, for this one fault
 I cannot hold him chargeable with all
 Your anger would put on him.

ANGELA.

Sir, your hand (*taking and looking at it*)—
 The skin is fair, and looking upon this,
 I know it's fellow fair, although unseen—
 And thus, from the complexion of one vice
 I learn to judge the colour of them all!

ANDREA.

An unsafe rule.

ANGELA.

A *just* one, my good Lord!
 He who can look with an unshrinking eye
 On a wrong'd woman's tears, and call it sport,
 And make his pastime wringing of her heart,
 My soul upon it, in that creature's breast,
 There dwells no generous human sympathy;
 But 'tis a den, within whose rayless walls
 Foul loathsome things alone will dwell and gender!

This is a noble sentiment, and well expressed. The play
 abounds with such. But we continue the scene, in which
 something of the plot is elicited:—

ANDREA (*aside.*)

Now, by my life, I could grow virtuous,
Hearing her pretty railing! she will spoil me!

ANGELA.

I have most dark suspicions of Viotto—
Where is my father's hope, and young Leonte,
Whose mild and luring virtues shone like stars
Across his brother's gloom, 'till all men's love,
But most his father's, centred in the boy,
Leaving the elder but the cold respect
That was his birthright. Why did then Leonte
Suddenly disappear, while not a trace
Has since been found of him?

ANDREA.

In truth I know not!

Just so it was, that the lost Pleiad vanished,
And yet I do not think Viotto stole it
More than he did his brother. I have heard,
When Leonora first was brought to Parma,
Leonte's spirit changed—'twas plain he loved her!—
Then what more likely, when the lady wedded,
Than that the moping boy should fly the world,
Or seek forgetfulness in other lands—
Love's common folly!

This is the explanation given by Count Andrea of the sudden disappearance of Leonte, which was ascribed by Viotto's enemies to his jealousy. Leonte has not been seen or heard of for three years.

The next scene, between Leonora and Angela, elicits the fact of an attachment having existed between the former and Leonte, before her marriage with the Grand Duke, his brother:—

LEONORA.

Alas, I know not—I am little skilled
To trace the heart's deceptions. In my thought
I only loved him as a gentle brother—
And yet it was so strange, so sweet a thrill,
To catch his mournful eye intent on mine,
To echo back the sigh I rather felt
Than heard escape his bosom—to be lost
In dreamy reveries of a soft sadness,
More exquisite than joy! I *should* have probed
My heart to find the source of those sensations;
For I was then his brother's plighted wife,

Although un-wed—perchance a heart more practised
 Had sooner known its sin ; but mine was blind
 Until he spoke.

ANGELA.

Of love !

LEONORA.

Oh, blame him not !

All was consenting—solitude and night,
 The voiceless stars, the hot day's dying breath,
 The unnamed charm that floats upon the air
 When the world rests, and makes the unguarded heart,
 Like the night flower, expand its hidden folds
 To drink the freshness in—in such an hour
 Leonte spoke ; and I first knew my crime !
 Few were the words—whispered and low, and trembling
 At their own sound ; but had the vaulted sky
 Split in the centre, and its sheeted fire
 Shot blazing at my feet, and told its wrath
 With thunder's loudest organ—on my sense
 It had less jarred than those few half-formed words !
 The night grew dark, dead, and unearthly still—
 Nothing would sound but these—and there they rang,
 Echoing in my ear till my brain reeled !

ANGELA.

Go on ! go on !

LEONORA.

I had the strength to fly—
 I buried me in solitude and tears—
 I loathed my traitorous heart—I saw its guilt,
 And vowed to meet no more—a needless vow—
 None ever saw Leonte from that hour !

In this scene, Viotto enters and accuses his wife of stealing two papers of potent import: one written by his late mother, and containing matters of serious weight, and the other from the Prior of St. Mary's, touching Leonte, who, it appears, had been sent to that monastery by order of Viotto.

Upon making inquiry of the guards, it seemed that the old ex-Duke Guido had been seen to pass into Viotto's cabinet—from whence the documents were stolen—and having gained the gate, speedily took horse and disappeared. Guards are sent in swift pursuit, and the first act ends.

The papers of which the old ex-Duke possess himself inform him of Leonte's whereabouts ; and he accordingly hies without delay to the monastery of St. Mary.

The second act finds him at the monastery gate, where, on shewing the papers, which bear the handwriting of the Prior, he is admitted to the cell of Leonte, whom he finds reading, previous to taking the holy vow.

Guido enters unobserved, and finds Leonte poring over musty tomes. His soliloquy is effective:—

LEONTE (*reads.*)

“Life is not length of years, but use of hours.”

Good! very good. And he who penned that line
Esteemed *his* hours well-spent to learn such wisdom,
Their only fruit, as I do mine, to con it;—

And both content to have achieved so much,

Rest indolently there, and leave the truth

Still unapplied. 'Tis thus we fool ourselves.

This is not life—this vegetating round

Of dull monotony—this quick entombment

Of heaven's gifts—this slinking from the foe;

Yet this I choose, reasoning against my choice!

Strange! but 'tis now resolved—I'll think no more,

But to my book again. (*Reading—pauses.*) Say that I love

Where love is sin—were 't not a victory

Worthy of virtue, then, to conquer sin—

To face and overcome the soft allurements?—

Yet if to fall—then would the sin grow double

To seek temptation and to be subdued.—

'Tis darkness all—I will forget it here. [*Resumes the book.*]

Guido does not discover himself at first; and here are some “points,” which, in good hands, would be effective. Having at length, however, made himself known, he hastens to inform Leonte of what has past:—

LEONTE.

What mean you, sir?

I left you sovereign prince—all power your own.

GUIDO.

Ay—an old man possest of a rich gem

That thieves desired, and none to help him guard it.

In my first hours of broken-hearted grief—

For I was broken-hearted at thy loss—

They filched away my crown, restrained my person,

Took all——

LEONTE.

But who did this?

GUIDO.

Viotto! mark me,

I do not say thy *brother*—but *Viotto*!
 I bore it long—my spirit was subdued—
 And years, as I believed, so passed. At last
 A something restless wrought within my breast
 That I would face my foes and claim my own.
 I slipt my guards and gained Viotto's chamber,
 Where, amid papers scattered as just quitted,
 I saw in one thy name—I snatched it up;
 Displacing which, a writing met my eye
 Of such familiar character, my heart
 Leapt at the view 'Twas this—look boy—whose is it?
[*Shewing a paper.*]

LEONTE.

It is my mother's—

GUIDO.

Ay—and this? [*Shewing another.*]

LEONTE.

The same.

GUIDO.

And yet be certain—See! the name! there! there!

LEONTE.

Yes—all are hers. But what of this?

GUIDO.

Remember,

Thou dost admit it hers—

LEONTE.

I know it well.

GUIDO.

Thou knowest nothing! all things are a lie!
 Thou knowest the moon is bright!—'tis false—she's dark,
 A dull and rayless globe as is our own,
 But for some beams she borrows from the sun,
 To deck her up to cheat us! And thou know'st
 Woman is fair—a yet far greater lie!
 Her beauty's but a covered skeleton,
 From which, uncased, thine eye would turn with loathing;
 Thou know'st her *good*—the greatest lie of all!
 The poison flower, tricked out with glowing leaves,
 The serpent's tooth 'neath an enamelled skin,
 The dark corruption in a marble tomb,
 The fiend arrayed in hues of paradise,
 Are but faint type of her hypocrisy.
 And thou must know her good—poor fool!—poor fool!

The papers in the possession of Guido imply that his wife was unfaithful to her nuptial vows, and that Viotto was the son of Andrea, between whom and Guido's wife there was a firm attachment before her marriage.

Upon this incident hinges the plot of the play, since from it arise all the subsequent "points" of interest, which are worked out with much artistic ability. Lashed into fury by his own reflections on the discovery, Guido D'Arezzi becomes the slave of his own avenging passions.

(To be Continued.)

LOVE, REMEMBER ME.

By W. S. PASSMORE.

WHEN the lark first floats on high,
And the opening blossoms vie
With the tints that paint the sky,
Think of him who with thee strayed,
While Aurora's bounty laid,
On each grateful bloom and blade—
Love, remember me !

When the thirsty lord of day,
Rules aloft in proud display,
Draining seas with every ray,
Think of him who 'neath the shade,
By the friendly beech-tree made,
Softly sighed in yonder glade—
Love, remember me !

When the drowsy bat awakes,
And the gnat his frolic takes,
E'er o'er earth deep slumber breaks,
Think of him who, guided by
But the gleam of thy bright eye,
Heeded not the spangled sky—
Love, remember me !

Yes, at morning's blushing light,
As at noon-tide's sultry height,
And when nature's hushed in night,
Think of him whose ev'ry thought,
With foretastes of heaven fraught,
Thinks of *Thee* or thinks of naught—
Love, remember me !

MY LUCK!

By H. R. ADDISON.

It is true that some men may be born to fortune, and others have fortune thrust upon them. It is no less certain, however, that many are predestined to contrarieties, or ill-luck. I recollect once hearing, or reading, of a man, who boldly asserted, that if he had been bred a hatter—so malicious were the shafts of fate—that he felt confident human beings would in future be born without heads. Now I am just as positive that every event must turn out unluckily for me.

I will give a single instance.

In consequence of thoughtless extravagance and other follies, I had been forced to seek the shelter of foreign laws to protect me against sundry hard-hearted creditors, whose pressing demands had at length assumed so menacing an aspect, that I deemed it expedient to remove myself from their neighbourhood, until I could, by economy, manage to horde up a sum sufficient to pay them all. I therefore took up my residence in Aix la Chapelle, taking care, however, to write penitent letters, by every post, to a rich old uncle, who, though sadly vexed at my misconduct, would, I knew, in the end, relent, and leave me heir to his large property. The old gentleman possessed a more than common share of family pride; and as I was the only male relative he had—the only one who bore his name—I felt ultimately sure of possessing his estates in Shropshire. He was now nearly eighty years old, rather gouty, and very eccentric, yet withal, good-hearted and kind, and, I do verily believe, had a warm affection for me, though he loved to conceal it by continually scolding me, and lecturing me on my follies.

After about six months' continual writing, I received from him the following reply:—

“DEAR JOHN,

“For you are dear in spite of your abominable extravagance—I am willing to believe your professions to be sincere; I ask but one proof of your obedience. Start off for Brussels the instant you receive this—I shall be at the Hotel de Belle Vue on the 17th. Now recollect. No mistake—no excuse. If you are there, and will sign a paper, assuring me, on your honour, you will never again exceed your in-

come, I will pay off your present liabilities, and restore you to the place you once filled in my will. I am growing old and infirm; my temper is not so easy as it used to be; so do not disappoint me, on pain of my everlasting anger.

“Your attached uncle,
“JAMES SMITHSON.”

Need it be added, how rejoiced I was. I instantly packed up my things, and started for the Belgian capital, where I arrived on the evening of the 16th, and put up at the Hotel de France.

The next morning, before noon, I called at the Belle Vue, but the snugly-ensconced *concierge* assured me, that as yet no traveller had arrived.

I again called at four. Several persons had arrived, but none of the name of Smithson.

The same result attended a last inquiry I made late in the evening.

I confess I was much astonished and disappointed. My uncle had always been so punctual in keeping his appointments, that his non-exactitude on the present occasion astonished me not a little.

The following day I again renewed my inquiries—every two hours I went to see if he had arrived—but alas! the old story of “*non est inventus*” was repeated to me, till my patience was fairly tired out, and I almost begun to think the porter was wrong. On my hinting this to him, he flew to his written list of every lodger in the house, and, comparing the names of the occupiers of every room with the card I gave him, returned to me, and declared that no person bearing a name at all resembling Smithson was in the house—no such person had arrived.

My fears now began to suggest to me that my kind relative was probably ill—perhaps dead; yet, in either case, surely some one would have written to inform me of the circumstance. I knew he was not capricious; it therefore could not arise from any change of mind. I puzzled my brain to guess why he had thus disappointed me—my mental researches were vain; so I contented myself, during three days, with calling regularly, and as regularly returning—swearing at the porter—and grumbling at the strange conduct of my uncle.

At the end of the week I returned to Aix, and instantly wrote off to Mr. Smithson, detailing to him my disappointment at not meeting him, and the expense I had incurred on his account. By return of post, I received the following reply :—

SIR,—I arrived in Brussels on the 17th, and remained till the 20th. I occupied room No. 32. You did not ask for me, or you would have found me—as every name is inscribed in a book, kept for that purpose by the porter of the establishment. I much doubt that you have ever left Aix la Chapelle. You have preferred an idle course of pleasure to the duty I prescribed to you. So you need expect to hear no more from

“Your justly irritated Uncle,

“JAMES SMITHSON.”

Here was a blow. My head turned round, and I began to think the whole affair an illusion. But determining on sifting the matter to the bottom, and proving to my uncle, by a certificate from the innkeeper of the Belle Vue (the Baron de Profdt), that I had been in Brussels during his sojourn there, I once more started off, and arrived in the capital of Belgium.

I instantly waited on M. de Profdt, and lodged a complaint against his porter, for having misled me, and ruined me, by denying that Mr. Smithson occupied any room in the Belle Vue Hotel, when he was snugly lodged in No. 32.

The man was unmanned, and persevered in his statement, that no person of the name I mentioned had slept in the Hotel. The list was sent for, and after looking over it, M. de Profdt declared that his servant was right—no such name was inserted.

I asked to see the book—it was handed to me—I eagerly turned to the 17th, and sought the name of the possessor of No. 32 on that day. Imagine my dismay when I saw written opposite to that cypher—Mr. *Warranted Solid Leather*!—I stood aghast, and could scarcely find words to ask for an explanation of the strange entry.

“It is the name of a fine old gentleman,” replied the porter, proud of his recollection, “who occupied that room for three days. He came to seek some one who disappointed him, by not coming to meet him. He was a very nice old gentleman—I remember him well—I took his name down from a brass plate affixed at the end of his portmanteau.”

Whether to burst out laughing, or whether to throw the rascally porter out of the window, I scarcely could decide. The innocent and unconscious look of the *concierge* proved to me that he had erred through a mistake—but alas! that mistake had ruined me. I am, however, too just to punish an involuntary fault—so, after explaining the error, and begging

of him to be more cautious for the future, I got a certificate from the man of my punctuality, and his stupidity; and am now hastening after my uncle, who has gone to Vienna, to find a distant relative, whom he threatens to make his heir, in order to explain the mistake to Mr. Smithson, *alias* WARRANTED SOLID LEATHER.

REMINISCENCES OF A RETIRED SURGEON.

(SECOND SERIES.)

No. I.—WOMAN'S LOVE.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from vol. 8. page 529.)

It is said, "that marriages are made in heaven." Although I do not and cannot altogether subscribe to such a doctrine, which would advocate the special interposition of Providence in many instances, where such appears uncalled for, still I cannot but consider that marriages are frequently contracted under circumstances, which almost justify the belief that the Being who "numbers the hairs of our head," and without whose knowledge "a sparrow falleth not to the ground," does occasionally interpose, in the union of hands and hearts on earth, for his own especial purposes.

Lord Melton was present at Reginald Falkner's mansion, in Portman Square, on the occasion described, and took part in the festivities of the evening.

He was introduced by Reginald Falkner to his solicited bride, but only as one of the guests, and danced with her shortly after she had completed the waltz with Henry Morton.

Mary Falkner was unconscious of the capacity in which Lord Melton had appeared on that night, and therefore paid him no more than the ordinary attention.

Indeed, it may be well questioned, if she was as attentive to her partner as she would have been under other circumstances; Lord Melton had been introduced to her so immediately after she had danced with Henry Morton, that she had scarcely time sufficient to collect her "scattered thoughts," and regain that self-possession so necessary to her.

It was whilst the young and "happy pair" still sat together on the silken couch to which Mary Falkner had been led by Henry Morton; whilst, still, their beating hearts bespoke the transports of their breasts; whilst still their warm sighs breathed forth the spirit of love, and mingled their sighs together; whilst still the youthful lips of each spoke the warm language of the heart, and their eyes told, that they loved "not wisely" but "too well," it was at this moment that Reginald Falkner led Lord Melton towards his child, and introduced him to her as her partner in the forthcoming dance.

But who had introduced the banker's daughter, and the banker's clerk? who led the victims to the altar of love? whose hand presented Mary Falkner to the future sharer of her destinies, her hope, her love, her all in this world? whose lips pronounced the names of Henry Morton and Mary Falkner together for the first time—on earth?

It was Reginald Falkner himself who first joined their hands and hearts:

"Mr. Morton, allow me to introduce you to my daughter, Miss Falkner—Mary, Henry Morton, the son of my oldest and best friend," were the words of Reginald Falkner.

Reginald Falkner, the banker of Lombard Street, had forgotten that there was such a thing as love, or that it was possible that the hands and hearts of youth might be united by other bonds than those of wealth and sordid interests; or that the affections of his daughter, his child, might be centred on other objects than those around which his own thoughts revolved, namely, the gold and silver of Mammon.

Oh, insatiable monster! whither wilt thou lead us? whither banish all that is good, and great, and beautiful amongst mankind? must the sigh of Love, and the tear of Pity, and the appeal of Mercy, and the hand of Charity be sacrificed on thy altar.

Shall we look calmly on and behold thee immolate thy victims, unheeded and unchecked, until thou hast reduced man to the level of the beast, and raised the sensual appetites of the creatures above the spiritual qualities of Him who made us?

No! rather let us fly from the land of our birth, and our degradation, and seek, in the recesses of the mountain, in the silence of the untenanted plain, or in the oasis of the desert, a spot consecrated to that which is true, and holy, and sacred; which may be destroyed, but cannot be polluted; which may be perverted, but cannot be defiled; which may

be uprooted, but shall not be extinguished; which shall live for ever, and endure, even when

“The gorgeous palaces, the cloud-cap't towers,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea! all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind!”

There! 'mid the resounding echoes of the falling torrent, listening to the cheerful warblings of the “songsters of the grove,” or to the wind of heaven whistling through the leaves of the impenetrable forest, or to the rustling of the fallen leaf as it scatters o'er the plain, let us live, and, charmed by the voice of Nature, dream the hours away.

Rather let us live, pursuing even the phantom of the imagination, and eagerly follow the dreamy shapes which the Ideal conjures up before us, than awake to the Reality which false philosophy maintains, and man would establish; and behold, amidst the gorgeous creations of the hand of man, the wreck of him who raised them to the skies—at once, the monuments of his greatness, the records of his degradation.

There let us even fall by the axe of the untutored child of Nature, rather than perish here by the hand of the civilized barbarian!

The course pursued by Reginald Falkner was neither hastily adopted, nor hurriedly carried into execution by him. It was a wise one, profoundly wise, and partook deeply of worldly wisdom.

He had introduced Henry Morton to his daughter, because he supposed not that a clerk in his establishment would engage the affections of his daughter.

If, too, he had introduced a guest of more exalted station, as a partner to his daughter in the dance, such might be construed unfavourably by Lord Melton, whose good opinion he was most anxious to secure; again, had he introduced Lord Melton as her first partner, the fact would have been noticed by the company assembled at the ball, and reports would soon spread, which, as yet, he was not anxious to circulate.

Giving him full credit for his kindness to Henry Morton, his conduct, on this occasion, was not free from objection; “the son of his oldest and best friend,” he who had moved in the sphere, and had received the education of a gentleman, and had been the respected associate of the first in the land, at the University of Oxford, had been treated as a dependant,

had been made use of by Reginald Falkner for his own purposes, although his motives for so doing lay buried, as yet, in his own bosom.

He was regarded by Reginald Falkner as an inferior; but in what was he inferior?—in wealth alone—in all else, he was the equal, if not the superior of his companions in the festive ball. Are the qualities of the mind and body, the noble feelings of the breast, the generous impulse of the heart, the lofty aspirations of the soul, to be set at nought—and wealth—gold, silver, and fine things—to usurp their places in human estimation?

It may suit the purposes of those who boast of their wealth, and who usually have nothing else to boast of, to raise the golden calf, and call on their fellow men to bow down and worship the idol. Nay, it may suit the purposes of many, who pick up the droppings of the rich man's purse, to sustain him in his unholy position; but is society to subscribe to their doctrines, and prostrate before the glittering bauble all that is worthy of the name of man?

Rank, and station, and wealth, call for, and will ever command respect, when they are used, not abused. When they are perverted from their legitimate objects, they cease to be admirable.

Lord Melton led forth to the dance the still agitated Mary Falkner. Animated by her previous exertions in the waltz, and aroused by the flame of love, which now kindled in her bosom, for the first—for the last—time her cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled, and her whole countenance beamed with beauty.

Was it only earthly?

No! If ever the radiance of the angelic seraph shone in the face of human mould, it then appeared in the person of Mary Falkner.

Never did I see so beautiful a creature; the glare of the lights added lustre to the brilliancy of her dark eyes, and brightness to the bloom upon her cheeks; whilst the ostrich plumes, enriched with the most valuable gems, and her gorgeous dress, contributed to increase her splendour, and dazzle the eyes of those who beheld her.

To me, she appeared as an angelic creature; but, perhaps, my judgment was warped by my previous acquaintance with her, and by my attendance upon her, even from her childhood. Methinks I see her still, even as on that night, surpassing Beauty's self—but, alas! no! the hand of Fate has interposed, and separated us—but not for ever.

But let me not procrastinate—the evening's ball closed,

and the guests retired for the night; the lights were extinguished, and the brilliant mansion of Reginald Falkner was no longer to be distinguished from the neighbouring houses.

The majority were soon sunk in the uneasy slumbers which succeed the midnight festivity; but two slept not till the dawn of the morning's sun streaked the eastern sky, and lighted up their respective apartments—they were Mary Falkner and Henry Morton.

As yet, the flame of love was but kindled; it burned brightly, but a thousand things might possibly extinguish it; the cares of business, or the frivolities of fashion, or the pursuits of pleasure, or the thirst of wealth, or the cravings of avarice, or the yearnings of ambition.

But the purest flame which ever burned in the human heart now animated the bosoms of two pure beings; it was not the love of the worldly, or of the sensualist, but the love which loves for love's sake alone, and permits not the spirit of earthly cast to contaminate its essence or sully its threshold.

It is possible that even this might, in the course of time, have died away, if circumstances had not occurred to fan the flame, and raise in the breasts of both that which death alone could extinguish, if even he could accomplish the task.

On the day following the ball, Henry Morton repaired, as usual, to the banking-house of Falkner and Roberts. He felt his spirits lighter than usual, although the feeling was confined to his own bosom, and did not betray itself in its external deportment. Indeed, he was, perhaps, more grave than usual, although the brightness of his eye declared that his gravity was not the result of any disagreeable impression.

He had begun to love.

The cares of business were not sufficient to banish from his mind the events of the preceding night, and ever and anon, the graceful figure, and beautiful countenance, and angelic smile of Mary Falkner, were present before him. He endeavoured to banish the object from his view, and chase the phantom from his mind, but in vain; she again and again appeared, until at last she asserted her supremacy, and Henry Morton was happy only when the image of her he loved stood before him.

The impression made on the heart of Mary Falkner was more vivid. She already loved with all the ardour of youthful innocence, and Henry Morton was even now to her the sole object of her heart. She made no attempt to banish his remembrance from her recollection, but rather courted

the intrusion. He was with her in spirit—why should she turn away?

She thought not of his birth, or rank, or wealth, or station in life; she asked not if he were worthy of her, as the world prizes worth; she knew not that he was great, and mighty, and learned, and cared not; she only knew she loved him, and only cared that he should return her love.

Assured of that, her sole object would be gained—her sole end accomplished. With his love to cheer her, she would leave the gilded couch and the tinselled tapestry, and the marbled hall, and seek with him her lot, whatever it might be. There was no doubt, no hesitation, about her. She felt that she loved, and her heart told her that Henry Morton was worthy of her love.

Whatever his fate—whatever his fortune—whether to cross the trackless path of the briny deep, or to traverse the snow-capped mountain, or to toil beneath the burning rays of a tropical sun—whether to dwell in a palace or a prison—to reside in the stately mansion or the humble cot—to live surrounded by the world's pomp, or deprived of the world's comforts—she was prepared to enter on her task, and proceed even to death itself, either with, or for, him she loved.

Who would exchange for this the passion which the world calls love; which counts the riches of its votary, and weighs the titles of its suitor—which casts aside all that is admirable, and looks only upon the possession of that which shall gratify the taste and feed the vanity, but which at last finds, in the bitterness of the heart and in the anguish of disappointment, that the shadow which had been despised was the Real, and that the substance which had been so eagerly pursued only the Ideal?

How poor, now, did the costly mansion of her father appear to Mary Falkner—how mean its gaudy trappings—how worthless its wealth—without him she loved. How gladly she would have yielded all, if the sacrifice were required to gain the affections of Henry Morton.

Reginald Falkner appeared as if impelled by fate to his destiny; his attentions to Henry Morton were redoubled; he appointed him to a higher post in his banking house, and invited him on several occasions to his residence in Portman-square.

Few weeks passed over without the meeting of his daughter and her lover. Need we wonder if the love, which, at their first interview, took root so deeply, should increase until it became a passion—shall I say a madness, which the power of man could not extinguish?

Henry Morton's visits were, at first, confined to those occasions on which he was invited by Reginald Falkner, but as love increased, and confidence became established, he sought other opportunities of meeting the object of his dearest affections, until at length, few evenings passed without a meeting of the lovers, and repeated vows of love and constancy. Even this was not enough; when absent from each other, letters, breathing all the expressions of tenderest affection, passed between them, and at length mutual vows of love and fidelity were exchanged.

This line of conduct on the part of Reginald Falkner is wholly inexplicable, except on the supposition, that it was his intention to take Henry Morton into partnership, and ultimately retire from business altogether. Whatever his intentions may have been, is of course unknown, but such was the general impression in the banking-house, where young Morton was already regarded as possessed of almost equal authority with the head of the house.

Such also was the impression on the mind of Henry Morton and of Mary Falkner, who regarded the attentions of Reginald Falkner as intended to contribute to the ultimate object of his wishes, by the union of his daughter and Henry Morton.

Indeed, the lovers anticipated no impediment to their union, and already began to regard their destinies as one. Henry Morton still clung to the pursuits of his early life, but, in no way, did he allow this to appear in his habits of business; he was diligent and attentive as ever—no shadow of doubt, no thought of suspicion ever crossed his mind; he allowed himself to be carried away by his affections, without making an effort to resist their sway.

This feeling of confidence was not shaken by the frequent visits of Lord Melton to the mansion of Reginald Falkner, and by his somewhat marked attentions to the banker's daughter.

Of their exact nature, Mary Falkner had no idea. Absorbed in her love of Henry Morton, she only regarded Lord Melton's attentions as some of the courtesies of life, not unusual in the fashionable world, and did not seek to evade them, or shew his lordship by any means that her "heart was another's."

Reginald Falkner, too, was equally confident; he knew of Lord Melton's attentions to his daughter, approved of them, and looked forward with satisfaction to the day on which their hands should be united, and the dearest object of *his*

wishes accomplished. Doubtless, he contemplated also his subsequent retirement from business in favour of Henry Morton, and the spending of the remainder of his days with his only child and her family.

As Lord Melton usually visited Miss Falkner during the day, whilst Henry Morton's visits were paid in the evening, it may be well supposed that neither knew of the other's attentions to the one object. That Mary Falkner may have incidentally spoken to her lover of Lord Melton's visits, is probable, but that she alluded to them otherwise than as the respectful attentions of a friend, is not likely, as she entertained no suspicion of their real object.

All felt confident, although standing on the brink of the precipice—all felt assured, although the earth yawned at their feet, and threatened to swallow them in its expanded gulph.

Whom should we censure, if not Reginald Falkner? He, the man of the world, the man of business, the man of knowledge—he, who was regarded as the Solon of the east, acted as the simplest creature in existence, and as devoid of the commonest experience.

Of what use was his knowledge of the world? What did it teach him? Falsehood! That the human heart is depraved, and that love, inestimable, priceless love, is to be purchased, as the beast of the field, or the commodity of the market.

He was at once the priest and the sacrifice, the victim and the immolator, the culprit and the executioner. His, no! no! not his heart—his head planned the plot, his hand completed the catastrophe.

He bargained for his daughter's love, he trafficked in her affections, he sold her heart, to gratify his own vanity. He thought that all the world was like Lombard-street.

He sought no opportunity of ascertaining his daughter's wishes—he consulted not her affections—he concluded, in his own mind, that Lord Melton's attentions could not be disagreeable to her, and relied on parental authority for the removal of all objections.

His daughter—his child—his only child, taught him a different lesson—alas! that so painful a task should have fallen to so dear and so delicate a creature.

Bitterly, and in tears, did he repent his error, and expiate his faults.

Mrs. Falkner's peculiar temperament, or peculiar disposition, whichever it may be called, led her to abstain from taking an active part in the events that were passing before

her, although these were of such a nature as to affect the happiness of her family to a remarkable degree.

She was a mere automaton; her household affairs were superintended by her housekeeper, and all matters of weightier interest were attended to by Reginald Falkner—her duties, therefore, were merely confined to paying as much attention to herself as circumstances would admit.

Although acting as companion to her daughter, in all her interviews with Lord Melton, she made no inquiries as to the nature of his intentions, as such would have entailed upon her the necessity of a little more thinking than was usual with, or would be agreeable to her.

She was also cognizant of most of Henry Morton's visits, but appeared equally indifferent as to ascertaining their nature. These matters, she had no doubt, were looked after by Reginald Falkner, and were in accordance with his views. This opinion (if she formed an opinion on the subject), was supported by the fact of Reginald Falkner frequently inviting Henry Morton to dinner, and also by his attentions to Lord Melton.

The probability is, that she formed the same opinion regarding the visits of the two suitors as her daughter had, and looked upon her husband's attentions to Lord Melton as resulting from his desire to cultivate his lordship's personal acquaintance as a friend, and not as a candidate for the hand of her daughter.

But in the midst of this profound apparent security, the hand of time was urging on the progress of events, and the avalanche, which was to crush Reginald Falkner and his plans and hopes, was fast loosening from its bed.

Lord Melton at length formally proposed for Mary Falkner to her father, adding, in his announcement, that he believed Miss Falkner was not opposed to his wishes on the subject.

Lord Melton had no distinct authority for this statement; he inferred that Mary Falkner regarded him favourably, as she was agreeable to him on all occasions, and seemed rather to take pleasure in his society.

Mary Falkner would have been open to censure for thus acting towards Lord Melton, if she had been informed of the object of his intentions; but not having been made acquainted with this, she had no suspicion of their real nature. Her mind and heart were fixed on Henry Morton, and the idea that another suitor for her hand existed never entered her imagination.

Reginald Falkner was delighted at the near approach of the consummation of all his wishes, and proceeded to take the necessary means to promote the marriage of his daughter and Lord Melton without delay.

He supposed that his task was easy—his labour light—that he had only to speak to his daughter on the subject, and make the necessary arrangements preliminary to the celebration of the nuptials.

Strange infatuation! unhappy delusion! inexplicable, but for the perversion which his mind had undergone from habits of business—all nature seemed to have been forgotten by him, and he never even dreamed that his daughter and Henry Morton could be attached to each other, much less that they had already sworn eternal fidelity, and were betrothed as one.

Reginald Falkner's outward demeanour partook of the gleam of sunshine in his breast; he was evidently happy—alas! that I should say for the last time! It was the last spark of earthly happiness which he was destined to know; the last moments of enjoyment he should ever spend “on this side the grave,” and all but the last ray of hope which was ever to illumine his heart.

A few mornings after he had received the proposal, in due form, from Lord Melton, he was seated at breakfast with his wife and daughter.

How beautiful did his child appear—how dear was she to him at that moment—all the native benevolence of his heart arose, once more, from its tomb, and parental love wound its tendrils around the father's heart; alas! to be the next moment torn asunder, and, in the rent they made, to rend his bleeding heart, and leave wounds, which neither Time—nor Care—nor Wealth—nor Gold—nor all—all—that this world can furnish, could heal.

Breakfast had been concluded, when Reginald Falkner, smiling, said to his daughter:

“Mary, my love, will you leave your mother and me for a few moments to ourselves?”

“You have a secret, papa?”

“No, not a secret, I hope, my dear, but I wish to speak to your mother upon a matter of great importance, in which your happiness, indeed, all our happiness, is engaged.”

Mary Falkner blushed, her heart beat violently. She rose and hastily left the room. She doubted not that Reginald Falkner was about to speak to her mother about her marriage with Henry Morton.

How happy was she, too, at that moment!

Mary Falkner had but retired, when Reginald Falkner, addressing his wife—at least the animated creature, which he regarded, and society usually called his wife—broached, for the first time, the object he had in view.

“Mrs. Falkner, I wished to speak to you regarding the future prospects of our daughter, indeed, on the subject of a proposal which I have received for her hand; one which I have received with unmixed pleasure, and which I trust and believe, will add to our mutual happiness, advance her position in society, and contribute to her future welfare.”

Reginald Falkner ceased. Mrs. Falkner, having made up her mind for a much longer speech, the sudden conclusion of which she was, as yet, unprepared for, hesitated as to what she should say. Reginald Falkner again broke silence:

“Why do you hesitate, Mrs. Falkner? have you any objection?”

“None, my dear, I have no objection whatever; you know I leave such things in your hands, and shall, therefore, accede to your wishes.”

“I am glad you acquiesce; indeed, I expected that you would do so, and especially when I should inform you of the name of the party who solicits an alliance with *my daughter* (Reginald Falkner laid an emphasis on the words *my daughter*). Doubtless, you are prepared to hear the name of the person, as he has paid attentions to Miss Falkner for some time past, and was introduced to her by myself.”

Reginald Falkner again paused, to allow Mrs. Falkner to take part in the matter under consideration, although the share she had taken, and was expected to take, was as limited as could well be imagined, being reduced to the circumscribed sphere of acquiescence.

“I think I know the party to whom you allude; I believe, indeed, I have reason to know that he is deeply attached to our child, and that she returns his affection with equal warmth.”

Reginald Falkner smiled; his heart beat with joy. He had heard the declaration of his daughter's love, which, only, he had doubted—his happiness was complete, as he thought.

“Yes!” he said, “Lord Melton has proposed for my daughter's hand.”

“Lord Melton!” exclaimed Mrs. Falkner, with an energy and surprise, of which even her husband thought her incapable.

“Yes! Lord Melton—why do you start so?”

“Because, my dear, it was not he whom I expected.”

"Not he! whom else then?" rapidly inquired Reginald Falkner.

"One, my dear, whom you have invited to this house, and introduced to your daughter, and who alone, I believe, commands her affections—Henry Morton!"

Had the heavens opened at that moment, and from the bursting cloud poured forth the roll of the distant thunder, or the glare of the forked lightning's flash—had the earth rocked to its centre, and shook the walls of the apartment in which he sat—had the waters of the sea poured at his feet, or even had the grave given up to new life the fleshless tenants of the tomb, I question if the effects upon Reginald Falkner would have been equally great.

He threw himself back in his chair, and overcome by his feelings, was unable to speak; his face grew deadly pale, his lips quivered, and his whole frame seemed overpowered for an instant. The truth had burst upon him in a moment; and at such a moment, too, when wholly unexpected—when he was unprepared for its reception. Conviction flashed upon his mind, and in the brief interval of a moment, he saw the fault he had committed, and foresaw the consequences which might ensue.

Was he to reject the hand of Lord Melton, one of England's brightest sons; to discard the alliance he had so long and so eagerly sought?

Was he to accept in his stead the hand of his clerk; one whom he had rescued, perhaps, from want, and raised from the earth?

Were all his hopes to be blasted, his prospects blighted, and the dearest objects of his heart crushed, at the very moment in which he had expected their realization?

Where was now his wealth, where now his greatness? he whose name was all powerful in the world of trade, was helpless as the child.

After a moment's pause he recovered, and in a subdued tone of voice inquired of Mrs. Falkner, "Are you quite sure, Mrs. Falkner, that my daughter returns Henry Morton's affection so warmly?"

"I have no doubt of it. They are sincerely, I may say devotedly, attached—chance has thrown some of their letters in my way, from which I have learned that they have vowed eternal fidelity to each other. I would have informed you of the circumstance, but that I thought that you approved of their attachment, and desired their union."

"Gracious Heavens! fool, madman that I was, to intro-

duce him to my house! I have taken the serpent to my bosom—I have plunged the dagger in my heart—but no! never! he shall never call her his—I will blast his name, destroy his reputation, and drive him from my hearth. Mrs. Falkner, let your daughter know my determination, and prepare to accede immediately to my wishes; if she do not, I shall”—here Reginald Falkner paused for a moment, as if to collect himself. “Let me be calm for a moment—I shall not—cannot—see her now—another time—this evening—to-morrow—any time—any time—Mrs. Falkner—if she will only consent. Speak to her. A mother’s affection, a father’s authority, may have some weight. I would speak to her now, but I fear I should not command myself sufficiently. I would not be harsh, but to have my purposes crossed, and, perhaps, thwarted by him, of all men, the last that should cross my path. No! no! no! it cannot, must not be! She shall marry Lord Melton, or by Heavens, I will drive her forth from my hearth, and home, and heart, as an outcast and a beggar. My child, too, my only child, my only hope!”

Reginald Falkner was completely overcome; his voice faltered, his eyes filled with tears, and he buried his face in his handkerchief.

Mrs. Falkner remained silent; she had sufficient judgment to perceive that her husband was not in a state to speak further on the subject.

In a few moments, he rung the bell for his carriage. It was already at the door. Reginald Falkner left his mansion in Portman Square, and drove to Lombard Street.

The horses pranced gaily along, the carriage rolled swiftly over the pavement, crowds passed and re-passed, but Reginald Falkner saw them not, heard them not, heeded them not. Sunk in profound reverie, he deeply considered with himself what course he should pursue, whether to drive Henry Morton from his place, and compel him to relinquish all claims on his daughter’s hand, or appeal to his generosity, and seek to obtain his ends by conciliatory means.

His fears deterred him from the former course—his pride recoiled from the latter. He now determined to expel the clerk from his house, but again withdrew his determination. Now he resolved to offer him a share in the house—to make him his partner—to give him anything—everything—if he would only renounce his daughter’s hand. Distracted between hope and fear, he knew not what course to adopt, and entered the banking-house without having resolved as to how he should act.

Would Henry Morton be deterred by his threats, and yield before the banker's menaces? or would he be seduced by his offers, and renounce the hand and heart of her to whom he had sworn eternal, undying faith?

No! Mary Falkner was his—his for ever—no power on earth should separate them—save one.

That one was she whom he loved—a word—a look from her would be sufficient—let her but renounce his name, and he sought her no longer—he could leave the land of his birth, his home, his hearth, and seek in other climes, to think no more of her, to forget—to forgive her. The world was free before him—he could flee from her, and find a home in other lands—a heart in another breast—a love in another's bosom—he could find at least—a grave.

No! the world without her was nought to him—its homes deserted—its wide expanse a dreary waste.

His was an enduring love, firm as the unshaken rock, true as the needle to the pole; whatever his fate might be, where'er his dwelling; his home, his hearth, his altar, was with her!

And Mary Falkner was worthy of his love, and returned it with truth. Wealth, power, riches, fame, name, all—all were centered in Henry Morton; with him they were precious—without him valueless. She would never—never forswear her faith. She was his—for ever!

(To be Continued.)

Reviews, Notices, &c.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY. (Bohn, York-street, Covent Garden.)

In accordance with our promise last month, we now extract the following passages from this valuable work:—

THE HISTORY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE ORDER OF JESUITS.—IGNATIUS LOYOLA.—Don Inigo Lopez de Recalde, the youngest son of the house of Loyola, was born in a castle of that name, between Azpeitia and Azcoitia, in Guipuscoa. He was of a race that belonged to the noblest in the land,—(“de parientes mayores”,)—and its head claimed the right of being summoned to do homage by special writ. Educated at the court of Ferdinand the Catholic, and in the train of the Duke of Najara, Inigo was deeply imbued with the spirit of his nation and class,

He aspired to knightly renown, and for none of his compatriots had the glitter of arms, the fame of valour, the adventures of single combat and of love, more attractive charms than for him; but he also displayed an extraordinary fervour of religious enthusiasm, and had already celebrated the first of the apostles, in a romance of chivalry, at this early period of his life.

It is, nevertheless, probable, that his name would have become known to us, only as one of those many brave and noble Spanish leaders, to whom the wars of Charles V. gave opportunities so numerous for distinguishing themselves, had he not been wounded in both legs, at the defence of Pampeluna, against the French, in 1521. Of these wounds he was never completely cured; twice were they re-opened, and such was his fortitude, that, in these severe operations, the only sign of pain he permitted to escape him was the firm clenching of his hands. His sufferings were, unhappily, unavailing; the cure remained deplorably incomplete.

He was much versed in, and equally attached to, the romances of chivalry, more especially to the Amadis. During his long confinement, he also read the life of Christ, and of some of the saints.

Visionary by nature, and excluded from a career that seemed to promise him the most brilliant fortunes, condemned to inaction, and at the same time rendered sensitive and excitable by his sufferings, he fell into the most extraordinary state of mind that can well be conceived.

In his spiritual exercises, the origin of which was coincident with the first extatic meditations of his awakened spirit, he imagines two camps, one at Jerusalem, the other at Babylon; the one belonging to Christ, the other to Satan; in the one is everything good,—in the other, whatever is most depraved and vicious. These are prepared for combat. Christ is a king who has signified his resolve to subjugate all unbelievers; whoever would fight beneath his banners must be fed with the same food, and clad in like garments with him; he must endure the same hardships and vigils; according to the measure of his deeds, shall he be admitted to share in the victory and rewards. Before Christ, the Virgin, and the whole court of heaven, shall each man then declare that he will truly follow his Lord, will share with him in all adversities, and abide by him in true poverty of body and of spirit.

Tearing himself from home and kindred, he now sought the heights of Montserrat, not driven to this by remorse for his sins, nor impelled by any reality of religious feeling, but

as he has himself declared, merely by the desire of achieving deeds equally great with those to which the saints are indebted for their renown. His weapons and armour he hung up before an image of the Virgin ; kneeling or standing in prayer, with his pilgrim's staff in his hand, he here passed the night, holding a vigil somewhat different from that of knighthood, but expressly suggested by the Amadis, where all the rites proper to it are minutely described. The knightly dress in which he had arrived at Montserrat he gave away, assuming the coarse garb of the hermits, whose lonely dwellings are scooped out among those naked rocks. After having made a general confession, he set off towards Jerusalem, not going direct to Barcelona, lest he should be recognised on the highways, but making a round by Manresa, whence, after a few penances, he meant to gain his port of embarkation for the holy city.

But in Manresa he was met by other trials ; the fantasies to which he had yielded himself, not so much from conviction as caprice, began here to assume the positive mastery. He devoted himself to the severest penances in the cell of a convent of Dominicans ; he scourged himself thrice a day, he rose to prayer at midnight, and passed seven hours of each day on his knees.

He found these severities so difficult of practice that he greatly doubted his own ability to persevere in them for his whole life, but, what was still more serious, he felt that they did not bring him peace. He had spent three days on Montserrat in confessing the sins of all his past life ; but not satisfied with this, he repeated it in Manresa, recalling many faults before forgotten, nor permitting the most trifling errors to escape him ; but the more laborious his exploration, so much the more painful become the doubts that assailed him. He did not believe that he should be either accepted by or justified before God. Having read in the works of the fathers that a total abstinence from food had once moved the compassion and obtained the mercy of the Almighty, he kept rigid fast from one Sunday to another, but his confessor forbade him to continue this attempt, and Inigo, who placed the virtue of obedience above all others, desisted immediately ; occasionally it appeared to him that his melancholy had been removed, falling away as does a heavy garment from the shoulders, but his former sufferings soon returned. His whole life seemed to him but one continuous series of sin after sin, and he not unfrequently felt tempted to throw himself from the window.

(To be continued.)

AN ESSAY ON DISEASES OF THE JAWS, by L. KOECKER with Notes, &c., by J. B. MITCHELL, M.D. 8vo. London, 1847.

This Essay professes to treat of diseases of the jaws, but throws no new light upon the subject. It cannot be regarded as a professional work, but rather as a vehicle for the communication to the public of some of Dr. Mitchell's opinions.

Theatres.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE ROYAL.—THE SHAKESPERE NIGHT.—This theatre was opened on Tuesday night the 7th of Dec., for the purpose of presenting a performance of an unusual and interesting character to the public, the proceeds to be applied in discharge of the debt contracted by the Shakespere committee in the purchase of the birth-place of the immortal bard. A happier or more appropriate "*tout ensemble*" could not well have been selected, composed, as it was, of selections from most of the first-rate pieces of the "Swan of Avon," and performed by those living votaries who have distinguished themselves in the dramatic world. The entertainment commenced with a prologue written by Mr. Charles Knight, and spoken by Mr. Phelps; it was scarcely worthy of the occasion: this was succeeded by Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*. These were followed by select passages from "Henry IV.," "Henry VIII.," the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the scene of "Falstaff's recruits before Justice Shallow," the fourth act of "Romeo and Juliet," portions from the "Taming of the Shrew," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and the celebrated statue scene from the "Winter's Tale." In these different passages, appeared Macready, Phelps, Leigh Murray, Harley, Buckstone, Farren, Webster, Keeley, Charles Matthews, Graham, &c., and Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Warner, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Helen Faucit, Miss Laura Addison, Miss P. Horton, &c. The performances were received by the audience with great satisfaction, and produced several calls before the curtain. Notwithstanding that the house cleared £800, the committee have issued the following statement: "£500 are still wanting to relieve the committees from the liabilities they have incurred in representing what they have considered to be the feeling of the British nation. The duties and expenses of the committees will not cease, however, with the

liquidation of their present liabilities; it is their wish, before making the property over to the Crown, to place it under the superintendence of some person honourably connected with dramatic literature, and to remove certain premises adjoining, which injure the appearance, and endanger the safety of the house."

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—The performances at this theatre, under the superintendence of M. Jullien, promise to give to the English public that which has never yet been afforded them,—a fair opportunity of judging of the merits of native music, native composers, and of contrasting these with the productions of foreign artistes. To borrow the language of M. Jullien,—“While French, Italian, and German operas have been occasionally produced in London, with more or less perfection, yet no lyrical work has ever been placed upon the English stage with that excellence and completeness in all its branches as would be ever likely to insure the approbation of the musical amateur, or command the patronage of the nobility of the land.”

The first opera, the “Bride of Lammermoor,” was eminently attractive; the performances of Mr. Reeves and Madame Dorus Gras, in the characters of Lucia and Edgar, having delighted their numerous hearers.

Before the attraction of the “Bride of Lammermoor” had ceased, Balfe’s new opera, “The Maid of Honour,” was brought forth. The story of the opera is founded on the ballet of “Henriette, or the Statute Fair,” produced a few seasons since for Lucile Grahn, and is principally composed of the adventures of two maids of honour to Queen Elizabeth at a statute fair, which is being held in Greenwich Park, where they form an acquaintance with two young farmers, who subsequently become their lovers, and, after sundry hair-breadth escapes, their accepted ones. The music of this opera is characteristic of Mr. Balfe’s style, and abounds in *morceaux*, which exhibit great taste and exquisite feeling—the two essentials of a great composer. It was done ample justice to by Mr. Reeves and Mr. Whitworth, two gentlemen new to the London boards, and who have already established a character in the dramatic world. The reception of Mr. Reeves was quite enthusiastic, but not more so than he deserved.

M. Jullien has other novelties in store, and promises to conduct his operas in a manner almost unknown to the English operatic stage.

HAYMARKET THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Webster seems to have reserved his strength for the after-Christmas campaign,

having produced no novelty of importance in the early part of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Kean have been engaged at this theatre, and are to make their first appearance in London since their return from America, on the 10th January. The piece selected for the performance of the first night is "The Wife's Secret," by G. H. Lovell, Esq., author of "The Provost of Bruges," "The Avenger," "Love's Sacrifice," &c., the success of which has established him as one of the first dramatists of modern days. "The Wife's Secret" has not been published, but from the encomiums passed upon it by the Transatlantic critics, the selection seems to be as creditable to Mr. Kean's judgment as to the talents of the writer. The following extract from an American paper will give our readers an idea of the plot of Mr. Lovell's new play, and of the favourable reception which it has met with:—

"MR. GEORGE LOVELL'S NEW PLAY, 'THE WIFE'S SECRET,' AT THE PARK.—There was another large and discriminating assembly at the Park Theatre yesterday evening, to witness the second representation of *The Wife's Secret*, the new play written for the Keans by Mr. George Lovell, of London, the author of *Love's Sacrifice*, &c. If the most cordial and general applause throughout be any test of the merits of a new play, Mr. Lovell's will be ranked among the very first of the modern dramas; for seldom has any play more strongly enlisted the hearty good-will of the audience at the very outset, or succeeded in securing a more absorbing attention to the very last. The scene of *The Wife's Secret* is laid near the sea coast, in Dorsetshire, the time being the Protectorate of Cromwell. The two leading characters are Sir Walter Amyot, a colonel in the Parliamentary service (Mr. Charles Kean), and Lady Eveline Amyot, his wife (Mrs. Charles Kean). The plot is briefly this:—At the very moment of Sir Walter's return to his home, from long service as a Parliamentary officer, Lord Arden, a fugitive cavalier, and a brother of Lady Eveline (Mr. Dyott), reaches his house, and is sheltered by his sister; first exacting of her a solemn oath that she will not reveal the fact to her husband, whom he bitterly dislikes. One Jabez Sneed (Fisher), a snuffling, surly, knavish steward, accidentally discovers the fact that a gentleman is concealed in his master's house, and so works upon the mind of Sir Walter, that he at last believes himself to have been dishonoured by his wife (whose "secret," it will have been seen, gives the play its name). We have seldom witnessed a more powerful piece of acting

than that of the Keans in the last scene, when the husband only begins to recover his confidence in the purity of his wife, to fancy himself afterwards the more deeply wronged—and when his consequent rage hurries on the final event—resulting, however, as it happens, in the most satisfactory explanation of the whole mystery. The play abounds in passages of great beauty; and as a whole, on this its first night, was admirably well performed. Mr. Kean won great applause by his felicitous representation of Sir Walter Amyot, while the part of Lady Eveline received more than ample justice at the hands of his accomplished lady. We must not omit to mention that Mrs. Hunt made a great hit as a saucy page, and that Mrs. Abbott never played with more vigour and effect than in the part of Maud, the house-keeper. Mr. Dyott and Mr. Fisher were excellent as usual. The new scenery and decorations, moreover, are highly creditable to the management. *The Wife's Secret* will undoubtedly have 'a run.' It is to be repeated to-night, and we unhesitatingly commend it to the critical attention of all true friends of the drama, well assured that they have only to witness its representation once to concur with us in styling it a capital play."—*New York Morning Express*, Oct. 14.

The re-appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Kean, after so long an absence from the London boards, will be hailed by all the lovers of the Drama with satisfaction. In the present dearth of histrionic talent, the accession of these talented actors to the Haymarket company will be a source of gratification to the public, and of advantage to the enterprising lessee Mr. Webster. It would be "treason to the state," and an act of injustice to all laughter-loving folks, if we omitted to mention that the new pantomime at this theatre, termed "The World Underground, or the Golden Flute and the Brazen Waters," is as full of wit and humour, as any of its rivals in the London theatres. The music, which is very pretty, is the selection and composition of Mr. T. G. Reed. Mr. Phillips and assistants have furnished the scenery.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE ROYAL.—The principal novelty in this theatre during the past month, has been the appearance of Madame Anna Thillon, after a severe fit of illness (as we have been informed). She appeared in the favourite *role* of Henriette, in "The Ambassadors," and seems to have perfectly recovered, as she looked as charming as ever, and sang with all her usual feeling, good taste, and skill. She was ably supported by Miss Emma Stanley, Messrs. Leffler and Bodder, and by the good acting of Mr. and Mrs. Selby.

Tobin's fine comedy of "The Honeymoon" followed, the part of Juliana being played by Miss Cushman. Her representation of the proud and haughty lady, who can scarcely condescend to be loved—her surprise and rage in the subsequent acting, were all excellent—indeed, the last scene with her husband, as the peasant, had such touching grace and dignity of affection about it, as to give the comedy, for the moment, some of the power of tragedy. She plays comedy excellently; and few who have seen the Beatrice of this lady, can forget it. We never saw Miss Susan Cushman play better, or look more archly bewitching than in the part of Volante. Mr. Compton's Jacques had that dry Shakspeare touch of humour about it, that gives to the impersonation of an artist of talent such finish. The scene between him and the Duke (well and ably played by Mr. Cooper) was ludicrous, from the grave authority which the *soi-disant* Duke borrowed from his master's state.

The pantomime at this theatre is named "Old Father Time, or, Harlequin and the Four Seasons." It is from the pen of Mr. Rodwell, the music being by Loden. The scenery, by Brunning, is good. We doubt not the pantomime will prove attractive.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE ROYAL.—Mrs. Warner has brought forward at this theatre, as an ante-Christmas attraction, "The Scornful Lady."

This, as our readers may know, is a revival of Beaumont and Fletcher, having been carefully and efficiently purified, and slightly adapted by Mr. Serle.

Mrs. Warner looked and played "The Scornful Lady" to the life; her contemptuous banter and her real affection, which she is too proud to acknowledge, were admirably delineated. Mr. Graham looks the part well, and plays with ease and dignity. In the scenes between him and the lady, the recrimination has a genuine smack of the old comedy of that fine romantic school, which we have only in revivals, and in which the disuse of the drama stands alone.

The scenery is most beautiful—the last scene being a triumph of art. The room, the furniture, the ornaments, the planked floor, with the shadows cast down on it, are perfect in every detail.

The Pantomime at this theatre is entitled "*Eyes, Nose, and Mouth; or, Harlequin Prince Perfect and the Birth of Beauty.*" It is by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and promises well.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This theatre, once the seat of Madame Vestris's management, and since then of many less

able and less fortunate successors, was opened on Monday, the 27th Dec., with "The Rivals," and a Harlequinade termed the "Plum-pudding Pantomime."

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE ROYAL.—This theatre receives its share of public patronage under the management of Mr. Phelps, aided by the well-known staff which has for some time past formed the strength of the company. Some novelty as to performance might be a judicious step. Mr. Macready's career at Covent Garden should be a lesson to acting managers. The pantomime at this theatre by Mr. Greenwood, is entitled "Harlequin and Little Great Britain, or, Jack and the Bean Stalk and the Ogre's Golden Hen."

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.—This theatre was opened by Mr. Mitchell, on Monday, the 6th inst., introducing two pieces and several actors to the London stage, who were favourably received. The performances at this theatre are worthy of better support. The lyrical tragedy of Antigone from the Greek of Sophocles, with the entire music by the late illustrious composer Mendelssohn, will be produced on Wednesday, the 5th of Jan. next.

THE LYCEUM, SURREY, STRAND, and other Theatres, have busied themselves in the getting up of good Christmas fare for the holiday folks. We trust they will meet with a support worthy of their exertions. There is nothing connected with them which requires especial notice this month.

Metropolitan Amusements.

The following list of Metropolitan Amusements, all of which may be visited without offence to the most delicate mind, may be useful to strangers visiting London.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Regent-street.—This is a most excellent, instructive, and amusing place of resort for young persons. In addition to Lectures by Dr. Ryan, and Dr. Bachoffner, the Oxy-hydrogen Microscope, New Dissolving Views, the Diving-bell, &c., are exhibited and explained. Open daily. Admission, 1s.

MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS' Wax-works, Baker-street, Portman-square.—An interesting collection. Open daily. Admission, 1s.

COLOSSEUM, Regent's Park.—Open from 1 to 5, and from 7 to 10 o'clock. Admission, 2s., Children, half-price.

PANORAMA, Regent's Park.—Open daily. Admission, —.

DITTO, Leicester-square.—Open daily. Admission, 1s. to each View.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE TIMES; OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY BEGINS.

THE attendants of the Parthenæum Club had but just completed the morning's preparations, that is, lighted the fires, swept and dusted the rooms, and arranged the newspapers magazines &c. on the centre-table, when the first visitor of the day made his appearance.

It was an unusual thing for any of the members of the club to appear within its portals before the hour of ten, although the doors were open, and breakfast in preparation, for at least two hours previously.

This was owing to its members being composed chiefly of the nobility and gentry, whose avocations seldom called them from their rest much before twelve o'clock, and whose occupations rendered them but little disposed to court the charms of the rosy morn.

Occasionally it happened, that some unusual occurrence would cause one of its members to rise at an earlier hour than was usual, or natural, so to speak, and usher him forth to breast the perils of a London incense-breathing morn, and *disagréments* of an early breakfast. An appointment on some important business, an intended journey to the country, or some other object of equal consequence, was generally the cause of such irregularity.

These occurrences were however rare, except in the early or towards the latter part of the season. In the former period, some of the new members, especially if from the country, were frequently found at the club at an early hour; but as such a mistake arose from their profound ignorance of the rules of London life, or from a most unaccountable love

of the morning's breath, these irregularities soon ceased as the fresh-men became more experienced in the ways of the world, and a little better acquainted with the delights of a walk through the streets of London before breakfast.

An enthusiast, it is true, might occasionally be found who was daring enough to traverse the streets of London and brave the pails of the housemaids, the baskets of the dustmen, and the brooms of the scavengers, and persevere for some time in a pursuit of health and recreation at unseasonable hours, but none were ever known to persevere for a longer period than three or four weeks, and even this extended period was reached by only one eccentric individual, who was noted as being a person of more than ordinary perseverance and calm endurance.

Towards the end of the season, such irregularities became more frequent, so much so, as to attract but little notice, as the members began to leave town. One might thus judge of the approaching close of the season, as also by the appearance of large coats, wide shawls, small travelling bags, &c., which made their way into the rooms contrary to the orders of the house committee, and flitted about the club at this eventful period, but were never to be seen at other times.

These usually commenced with a periodical attack of the "hay fever" amongst some of the country members, and continued until Parliament closed, or grouse-shooting began, when tranquillity was restored, and the rooms of the Parthenæum Club resumed their wonted sedate appearance.

It may be supposed, then, that a circumstance of no ordinary occurrence must have taken place, to induce a member in the middle of the season, for such it was, to enter the club at the early hour of nine o'clock.

We shall see.

Sir Harry Briton was the name of the member who was guilty of this irregularity on the present occasion; he entered the members' room as the clock struck nine, and having surveyed his figure in three out of four of the reflectors which adorned the room, sat down at a short distance from the fire.

Descended from one of the oldest families in England, Sir Harry Briton had inherited more of the virtues than of the estates of his ancestors. He was the possessor, however, of what would be considered in any other country a fortune, although regarded in this only as a competency; his rent-roll did not exceed five thousand a year.

His figure was tall and graceful, and presented that approaching fullness of person, which indicates that the season of youth was passing away, and a new one appearing.

His hair was dark, nearly black, his eyes of a deep brown colour, and his face more bronzed than is usual in the sons of England's fair isle.

A stranger might possibly mistake him for a foreigner, but a native would instantly detect in his features and the expression of his countenance, characters which would stamp him as an Englishman, both by birth and descent.

There were the regular features, the oval face, the robust figure, the steady air, the independent mien, and withal, the inoffensive bearing of the English gentleman.

In birth, Sir Harry Britton was a descendant of a joint Saxon and Norman race : at the battle of Hastings his ancestor had fought on the side of the last of the Saxon monarchs, but having married with one of the court of the Norman William, he transferred his allegiance to the conqueror of England, and thus became the head of a family second to none in the kingdom, in age or respectability, although inferior to many in rank.

Sir Harry Britton was still unmarried, although twenty-nine summers had passed over his head. This was, doubtless, owing to his having been absent from England for some years previously. Having completed his education at Oxford, he spent but one season in London, and, at its close, repaired to the continent, where he had passed his years in visiting all the principal cities and towns of Europe.

The beauties of Southern Europe failed to engage his heart, nor were the light-haired daughters of more northern countries more successful.

Report assigned, as a cause for this obduracy, that his affections had been fixed, and that there was one who, in one short season, had gained the love of Sir Harry Britton. However this may have been, the attachment was not of an imperishable nature, as the fair one had long since married another, and Sir Harry Britton, since his return, had shewn marked attention to one of the daughters of his former friend, Earl Millars.

It is somewhat remarkable, that few of the numerous Englishmen who visit the continent, return with natives of the countries, which they have visited, as their future partners.

Connected with, and related to, most of the first families of England, the support of Sir Harry Britton was eagerly

sought after, by more than one of the great interests of the country. Lord John Busvell had made a strong attack upon him, on the part of the Whigs, the Duke of Rockingham had assailed him on the side of the Tories; whilst the Utilitarians of the day had been represented, in a similar attempt, in the person of Lord Wiltraine.

These efforts, on the part of the "touters" of the political world, became the more strenuous, as there could be little doubt that Sir Harry Britton would represent the borough of Rushton, in the next session of Parliament; the present member having voted contrary to the wishes of the patron of the borough, the Earl of Rushton (the maternal uncle of Sir Harry Britton), had declared his intention of placing his nephew as one of the representatives of the people, in a British House of Commons, on the next opportunity, which was expected to offer itself at the close of the present session.

Not only from the high position occupied by his friends and relations would Sir Harry Britton have proved a valuable auxiliary to any one of the state parties, but also from the talents he was known to possess. Whilst pursuing his studies at Oxford, he had distinguished himself by the possession of unusual abilities, and had exhibited powers of eloquence not frequently met with.

The addition of such a man, therefore, would have been an acquisition to, and was eagerly sought, by each of the great parties in the state. The Tories were especially anxious to enlist him in their service, as their ranks had been lately much thinned, by numerous desertions, and those who had hitherto been their leaders, and were still nominally at their head, enjoyed but little of their confidence. Their great leader, Sir Henry Paul, had ostensibly given cause for suspicion, having expressed sentiments in the House of Commons in opposition to those principles of Conservatism, or self-protection, which formed the grand object of their political code. Talent was, therefore, much desired by them, especially if combined with birth and rank.

As yet, Sir Harry Britton had shewn no decided bias towards any particular party. It is true, indeed, that at Oxford, he had expressed himself, on two or three occasions, in a manner that savoured very much of Liberalism, having been guilty of some few generous sentiments, but these were disregarded, as proceeding from the enthusiasm of youth, the generous feelings of a young heart, and the honest promptings of a young mind, which time, experience of the world, and

well-plied Conservative precepts would, doubtless, correct.

The grey-haired veterans, of Tory tactics augured rather favourably, than otherwise, from this early display of sentiments, as they had observed that the political opinions of youth were seldom retained in more advanced life, and that most of their party had been, at one time, much inclined to Liberalism. They anticipated, therefore, a change for the better, in the principles of their new acquaintance, and eagerly waited its declaration.

Unfortunately for their hopes, there were a few circumstances connected with Sir Harry Britton, which would operate against, rather than in favour, of them. These were,—

Firstly, Descended from one of the first and most ancient families in the kingdom, it was not necessary that he should affect to despise those of less exalted position, lest the public should imagine he had any connection with the “profane vulgar,” a species of cutting one’s old acquaintances, not unfrequently resorted to, by the *modern* nobility and gentry of England.

Secondly, His fortune, although not large, was sufficiently ample for him, and his extravagances had not compelled him to derive from it a larger income, by artificial means, which, whilst they raised his rent-roll, depressed the resources of others in the social scale.

Thirdly, He had read much—seen much—thought much—and was impressed with an idea, that worth and intelligence were not confined to any station in society, one of the most dangerous principles to Toryism, which can infect the mind of man.

Fourthly, He had travelled much, and thus had got rid of the trammels which nursery tales, scholastic stories, and collegiate precepts, had imposed upon his mind. He was strongly attached to the land of his birth, yet he thought that the poverty, and crime, and ignorance, which everywhere abounded, reflected strongly, sadly, upon its great resources, its power, the wealth of its Church and State, the Christian character, the charity of the country, and contrasted badly with the efforts made in other lands, less favoured, to provide for the temporal and spiritual wants of the people. He had heard much of the serfdom of Russia, and the superstition of Spain—he had traversed these, and he felt that the condition of too many of his countrymen was not superior to the latter, and that their lot was inferior to that of the other.

Fifthly, He felt that his position in society was secure, as being based on an honourable descent from a long line of ancestry, the memory of whose efforts in the cause of their country's rights had endeared them to the people, and had proved them noble by Nature, rather than by name, and felt assured that he, at least, had nothing to apprehend from the diffusion of knowledge, and the spread of civilization, so long as he discharged the duties of his rank, and human nature was capable of appreciating the advantages which result, and the harmony which flows, from well adjusted, well regulated, and correctly exercised, social rank.

Sir Harry Britton's appearance at the club, at the early hour of nine o'clock, was the result of an invitation, which he had received a few days previously, from Lord Wiltram, to breakfast with him on that morning, at his chambers in the Albany.

Lord Wiltram was, in many respects, the opposite of Sir Harry Britton; he was one of the Utilitarian party, whose ruling principle was, that nothing was valuable except that which could be bought and sold in the market, which therefore regulated its worth.

He was indebted for his rank and fortune to an ancestor, who, at least a century before, had distinguished himself in the service of the crown, having filled the office of judge, to the satisfaction of the minister of the day, at a time when the adherents of the house of Stuart were frequently brought before the criminal laws of their country, for their devoted attachment to an unworthy race.

Lord Wiltram, although not the leader, was an active member of the Utilitarian party. Possessed of a seat in the House of Commons, and endowed with talents of more than ordinary character, he was generally regarded as the oracle of that party, who, absorbed in the accumulation of wealth, gave themselves up to its pursuits, in the lanes and alleys of the metropolis, or in the noisy factories of the provinces, as bankers, merchants, manufacturers, railway directors, &c. &c.

He was deeply imbued with the principles of his party, and regarded the self-interest of man as the only stimulant to exertion—the only incentive to deeds of worth and honour—the only bond which should bind society.

It was he who had endeavoured to enlist Sir Harry Britton for his party, and the invitation to breakfast was but a means to enable him to succeed in the attainment of his object.

Of nearly an equal age with Sir Harry Britton, possessed

of an agreeable person, excellent address, and good abilities, he was no mean advocate of the doctrines of his party. He was also the intimate friend of his intended guest, having been his fellow student and companion at Oxford.

The breakfast hour named was half-past nine—it was now but a few minutes past nine o'clock, and Sir Harry Britton had a little time to spare before visiting his friend. He knew that he should be punctual to his appointment, as Lord Wiltram was “a man of business,” and prided himself on his regularity.

The newspapers of the morning had just been laid on the table, and Sir Harry Britton selected the “Times” for a few moments’ perusal. Having glanced at the leading articles, for, being one of those who think for themselves, he seldom read a leading article; he next turned to the foreign intelligence, and lastly, to the advertisements; these he surveyed with a care that is unusual with persons in his rank of life, unless when in need of a horse, a governess, or a servant.

Having looked over them somewhat carefully, he dropped his hand and the paper together on his knee, and thus disburthened himself of his thoughts to the cheerful fire, in the absence of any more intelligent listener—

“As usual, wanted—wants—wanted—governess—capitalist—partner—railways—speedy fortune—nurse—servant—auctions—births, marriages, and deaths—truly, this is the dial-plate on which the sun of society marks its passing course—what scenes, what speculations, what toils does it not represent; here, one seeks the loan of money—there, another is in quest of some kind individual who will be so obliging as to take it from him; here, a mother seeks a lost child—there, a poor girl advertises for some mode of earning an honest livelihood; the peer and the peasant, the man of fortune and the pauper, the capitalist and the bankrupt, are crowded together, and speak forth their wants. The four quarters of the globe are here represented, and the interests of the world itself discussed: now the Caffre war—here the Spanish marriage—and there the pillage of Mexico at the hands of modern Goths. Well may the press be styled ‘a mighty engine.’

“And yet what sad scenes, too, does it not disclose amidst all this greatness. Alas! in this powerful country of ours, there is a painful amount of human suffering—wealth and poverty—splendour and misery—plenty and famine—superfluity and privation—are strangely, and, to my mind, most unnaturally, blended together. May we not be rich and

benevolent also? Is it not possible to possess wealth and power without abusing them? Can we not be good as well as great, and whilst we extend the blessings of peace and civilization to the remotest quarters of the globe, should we not endeavour to diffuse them amongst our own people? Is it the *law* of nature, as it has hitherto been the *fate* of nations, that the acquisition of wealth and greatness must lead to their destruction, by separating man from man, and destroying that social dependence on which alone society should be based, and by which alone mutual safety can be secured? Does civilization lead us back to the savage state, and, as extremes so frequently meet, tend to set man against his fellow rather than unite them more closely in the bonds of brotherly love? Of what avail is education if poverty be not removed? Better that ignorance should still prevail, as the lessons of instruction but awaken the mind to keener suffering, and the light of expanded reason only exposes more clearly the darkness of despair.

"But perhaps I take a too gloomy view of the picture, and there is less of suffering around us than I imagine. This Utilitarian age may be correct in its philosophy, and justly contend that self-interest is the best incentive to exertion and the most certain road to general prosperity and happiness. I do not think so; there is certainly something in this world besides gold and silver, and which neither the one nor the other can ever purchase. Man is not the selfish being that modern philosophy would make him. But let me not pursue the subject; I am determined to see and think for myself, and not make the privileges of my rank subservient to my own purposes, either directly, or indirectly, by supporting a special interest in the state without reference to the well-being of others.

"I breakfast this morning with Lord Wiltram, one of the modern school; intend to visit Lord Morden one of the old school, in a day or two, and doubtless shall hear more of the matter.

"In the mean time, I shall not lock up my feelings, as I would my purse, in my cash-box, or balance benevolence and humanity in the scale with the same indifference as the grocer weighs his cask of sugar, or marks off his chest of tea."

Having thus concluded, Sir Harry Britton rose from his chair, laid the newspaper on the table, and left the Parthenæum to repair to breakfast with his friend Lord Wiltram, and there, most probably, with the aid of toast, tea, coffee,

and the usual accompaniments of a morning's repast, to discuss, with philosophic calmness, the interests, and perhaps the duties, of the various classes of society, and especially that with which they were more immediately connected.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW CHARACTERS, BOTH ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL, ARE INTRODUCED.

IN the drawing-rooms of one of those noble mansions, which form the northern side of Grosvenor-square, there were assembled three ladies of different ages, and various characters.

It was in the middle, or, as it is frequently termed, the height of the season in London, by which is meant, not a season, in which the season have any particular share, or on which the weather has any peculiar effect, but a period when the fashionable world assemble in the west end of London, for various purposes connected with fashionable life.

This period usually extends from the month of January to that of July in each year, although many would limit it to the last four months of this time.

The exact commencement and termination of the London season are not fixed, and are therefore not stated by competent authority ; they depend, a good deal, on the progress of events, and especially on the movements of the Court, the sitting of Parliament, and the engagements of the Opera Singers.

This annual assemblage of the fashionable world, partakes somewhat of the character of the periodical migrations of various animals, which, although marked by some regularity, are liable to occasional variation.

The London season is characterised by a degree of bustle and activity, in the streets and squares of the west end, not to be seen in any other period of the year.

During the day, carriages, horses, equestrians, and pedestrians, crowd the streets. In the morning, the term of morning, meaning from 12 to 3 o'clock p.m., these are chiefly to be seen in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, Bond-street, &c., according to the pursuits of the parties interested.

In the afternoon, these crowds assemble in great numbers in Hyde Park, where a few hours are spent in the agreeable

occupation of the promenade, which affords an opportunity of seeing, and being seen, of hearing, and being heard.

The evening and night, in which term is included that portion of the morning, which extends from midnight to six o'clock, disclose the same parties, but under different circumstances; the streets and squares are now comparatively deserted, and the crowds are assembled at the Opera, the Theatres, Almack's, Concerts, Balls, &c., where they give way to that measure of excitement which is usually regulated by the laws of fashion, and enjoy the various amusements provided for them, with that degree of propriety, which is consistent with the maxims of the fashionable code.

With the majority of these crowds, the pursuit is that of pleasure, the object the dissipation of Time and Money, in the most agreeable manner.

But all have not these objects in view. Although forming a part of the gay and glittering throng, they are in it, but not of it; it is true they smile, and chat, and appear to enjoy the passing scenes equally with those around them, but the enjoyment is not real, and extends no further than to that peculiar arrangement of the features, which are usually considered to be characteristic of enjoyment, and which generally consists of a partial retraction of the angles of the mouth, the exhibition of the front rows of dental appendages, and a corresponding brightening of the eyes, where this can be accomplished.

The Heart participates not—Is it withered? Are its feelings extinct? No! it still beats.

Behold yonder lady who reclines in her carriage, surrounded by all the comforts, which this world can procure; she is one of the number. She once dreamed of love, and feeling, and affection—What does she think now? Do not ask her; she has been the slave of fashion—the victim of avarice—the sacrifice on the World's altar. She has a daughter—and strange, infatuation! forgetful of her own fate, she seeks to immolate her, as she herself has been sacrificed.

Behold yonder man, with long dark hair, which the hand of Time is streaking with its silvery marks—his figure is tall and bent, his form attenuated, his face pale, his countenance anxious—he too is one of the number. Engaged in the political pursuits of the day, his body bends beneath the load, and his mind yields before the task—he is all but deranged—a mad-house, or a grave, awaits him.

These are but individuals—they are, however, representatives, each, of a class.

Think not, reader, that there are not noble souls—and strong minds—and fine hearts—and generous feelings here. There are many—many—but where do they shew themselves—how exhibit these noble possessions?

Some of the fashionable world are, as it is termed, of more serious character; they do not frequent theatres, or concerts, or balls—they are to be found in the neighbourhood of Exeter Hall; their number has much diminished of late years, as Exeter Hall has become unfashionable, and the Mohammedans of Asia, and the Brahmins of India, and the wild Irish, would not be converted.

Their representatives may be seen at Willis's, or the Hanover Square Rooms, with Lord Marsley in the chair. They have begun to look at home, and to seek in the streets of London, and roads, and byeways of England, for objects worthy of their benevolence. Alas! that there should be so many, and so few, to see them. They have entered on their task—may they not be diverted or perverted.

But to return to Grosvenor Square—the three ladies alluded to, were engaged, not as many ladies usually are, in the busy pursuit of—nothing, but in occupations which were likely to produce something, of more or less importance.

The eldest of the three, the mother of the two younger—the Countess Millars, wife of the Earl Millars, was engaged in writing a letter or note, at a table in the front room, whilst the younger were occupied in the back apartment, in the completion of some mosaic embroidery.

It was somewhat remarkable that no conversation was going forward, although the room communicated by folding doors which were open, and although the parties themselves were within reasonable speaking distance of each other.

Had the assembly been composed of the opposite sex, a continued silence, of a few moments' duration, would not have been worthy of remark, but amongst members of the fair sex such a thing rarely occurs; they seem to possess the power, as they evidently possess the inclination, of conversing, whatever their occupation may be. Whether this is owing to their greater natural ability, or to the less importance of the subjects in which they are engaged, is a question which need not be discussed at present.

It was evident, that some matter of more than usual importance had recently occurred, which was still occupying the thoughts, and arresting the conversation of the mother, and her daughters.

The Countess Millars was a distinguished member of the fashionable world—independently of her occupying a splendid mansion in the west end, being the head of an establishment, second to few in the metropolis, and giving balls of the most *recherché* character, at which all the great lions of the day were sure to be present, she was attached to the Court of her sovereign, and thus enjoyed a degree of authority, which was highly respected by the rest of the *haut ton*.

It is true, that she had not, as yet reached to the dignified position of lady patroness of Almack's, but fame reported her as most likely to be the successful candidate for the next vacancy which should occur.

The position conceded to the Countess Millars in high life, was one of those voluntary appointments, that society confers on the more favoured of its votaries. To what she was indebted for this position, a superficial observer would find it difficult to state; she was not distinguished for her mental acquirements, or her personal beauty, or for the possession of accomplishments superior to most of those around her, although she was by no means deficient in any of these artificial or natural claims, on the consideration of her supporters. Those, however, who were intimately acquainted with the arcana of fashionable life, would soon detect the talents to which the Countess Millars was indebted, for the elevated position which she occupied—they were those of observation and discretion, qualities which are generally comprehended under the term "knowledge of the world."

She had the tact of knowing whom she should invite, whom neglect, what course to pursue, and what to avoid.

If a Persian ambassador, or other remarkable character, arrived in London, others might pay him attention, the Countess Millars took no notice of him, unless he were countenanced by the minister of the day; if a project were set on foot to provide relief for the needy and distressed, the Countess Millars gave it no support, unless she perceived the name of Lord Marsley at its head; if a religious church movement was going forward, the Countess Millars took no part in it, until she had ascertained how the Bishop of Lambeth felt towards it; in every matter she was guided by the course pursued by certain parties, who were acknowledged as the leaders of the times, without considering whether these were correct or not, in their determinations.

The Countess Millars was only the slave of that society, which she appeared to lead.

There is, indeed, no position in life, more subservient to

the laws of society, than that which appears to be at its head—for many reasons, artificial rules are laid down by universal consent, a departure from which is visited with heavy punishment.

A more independent state of the social circle, would be productive of many beneficial results.

It may be supposed, that the Countess Millars enjoyed considerable reputation in the fashionable world, and was regarded by many as a fitting example for them to follow.

The Countess Millars had also the reputation of being a woman of great diplomatic skill, having been engaged in the formation of some few matches that were considered as excellent specimens of first-rate abilities in this way, in which youth and beauty, and all that is admirable in human nature, were sacrificed, on the altar of Mammon, to the depraved appetites of age. It was reported, also, that she would have succeeded equally well, in the persons of her own daughters, but for some circumstances which she could not immediately control.

Reports were correct in this particular; it was indeed an attempt in this direction, which led to the taciturn meeting described, from which it may be concluded, that the plans of the mother did not meet with a cheerful response in the bosoms of her daughters.

The daughters of the Countess Millars resembled but little their mother, except in personal appearance; few who were not acquainted with the changes which the world, as it is termed, may, and does, effect in the heart and head, could have supposed that a woman of such a stamp, could have been the mother of such children.

And yet the sisters were of as opposite dispositions as can well be imagined; the eldest, Lady Madeline, was possessed of a mind and disposition of considerable firmness, and of a heart which could feel for the necessities of others—a combination of good qualities not frequently met with in either sex.

Lady Jane, the younger, was on the contrary, of a timid disposition, and disposed to yield to, rather than oppose, the wishes of those who possessed any authority over her, although her acquiescence might inflict upon her a degree of pain, which indicated that her yielding was not the result of an absence of feeling.

They were both yet young, the elder in her twentieth, the younger in her nineteenth year, and were possessed of considerable personal beauty.

As might be expected, their hands had been sought in marriage by more than one of their numerous admirers, but none of these, save those at present on the tapis, had been deemed sufficiently eligible by the Countess Millars. She considered that her rank and position in the fashionable world, her connexion with the Court, and the personal accomplishments of her daughters, entitled them to form alliances, where wealth and rank formed the leading features of the individuals, although, possibly, they might be combined with age and imbecility.

Her political character, too, that is, her character as a diplomatist in the circle of fashionable politics, or politics of fashion, was at stake. She had been instrumental in forming excellent alliances for several of her friends; she must now exhibit her consummate skill in "settling her daughters in life."

Such was the position of affairs amongst the leading inmates of the mansion before spoken of in Grosvenor-square, which induced that peculiar disposition of the parties interested, when first introduced to public notice.

Silence had continued for at least ten minutes, when, at length, the Countess Millars, raising her head, and stopping her hitherto busy pen, thus addressed her eldest daughter.

"I declare, Lady Madeline, you are one of the most extraordinary girls in existence. You do not dislike Lord Wiltram; you acknowledge he is young and handsome, wealthy, and generally agreeable, and yet you decline accepting his addresses; upon my word, things have come to a pretty pass, when young girls must be pleased in such matters."

"I cannot be happy with one whom I do not love, and who seems incapable of loving another; I may respect Lord Wiltram, but I do not, cannot, love him."

"Love, indeed! What has love to say to the question? He is an excellent match, and that should be quite sufficient. Do you suppose that I loved Earl Millars, when I gave him my hand? no such thing; I thought the alliance an eligible one, and became his wife. Happiness, too! I never aspired to happiness, when I married; my object in becoming Countess Millars, was to occupy that position, to which I was entitled. Married, I was something—single, nothing. I now take a prominent lead in the *beau monde*; am consulted on all important matters by my fashionable friends; and have no doubt, if my dear Lady Pompous, who is now nearly ninety years of age, would take her leave of this world, I should be elected one of the lady patronesses of Almack's. What greater happiness can woman desire?"

"I would rather be the patroness of my native village, and engage in promoting the welfare and happiness of those around me, than in the idle frivolities of fashion."

"Very good, truly—excellent—quite independent—this is the result of Lord Morden's doctrines—nothing but promoting the prosperity and happiness of others; as if people cannot take care of themselves. I declare, he is undermining the principles of the nobility and gentry of the land, and will bring about a revolution in the country. Recollect, madam, this is your third season at Court. I shall give you three months to consider, and hope to receive from you, at the end of that time, a favourable answer; if not, I promise you that you shall have enough of the country, and abundant opportunities of promoting the happiness of those around you. Take example from your sister, Lady Jane, who at once accedes to my wishes, resigns Sir Henry Britton, whom she admires, and consents to marry Lord Totter, although she has never seen him. Come hither, my dear."

Lady Jane Millars approached her mother, who took her by the hand, with a degree of warmth and affection, which disclosed that all feeling had not yet been extinguished in her breast.

"You will not thwart my wishes."

"No, mamma, I should not wish to do so."

"That is right, my dear; you do not think he is too old?"

"No, mamma, he is rather too young."

"Why, my dear, he is at least seventy five."

"I should prefer him if he were eighty-five."

"Why so, my dear?"

"Because he would be the less likely to live long."

"That's very unnatural, my dear, to wish your husband dead."

"I think it very natural to wish such a husband dead; I am sure I should not care how soon he died."

"Well, my dear, such things must happen, and if Lord Totter should go in a year or two hence, we should endeavour to resign ourselves to his loss, and submit to the decrees of Providence. Indeed, from what Dr. Squill informs me, I think it is scarcely possible that he can hold out more than two or three years, at the most. I expect the Doctor here to-day; indeed, I am surprised he has not called before now; he has passed his usual hour."

At this moment, a knock was heard at the door, which was so characteristic of Doctor Squill's physical application for admission, that the Countess Millars exclaimed she was

quite sure it was he. It was a double knock, but consisted only of about one half the number of noisy appeals to the wakefulness of the footman, which are generally given ; it was also accompanied by a ring of the bell, in perfect unison with the knock.

Scarcely a moment elapsed, before the footman, opening the door, announced the name of Doctor Squill, who entered the room, and put an end to any doubt which might have previously existed, as to the individual who had made the peculiar demand for admission just described.

MAN'S LOVE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

To woo with manly kindness
The loved one he would win,
Nor let e'en Cupid's blindness,
Disturb the peace within.

Not culling beauty's flower
To sear its brilliant hue ;
But keep it by love's power,
Bright, as when tipped with dew.

As wife, not once to slight her,
To rule with gentle sway,
Nor let a zephyr blight her
From that stern word "obey."

A counsellor in weakness,
In danger, ever near,
Admonishing with meekness,
Nor e'er provoke a tear.

And when the bright eye closing
Proclaims the parting breath ;
Her gentle head reposing,
On his fond breast, in death :
This, this is Man's true love.

ON SHAKSPERE.

By EDWIN F. ROBERTS.—AUTHOR OF "ATHANASE," &c.

POETRY hath necessarily two existences, the *written* and the *unwritten*.

Unwritten poetry is that fine health of the soul which responds to every voice of Nature—which absorbs with delight the essence of all that is great, and good, and beautiful. It is like some vast harp, hung in the hollow dome of heaven, singing under the eyes of the stars for ever—when wandering winds breathe out a sweet pathetic song—when mysterious modulations, strange and wild *minors* rouse up sad recollections, and imagination begins to weave its history, giving to the shapes of fancy "a local habitation and a name." It is that rude, untaught worship, which all men offer to the grand! the august! That man, whose integrity of soul is most steadfast; whose adoration of truth admits of no deviation to right or left; goes never from his stern path to either hand; he, in the grandeur of this severe simplicity, has a poem for ever singing in his soul. Fresh, deep, ardent feelings are the only exponents of this unwritten inspiration. Noble resolves, and an unflinching progression to an ending, are the only results of listening to these harmonious tonings. By reason of these impalpable causes, men may philosophize and dream Utopias. By these pastures, so pure and so fair, the enthusiast cherishes his benevolent hallucination of the final perfectibility of man. This admiration, this tribute, paid to the sublime and to the beautiful, shews itself in wild snatches of musing, in half-uttered prophecies, in words that have the significance of oracles at times. This, in fine, constitutes the *real* luxury of living, and men call it imagination.

Imagination is to man what the perfume is to the flower—an additional glory; a crypt into which he enters, and for a time the grim warfare of life leaves him intact. How fair, how charming, that green knoll, smiling in the sunlight; that *bank* of violets and wild thyme, where [the south breeze comes "stealing, and giving odour!" Add to this, a strain of music floating from the distance, and faintly dying away: how breathlessly we hang upon the soft and mellowed moanings; we open our lips unconsciously to murmur—"Play me that strain again, it hath a dying fall."

It is from this prodigious variety, and, as it were, super-

fluity of beauty upon beauty; this prodigality of graces thrown upon the bosom of the laughing earth, that we draw such deep and unconscious pleasure. From sources like these the unwritten poetry is created. But blend with this outward and visible beauty an *idea*, a profound thought; or take some heroism, done by an heroic soul, who stamps, with an indelible hand, *his* mark upon the annals of his age; take some story of crime, vast and terrible; pile upon some man of unconquerable energies, whose powers of mind are grand, rugged, or ferocious—who spreads, with fatal effect, on all within the circumference of his influence, dismay and terror, and, perchance, a ghastlier death; or take some gentler story, such as forms "*The Twelfth Night*," or "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,"—something like episode in the life of man, that may enlist tenderer sympathies, more human feelings; and then you take the elements, which, skilfully bound together, constitute a dramatic poem.

For *written* poetry is a sublimely heroic thing. Alexander, he who sought his lineage among the gods, needed but his Iliad in a golden casket to go forth and conquer the world. The echoes of battle arose to him from the shores of Scamander, swept across the billows of Time, and spoke in his ears some articulate things that moved his life to its innermost depths; and, when he stood beside the shrunken stream, whose waters had once washed the keels of the Argive fleet, and heard the great shout of Achilles mingling with the exulting cry of Hector, his heart of fire longed to plunge him, with his flashing eyes and bared bosom, into the thickest of the majestic fight.

It does not seem to me that there is any of the logic of *persuasion* in poetry. Its nature is too despotic. By its magnificent imperative mood, it insists on our acknowledgment at *once*,—making no condition with the understanding, it appeals to the soul which finds that it is listening to its own language, coming like a forgotten melody to it: deep here calleth to deep, and the cry is at once echoed. *When poets die, then die the legislators of the world*—when they are dust, their laws live, and they are handed down, gaining sanctity by time, and greater influence from the respect and the love men bear for them. These men have departed; but they have left a power behind them that for ever appeals to the imagination of man; they have impressed their transmuting alchemy on moral feudalism, and old barbarism. It is on them our social politics is erected; and we may trace the origin of laws back to old homely ballads of custom and manner, as the Romans did the ballads of Ennius.

The writers of the Elizabethan age stand prominently forward for the perfection which they attained in dramatic poetry.

The great names of that age are like household words to us; many a weird winter night have they cheered and enlivened us—made the dark December glowing and lovely as June—made us laugh with them, weep with them, tremble and fear them, and finally love them.

Among his noble compeers in the intellectual strife—beginning his career unhonoured, unknown, perhaps, too, (literally) uncared for; when many of them were old in honour and fame; lifting up his splendid head to grapple with glory, in that mental arena, where—a shining throng, soul fronted soul, the voices of whose singing have since then rolled majestically across the world—at a time when civil wars, revolutions, and barbaric manners were being fused down into excellencies of many varied grades—above them all, colossal and pre-eminent, stands Shakspeare! and, out of his exhaustless treasures, with rapt lips, and eyes in a *fine frenzy rolling*, he uttered things that have been to men, since his time, a doctrine, a study, and a truth—things that were never before uttered in such guise. Pictures did he draw of some immensity, some singularity of existence, that had for ever been *in* the world, but on which only a few gifted men had dared to glance, and they who looked too long appeared to have seen the face of the Medusa—they were turned to stone, and their lutes grew dead and silent.

How wondrous must his young life have been by the Avon. What communings must this young prophet have held with Nature, in solitude and in silence, which yet was neither all silence nor all solitude, while Nature bore the form of a sublime goddess, at whose feet he sat with upturned face, his earnest soul looking out of his radiant eyes, listening in love and wonder to the mysteries that were unfolded to him. What an Apocalypse must have been that early life to him, so full of a grandeur, as yet shrouded in gloom, while he sauntered heedlessly in noon and twilight on those pleasant slopes; within the narrow circumference of his life *then* he created for himself a new Patmos, and from his struggling soul there came forth stormy groanings, as if it were wrestling wrathfully to find voice, and give itself a definite existence, so that even *he* might comprehend it. This young peasant bore within him a tempestuous power; an irresistible might of conquest over the realm of intellect; carried for ever in his bosom a tremendous conflict; till his

soul was roused like an ocean in a tempest, till it was like a battle of giants, a mental Marignano's fight, whence rang out great shoutings as if from heaven-storming Titans climbing the azure steeps; and these groanings at last had sonorous utterances, changed into wild Memnonian melodies, that swelled upward, and sang forth out of his deep human heart—some grand and august, as Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar—others terrible, as the anguish of Lear, or the tremendous throes of Macbeth—some solemn, as the musings of Hamlet—and others again gentle, as the dying moans of Ophelia, or the broken sobbings of that Cordelia whom we all love.

And this man was not for an age, but for all time. About him was no individuality, no style, no egotism, no *prestige*; nothing that you could call peculiar or marked was to define this peculiarity; he was a human being of a great cast of mind, with an ubiquitous power and capability that encountered every obstacle, overleaped every opposition, and crushed every difficulty into dust before him. He spoke no new truths; but he was the voice of a truth—indivisible, unalterable, eternal! He created nothing, so to speak; but he used the old matter that he found already existing, and it became plastic under his dædal hands; he invested man with attributes that startled the world with their aptitude, their reality, their grandeur; he made the old truths speak out like new—old doctrines, old manners, old customs, that had grown despised and thread-bare, because men gave them no heed—rather affected to despise them—these he made speak out in other modes, so that unbelief changed to belief, and men imagined at first, they saw fragments of a diviner Utopia floating like the homeless atoms of Democritus; he made men *think*, and after that they drew their own inferences—and when the data is correct so will the inference be—the good and the evil being placed by him in such startling opposition that men made no error in judgment.

These were the modes by which, as a moral philosopher, he wrote down his science of metaphysics; he taught philosophy in action; theory with him gave place to reality. In the hands of him who has but the rudest elements of thought working, put a volume of Shakspeare, and he will betray more admiration than wonder, more delight than perplexity; he understands it. It is no riddle, for the poet was no sphynx. Genius is not of such tenebrous nature as to require a medium whereby we must look long or ponder deeply before we appreciate.

Political foresight, sagacity, all Utopias, all science of ruling, all prescience in making laws, have hindrance rather than aid in Shakspeare; for who ever prepared his code to meet on the tribunal a Hamlet, an Othello, a Macbeth—men of that great order of intellect, that with them crimes lose the hideous stains of the blood they each have shed, or contemplate to shed, in the magnitude of the impulses that have led to the catastrophe? Such as these could almost *force* their crimes upon the recognition of society, as not amenable to laws, but as some dreadful accident of existence for which they were not responsible, as some despotism of a nature that does not conceive itself accountable for guilt—something terrible and vast, as a tornado, an earthquake, but, at the same time, something that happens only in great convulsions of nature. These men have passions so intense, powers of mind so huge and towering, a logic so tremendous, that they would almost paralyse the hands of Justice, and make the goddess imagine they were inhabitants of some world beyond her jurisdiction. The magnitude of some wrongs are beyond the calculation of a jurist. Laws have not always anticipated or prepared for those outrages that may be killing a man for ever, and the *instinct* of justice added to the influence of a blind ferocity, (which deadens the moral perceptions at times) prompts a man to be the instrument of his own vengeance, and to do it, too, by exaction of terrible interest.

This poet, then, with his omniscient genius did but, after all, classify and arrange facts in the moral universe, that are familiar to you and I. Let us cease to wonder at this. From the sublime to the *common* is but a step. The everyday annals of crime which fill the columns of our journals, by elevation of the intelligence—reversing the position but leaving the *fact* stern—bare—however hideous or terrible, we should see in that criminal perhaps, the agony of Othello, writhing between jealousy and love—the “*tremor cordis*” of Leonates—the “*hysterica passio*” of Lear—the villainy of Iago, or the wily knavery of Iachimo. For the dialogue between the criminal and the judge, substitute the subtler metaphysics, so we may see the inner causations, dignify the criminal with a sentiment of grandeur, magnify the incidents with some investment of mental agony, something that destroys the *vulgar*, that removes the *familiar* entirely from us, and we should for the moment be surprised to see in this criminal, the simulacra of Macbeth, of Othello, of Richard the Third.

And then—what laughter, what humour, what wit—so keen, so brilliant—what jests, what bandying of words—untiring, unflagging—never weak, never pointless, never *low* or *mean*; and in a higher scale, how courteously, how like a true well-bred gentleman the pungent reply is given; and what clowns!—so conceited and pragmatical, stoical or indifferent, or sententious and aphoristic. And again, if in some he writes in a hard iron-like Teutonic style, how he glows, as do the ruddy grapes in the sun, when he revels in a southern clime—when he is at Verona or in Illyria—how gothic and grim, when, in the depth of the middle ages, he is on the norland heath meeting the hideous sisterhood, or beholding the buried majesty of Denmark visiting the pale glimpses of the moon.

In this era of progression, in this momentous crisis of time—momentous, because it is our *own*—the spirit of the age having hitherto gone onward, as it were, with unequal steps, progressing rapidly here, and sadly retarding its movement in other where, (either by reason of general plethora, a long sleep of dogmatism, or the obtuseness of a stupid prosy age,) seems to go forward now in every phase with a somewhat uniform and also a multiplied velocity. And we may pause and coldly ask—“Whither progressest thou, oh precocious age, having no maturity from any reformatory, heresies, or revolutions of any vast consequence, yet convulsing thyself, as if thou wert, like Wallenstein,

“Storming across the war-convulsed world.”

But to this “*whither*” there is no reply; the answer is vague, undefined, like the hoarse cry of the great sea. No land of glooms or glories stands long in the hopeful future for us—for alas! too many of us. We are too short-sighted, and the spiritual glimpses that rarely come, pass like a vapour. The to-morrow, from which we anticipate so much, is the dawn of the sun on *this* earth, on our harvest, our mines, our commerce, our money! not the dawn of that solemn morrow which breaks so silverly and clear across the valley of death. We say, each one *so thinks the world*, and then rush into immediate conclusions, that *we* are each of us exceptions. Brothers, let the world go by a while, we shall not lose sight of it long; let us stay a space in this greenery—this wild odorous plat of flowers and morning dew—let us, *with Channing, thank God for books, those voices of the distant and the dead, that make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages:*

let us be grateful for what alone can prevent our souls from rusting: let us appreciate the convictions that are so genuine, of the immense value of such goodly gifts: let us rather be *proud* than *prudential* about our knowledge of this Shakspeare, while his great brothers are for a moment obscured (for ye may see the dim looming of thrones beyond the mists). Lo! the majestic shadow the poet casts down upon his age—on the past, the present, and the future—his influence will have a progressive growth; for with great works (*once* admitted *great*) the past age will always carry its judgment with weighty effect upon coming.

This man, then, with his mind fresh, vigorous, and vast, this energy of intellect, despising or casting aside (or perhaps not knowing them) the old scholastic rules, which savour so strongly of the exact sciences, let loose his imagination, not in streams, or in flashes of light, but in oceans, and tempests, and volcanic fires; he swept all before him, and, as with a deluge, he submerged all intellects under the broad vast of his own. On the ground, then, covered with these wrecks, he built a structure based like a pyramid, that rose upward till it seemed to jostle the stars, and on this snowy watch-tower he lighted lamps that never have since dimmed. His original mind held no parley with men; but he destroyed their convention with some sublime bitterness, some morbidacious jest. Like a skilful anatomist, he took, as it were, the heart of man in his own hands, to note its working in every variety of passion—yea, even to its finer anatomy—to its *transition* from one passion to another.

Most astonishing is the exhaustless fertility of his fancy—the description of Queen Mab, for instance, or the Seven Ages of Jaques; the famous soliloquy of Hamlet on Death; contain, in each speech, and from one train of thought, a range of subject that comprehends two worlds. He had exhausted Metaphysics, before it was well known what men were to understand by the word; and they waited doubtfully for John Locke and Dugald Stewart to tell them. What is there left in the physics of the mind, yea, in its minutest divisibility, that hath escaped his notice? His language is a metre that goes past the stars, and compasses the deeps, wide as the seas reach; and beyond his maritime Bohemia, goes his boat of carven moonstone, with purple sails, and a laughing crew—whence steal odours and music, and wild babblings of melody, as if Ariel and Puck were singing for the palm, and the boat rides buoyant above the surges of the “still vexed Bermoothes”—like a dewy morning full of fragrance

with a fresh, broad air, blowing on one's brows ; so breathe his thoughts through the lips of his creation—of the matchless women, the fine men he has drawn.

Combining, thus, a boundless imagination ; the wildest flights of an exuberant fancy ; a pathos, like the heart-crushing minor of sad music—here, a cold sternness—there, a fiery passion—combining these by a verse at once melodious and majestic, you hear the grand harmonious numbers march onward like the sonorous trampling of many feet in martial unison.

With what gigantic calmness he makes a man utter, in mere court gossip, such breathless words as these—speaking of the friendship of Leonates and Polixenes, in the *Winter's Tale*—Camillo says, “ Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts ;” and proceeding, he adds, “ they have *shook hands as over a vast*, and embraced, as it were, from the *ends of opposed winds*.”

The stupendous picture here embodied, the true dignity of style, the majestic proportions of the hyperbole, added to the courtliness of the manner, destroys, at once, all charge of affectation : it is too natural also, to bear the stamp of that stilted and frigid euphuism, so much in vogue in our Poet's time.

But again ; how, to the topmost pitch of grandeur, the human soul can breathe out of mortal lips, does a sentence like this arrive ?

Hamlet says of the ghost, as his friends entreat him to stay :—

Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And for my soul, what can it do to that ?
Being a thing immortal, as itself.

Shakspeare was not the man to leave the world as he found it, nor did he. I imagine there was more of innovation, than of conservatism in his nature ; he breathed into the dry bones of the “ let alone ” principle, and a new life was the result. He brooded over the unformed *bizarre* fancies that haunted the generations of his day, and, like Saturn in the old fable, he roused him up, and began to pour forth his marvellous conceptions upon the world. They were not, perhaps, works to be appreciated at once, *detraction* might not suffer it ; certainly, it was not long before their influence became extensive, nay, in our last generations, they were greatly neglected,

What of that? the neglect did discredit to the taste of an artificial age which succeeded; an age that preferred Idyls and lugubrious eclogues, badly modelled after Bion, Moschus, or Virgil; which a fertile insipidity poured plentifully forth—an age of powder and peruke; in fact, an artificial age; an age of Louis Quatorze, of Chesterfield; an age of politeness and insincerity; an age of faithlessness, of unbelief; an age, that I conceive we have greatly improved upon—at least, however, *that* is something to be thankful for.

Shakspeare's Catholicity of mind coped with everything. As I have already remarked, he rejected nothing—not even vice—provided he could make the virtue more salient; trivialities take a touch of dignity from his master-hand—from his porous jars there rolled copious streams of fresh waters, which, like the fabled Choaspes, men sighed for the more they drank—before the calm brows of Shakspeare, the gigantic intellect of Johnson stands corrected—the great critic could not comprehend, with his severe logic, that erratic and wandering mind; and while admitting his comprehensiveness, his aberrations seemed to savour of extravagance, of a superb insanity—for despising all rules of poetry, disregarding the strict unities of dramatic laws, he went onward comet-wise, and the comments of Dr. Johnson are sometimes savage and unjust. Let us, however, admire the sincerity, the almost religious honesty that seems to rule the great critic's judgment. It was a conviction with him that Shakspeare had here and there done flagrant violence on the laws of poetry—this man loved and honoured Shakspeare for all that—in two lines, he has paid a kingly tribute to his bays:

“Each change of many colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.”

I respect, I bow to the powers, to the genius of Johnson, and imagine I perceive here and there indications—not to decry—but to condemn with an impertinent disdain the correctness of his judgment; this is one of the startling innovations that a “young age” makes, when it is just out of its long clothes—such a weakness may be pardonable. The great soul of Samuel (of Boswell's first and only love—honor be to him for it) is sleeping, and these cries remind me of the ass that plucked courage to fling up his heels against the dead lion.

Shakspeare's pre-eminence does not lie in his stored knowledge—in book-learning merely—for Ben Jonson said

that "he had little Latin and less Greek." And Ben, though irascible, was accustomed to love truth. But what need of these to a child who gazed for ever on the august loveliness of nature? who drank the beauty of everything below "crisp Heaven," as a Titan would drink wine—till, like the reeling Polypheme, he saw the Olympian skies open, and beheld the immortals crowding the Jovian senate.

He is superior to all men only in his wonderful comprehension of man—there are epochs of *Crime*, of *Endurance*, of *Heroism*, of *Tempest*, and of *Peace*, in the lives of all, or of *most men*—these did he seize; this grand climacteric he grasped and held. He beheld Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, and the ambition then nascent, he destroyed as Brutus stabbed him in the Capitol.

Extraneous things he saw had weight with the inner-man, and he bound them together. Man without nature, or nature without man, would be ineffective to the production of any, the least consequence. Behold how man and nature, placed subjectively to each other, constitute the perfection of thought, in the audacious magnificence of Hamlet's speech, beginning with "I have of late," &c.

In all his imagery, there is no violence; you are not startled by any ill-adaptation of expression to form; neither are you shocked or repulsed; and his great glory shines the whiter, from the purity of his dialogues. He woos nature as if he were her lover, and hence arises that eternal harmony exchanged between man and nature—hence that indestructible familiarity with the beautiful—that converse with meadows and streams—those soft airs and cool waters, whose murmuring haunts you like a passion; those paintings tinged, like Martin's, with the "gloom of some eclipse"—anon radiant as a morning of Claude's—these he pours out with a prodigality that makes him so wondrous in his resources; he does not give you a bouquet, but a whole garden; not a drought, but a living fountain; he showers jewels around you till naught else is seen.

The great secret of clearly understanding Shakspeare, is in our identification; in comprehending that each startling gust of passion,—each outbreak of impulsive feeling—all far-stretching conjectures—and the many features of life, are each, and all of them, but manifest digressions of one intellect, all branching from one indivisible essence. Thus, while it hath many workings and capacities—while it is *Love* and *Hatred*, *Thought*, *Method*, *Madness*—while it is here the *Astronomer*, the *Skilful Mechanician*—here the *Artist*, there

the *Hero*, or the *Homicide*—it is but the aspects of one soul, and not many several souls—for it is possible a man should be all of these by turns.

Great completions, of whatever kind, have their origin in their infinitesimal. The gigantic oak lay in an acorn once—the pyramid grew from one stone, once laid; and Hamlet, no doubt, was created by some bitter mood of the majestic poet, when his grandeur was obscured, for a time, by the desolation of his soul, struck in some unknown manner. Small truths are as eternal, as weighty, as great ones; and all radiate to the same moral circumference. So, by subordinating man and the hour to nature and to circumstance, the design of the poet reaches at last its defined aim. There is an inverse ratio, too, by which the *great* becomes *little*, and the *little, great*—nay, arrives to gigantic magnificence. Othello, in the transport of his rage, condescends to have Cassio murdered—in this, his greatness is eclipsed—but he becomes grand again, when he says:

“Had all his hairs been lives, my great
Revenge had stomach for them all.”

Again, a brutal felon has been known to cross the seas—to traverse mountains—to endure hunger, thirst, horrible deprivation, to become familiar with death, in every shape, on the strength of one sentiment—a revenge that prompts to all this endurance (one great attribute of pure heroism)—that he may plunge his knife into the heart of a forsworn comrade; the *sentiment* thus overcoming so vast an amount of physical difficulty, gives to the crime, therefore, the dignity of a tragic poem.

Never does this mighty poet betray a consciousness of his superiority. We do not see in him the slightest *endeavour* to dazzle, and to astonish; no querulous complaint of neglect in appreciating his merits seem to escape from his lips. Methinks such an idea would writhe them into bitter and sarcastic scorn. True genius has that real modesty about it, that it scorns to be shewn by the use of any factitious lights—this dignified retiring, into oneself, is always seen in what is truly great. Never does this man assert himself monarch of the empire of thought,—never creates himself imperator, and, like another Nero, cries—“*Behold your God!*” Unconscious as a child he seems—who plays with a lighted torch over a magazine—of the tremendous power—the terrific gift confided to his hands. It will be noticed also, that vast and comprehensive as are his imagery, he does not

perpetually recur to them—and perhaps uses them more for grace than for strength of expression. If the image does not give the thought due effect, any superfluity of such is rather indicative of a barren genius—it is an abuse of wealth—and by bad taste, easily descends to the *fustian* style—nay, to vulgarity. Such a perpetual fine drawing upon the bank of nature, leaves the thought impotent, staggering in its weakness beneath the load of frippery that so ungracefully clothes it. He never runs an idea to death, or tortures it into a dozen fantastic shapes, till it is tiresome or ludicrous. But there it stands in all its superb proportions, massive, masculine, eternal.

We behold, then, in this man, an untiring energy—restless, and unwearied. Once in the world, there was the work to do—done it must be—and there must be no staying—it was then to be considered awhile in what way this work were done best. The pause was not of long continuance—and we have the result—wondrous in its progression—wondrous in its futurity,—for Him alone it was not—but for *us*—for *all* men; it became an element of existence—that atmosphere which the soul of man breathed so healthily,—That *thing of beauty* which became *a joy for ever*.”

This man so great, so wise, is also eminently religious—he speaks with the eloquence of a soul fitted with unutterable yearnings for a serener hereafter. Far beyond this land of terror—over these billowy solitudes—whence the moans of quenched life rises so often from the wrecks—beyond this, he look to the “snowy phares” that light his moonless journey through the deeps,—his indistinct utterances of immortality have a depth and mystery about them that seem to invite the abstruser questionings of the soul, when a more solemn musing carries us beyond the “Perchance” of Hamlet.

Three centuries have not been able to make the poet old; fortunately, our language was then fitted to receive him, so that nothing obsolete or harsh, or indistinct, is found in him; for ever is he modern, and will be so ages after “*our little life is rounded by a sleep*.” The true poet is always *germaine* to his time—and *his* time is *all* time—all belongs to him,—nature and man, the space and ages that he loosens from their steadfastnesses, and gathers them round till they circle him, and his orb of song is at last complete.

Intense and far-reaching is the *moral* to be evolved from a study of Shakspeare's works.. The destiny that we cannot all grasp at—cannot altogether unveil—he yet gives us some

sublimier glimpses of; and while he seeks to elevate humanity by the real and inherent goodness of Nature in some, not less is that heightened by contrast of the hideous turpitude of others; men who debase their humanity by crimes that would desolate the world, and destroy every fabric of social virtue and happiness, were it not for that indestructible retribution that stalks like a shadowy Nemesis at the footstep of every crime, and sooner or later, but most surely, overtakes them. These men our poet renders objects of so hideous a kind, that men gather together as if by common consent, to hunt them out of the world as they would some fierce and malignant monster.

How fair, how attractive, how full of every great sentiment of beauty, truth, grandeur, immortality, doth he clothe the virtuous, withal. His noble men, his chaste women, would have been almost deified in the antique world. There is a winning feeling of kindred with them that flatters our self-love, which assuredly is not the least part of the sentiment that induces men to prefer the path of virtue to the path of vice.

Nor let what may seem to us to be utter incapacity on our part strike us so despondingly; when the consideration of Lear or Hamlet elevates the poet to such an altitude of intelligence above us;—he is not so far removed—let us be assured of that. The great sympathy that makes Nature one to all—all, and everything to one, be he whom he may—proves our alliance to him—to Shakspeare. Appreciation is the true test of our intelligence.

The man who loves Nature and her many-toned language, which feeds the soul with lofty thoughts, and with high converse, he is the true poet, though he write never a line.

CHARADE.

My first and second are a pair
 Of donkeys—restless brutes they are;
 But do not think my third an ass,
 'Tis I, though yoked with them, alas!
 If for my fourth, you would for one try,
 Seek what Pat Murphy calls his country;
 Then when my "tout" you have found out,
 "Murder alive!" perhaps you'll shout.

For explanation, see last page.

A TRAGEDY OF MAESTRICHT.

FOUNDED ON TRUTH.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

THE great clock of the Cathedral of Maestricht had chimed the tenth hour, the rain poured down in torrents, the few lights which that city exhibits had already begun to drop off one by one, as a small body of Prussian soldiers straggled into the faubourg of Wyk, a faubourg renowned for the number of its public houses,—these were the only domiciles that now shewed any symptoms of life. In their various tap-rooms the detachment was soon seated, being divided into parties of two and three each, according to the billets they had received.

Our sketch opens on the 9th of June, 1815, when the German soldiery were already journeying into Holland and Belgium, *en route* for the glories of Waterloo. The *locale* which we would present to our readers was (for it no longer exists) the snug parlour of mine host of "the Raven," one of the most respectable *estaminets* in the ancient City of Maestricht. Around the ample fire were seated two or three notables of the town, grave men, ranking high in the opinions of their fellow-citizens, who had now reluctantly ceded one-half of the wide hearth to a party of Prussian soldiers, who crept close to the fire, desirous of warming their chilled limbs, and drying their well-saturated jackets, for they had marched during several hours through the heavy rain which still continued to beat with force against the unsheltered windows. The roar of the Meuse, as the waves broke sullenly on the banks, the continued howling of the storm, and the cold gushes of air as the door occasionally was opened, drove the whole party into a close circle round the blazing faggots. In such a situation the heart as well as the body warms, especially when the liquor is good, so the thread of the conversation which had been broken by the arrival of the troopers, once more was taken up, and while two or three gradually dropped off to sleep, the youngest of the party, whom we shall call Godfred, joined in the colloquy with animation, and seemed to be as intelligent and as alert as every soldier ought to be.

The common topic of the day was the fast approach of Napoleon, who, having recovered his once lost throne, was

now advancing with giant strides towards Belgium, rightly considering the Rhine and the Scheldt as the safest limits to the French kingdom, the only boundaries likely to preserve that nation from the inroads of her northern neighbours.

The Dutchmen as well as the Prussians were uttering loud anathemas not only against the Corsican Eagle, but against the British officer whose want of attention had allowed this scourge of the world once more to burst forth, when their conversation was suddenly interrupted by a mean-looking personage who, with countenance "*as pale as Priam in the dead of night*," rushed into the room, and throwing himself down upon the bench which skirted the long table, began uttering a string of prayers and ejaculations, mingled with exorcisms and entreaties for mercy. Before the poor wretch's mental view, a thousand horrors seemed to float, from which he sought to be delivered.

"My good friend," soothingly began one of the Dutchmen, rising from his chair near the fire—

"Avaunt Satan! Exorciso te, in nomine!"—

"My good friend, Van Leyden, you are confused, your mind is troubled.—It is I, Louis Frostenberge, the Deacon of the worshipful Society of Grocers, who now addresses you—"

"Pardon, pardon, my worthy Mynheer"—

"What is the matter? you seem alarmed."

"Oh, good Deacon, I have seen it—I have seen it—I shall soon die."

"How? what is the meaning of this?"

"The house in the Steen Street—the house of Flinders."

In an instant all the party except the Prussians were on their legs, and in the next moment surrounded the new comer, anxiously inquiring what he had seen. From the eagerness of their inquiries, and the alarm painted on every countenance, there was evidently great interest attached to the spot named.

"I was going down the street, having just delivered the coat I had finished for Mynheer Trewette the Banker, forgetful of the dreadful tales told of the place, when suddenly I saw a bright light shoot from a window which I was passing. I looked up—the Saints preserve me,—it came from the still uninhabited house where Flinders died. I gave one glance, I shall never forget it, I saw—yes, I saw Flinders standing in his winding sheet, and—"

Here the speaker's words were choked by his strong agitation, and amidst sobs and ejaculations, he went on to tell a

long story, which his auditors understood to be the account of some most horrible sight he had seen, but which he was utterly unable to explain.

After a few minutes, the unhappy tailor's wife (for whom the landlord had wisely sent) arrived, and having made her husband drink a strong potion of Schiedam and water, and thus partly quieted his nerves, managed to lead him home,—while the disturbed group once more returned to their places round the fire, in order to finish their potations ere they retired to rest.

“And tell me, now that all the hubbub is over,” said Godfred, “who is the driveller who has just been here?”

“A worthy man, a tailor by profession, and no driveller, I can assure you,” replied the senior Hollander, gravely.

“Then why create such a disturbance? The man was as frightened as a hare.”

“And so would you be, too, had you seen the same horrors which he has probably beheld this night.”

“Pooh,” cried the Prussian.

“It's no pooh,” quoth the other, offended,—“it's mighty well for you, a stranger, to come here and laugh and scoff at the fears, the just fears of your elders—if not your betters; but, mark me, if you once passed the house I speak of at midnight, I am inclined to think you would not be quite so ready to scoff at your neighbours.”

“Pooh,” muttered the soldier again, between the whiffs of his pipe.

“Since Flinders' death,” continued the other, unheeding the unpolite parenthesis of his incredulous hearer,—“since Flinders went to his long home, no one has ever dared to inhabit that house. Our boldest, our best citizens, have vainly endeavoured to get a quiet footing within those accursed walls. Such tales are related of these experiments, such dreadful things have been seen, that my blood curdles as I think on them.”

“And who was this Flinders?”

“He was a merchant of this city, tolerably well respected during his life, though none could make out his sudden rise on the ladder of fortune some twelvemonths before he died; an occurrence which took place this very night two years ago. I knew the Priest who shrived him, I knew the Sister of Charity who attended him in his last moments: they hint at dark things, and look grave when his name is mentioned, but those who were less officially engaged in the dreadful scene, speak more loudly on the affair, and describe

it as the most harrowing, the most terrific mixture of blasphemy and fear, that mortal man ever saw or heard. Suffice it to say, no one has ever found out what became of more than half Flinders' wealth, and though his house was one of the best in the town, none have dared to take possession of it. Every night it is said to be the resort of demons, and though the family have offered a reward of a thousand florins to any one who will pass the night there, and discover the meaning of these awful mysteries, none has yet earned the sum, though several have endeavoured to do so."

"Oh, oh, Mynheer!" shouted the Prussian soldier, seeming suddenly to awake from his lethargic mood. "Is it thus, —I' faith, I'll go and live there for the rest of my life, for free quarters, and half the amount you've named."

One of his hearers crossed himself devoutly, the first speaker, however, together with the landlord, caught eagerly at the proposition, for folks in general are very fond of thrusting others, particularly strangers, into any danger they fear to encounter themselves.

After several stipulations such as a plentiful supply of beer and schiedam,—a good light, a dollar in the morning, and sundry other little bribes, the adventurous soldier started off, having first ascertained his rifle to be dry and fit for immediate use, and the bayonet ready for action, accompanied as far as the door of the haunted mansion by two of the grave citizens and the landlord,

After threading several of the dreary streets, rendered more than usually gloomy by the still continuing storm, they at length arrived before a large and dull-looking house, to which the landlord pointing with terror exclaimed in accents of fear,—“There it is, sir soldier—the saints preserve you,—we will return in the morning.”

“Not so fast, my worthy host,” returned the other, catching hold of his arm. “Not so fast; you must see me first safely in, and then you may go to where you list—but I won't be left here with the risk of passing the night in the street.”

The landlord, though with evident trepidation, now approached the door and attempted to push it open, it refused to yield to his efforts. The citizens equally endeavoured to open it.

“You see I was right, Master Raven,” exclaimed the soldier, “the door is locked, so I'll e'en return with you, that is to say if I am not more fortunate than yourselves.” He

then applied his shoulder to the door, which, to the surprise of all, instantly yielded to his touch.

The Dutchmen regarded each other in silent astonishment and horror.

"Give me the lanthorn, and return to your home, but bring me something to eat and drink within an hour of day-break—we have a long march to-morrow, we set out at six, and I must fain lay in a good stock of provision before I start."

"I will attend to your wishes, Master Soldier.—The Lord help him," muttered the inn-keeper, as he turned away, and hastened to ensconce himself within the warm rooms of the Raven.

With an air *almost* of triumph, Godfred marched into the long passage, but that feeling was only momentary, for although the soldier was as brave as man could be, yet he was unable to resist a cold shudder which ran through his veins, as the street door suddenly and with a loud crash closed behind him. This might, it is true, have only been the effect of some gust of air, but as Godfred felt no such draught of wind himself, a superstitious dread, in spite of himself, began to creep over him, and he proceeded to enter a room which opened into the passage, where they had told him he would find some furniture, with less confidence than that with which he had entered the house.

The chamber into which he now entered bore the marks of long but sudden desertion.—the two or three chairs it contained were placed about the room, as if in the exact positions they had lately been occupied. A crucifix was thrown down on the floor—this Godfred picked up, and stuck in his girdle. The table was overthrown, and as he stooped to replace it, he saw on the dust-covered floor, several foot-marks, apparently imprinted by the talons of some large bird of prey. A small quantity of ashes still remained on the hearth, but as the panes of glass in the windows were broken in several places and the room seemed anything but comfortable, our adventurous rifleman determined on visiting the next apartment, the door of which stood open.

This had evidently been the sleeping chamber of the deceased,—the bed still retained the confusion in which it had been left—the blanket and sheets seemed, as it were, drawn forcibly from their proper places, and hung on the floor. An old-wooden case was in one corner—a table and a chair stood before the fire-place—the portrait of a most ill-looking old man hung over it.

Godfred instantly made up his mind: he first examined every object in the room, and doubly locked the door—then breaking up the old case, he threw the rotten wood on the hearth, and 'ere ten minutes had elapsed, had not only made a bright and sparkling fire, but having swallowed a dram, and placed his bayonet and relic (supposed to be a tooth of St. Jerome) before him,—was soon actually dozing in the chair, as comfortably as if he were snugly bedded at the *estaminet* he had left.

An hour, at least, had elapsed, when Godfred was suddenly awakened by a strange sound, proceeding from the courtyard immediately under the window. To define the exact noise would be impossible; it approached nearer, however, to the struggle of two persons in a severe conflict, than any thing else, yet, so mysterious and confused were they, that Godfred, though he felt horrified at them, could not come to any positive conclusion as to their nature. After rubbing his eyes, and examining his arms, in order to ascertain that he was wide awake, and in a fit state of defence, he accidentally looked up. In an instant, he started back with horror, on beholding the sudden change that had taken place in the portrait, which no longer represented the dull and heavy features it had before portrayed. It now exhibited a living picture, of a terrific form. The face was that of a corpse, long buried, on which corruption already began to prey. The very worms of the grave seemed moving beneath the green flesh, whose dark and putrid hue seemed strangely to contrast with the ardent fire which burst forth from the starting eye-balls, now fixed on the audacious intruder. A frown of anger sat on the brow of the dreadful visage, from which Godfred now recoiled with undisguised dismay.

At this moment a rumbling noise was heard, and the door was suddenly burst open with a loud crash. The soldier could bear no more. To have hand and hand struggled with a giant, Godfred was ever ready, but to combat with the nocturnal terrors which were fast accumulating, he was unable, so, falling on his knees, and partly covering his face with his hands, he began to utter such prayers, as, in his great alarm, he was able to recollect.

A spectre of the most horrible and fear-striking appearance now entered—the features, yet covered with skin, shewed the corruption of long interment. In the throat, which was bare, and from which the dusky winding-sheet had fallen back, a large gaping wound appeared, from which, black, half coagulated blood, slowly trickled. The death

clothes hung in shreds, and the teeth, as the jaws unclosed, displayed a glittering whiteness, strangely contrasting with the dark hue of the surrounding flesh. The boney arm of the spectre was stretched out, dragging forwards a second apparition, if possible, more loathsome than the first. The face of the second, was that of the portrait over the mantle-piece.

Seemingly unconscious of the presence of a stranger, the dreadful visitants moved steadily forward towards the bed.

"Come on!" cried the first, in a voice which seemed to issue from the grave—"Come on, and meet thy doom."

"Mercy, mercy!" shrieked the second, "have mercy on me!"

"Mercy on thee, never! Did you grant me mercy, did you stay your murderous hand, even for a moment, when I supplicated for a single instant, to offer up a prayer to Heaven? No, no, behold the wound you inflicted, and receive thy doom."

"Mercy!" again besought the other.

"Come on, I say—each night condemned to bear from me the same agony your cruel hand gave—till human justice gives my body holy sepulture, I, nightly, will with joy retaliate, and, as the wound heals every dawn, long for the coming shades to tear it open. Caitiff, prepare!"—and having reached the bed, the first spectre threw down the other on it, and gave a gash across its throat, which yawned open, while the body seemed convulsed with every pain, which would, in actual life, have racked it. These throes of agony, the first seemed greatly to rejoice in, and as each cry pierced its ear, sent back a horrid mocking laughter.

Godfred, by this time, had sufficiently recovered his composure, to bethink himself what to do. He suddenly arose, and grasping the crucifix in one hand, and his holy relic in the other, loudly called on the name of the Most High, to lend him strength to discover the meaning of the dreadful mystery.

At this solemn adjuration, the terrific beings arose, and the first, still dragging on the other, went out through the door. As they did so, the same sepulchral voice exclaimed, "Come, thou murderer!—come to the narrow tomb—come to receive the judgment of Providence—the judgment which unites the assassin and his victim in a common grave—Come!"

Godfred felt impelled by a superhuman courage to follow them, so, snatching up the light, he rushed out into the passage, and closely attended on them.

At the end of the corridor, a door opened into the courtyard, through this they passed, and, having descended several steps, arrived in a dark low cellar. Here, the struggle which Godfred had witnessed in the bed-room recommenced, when, horrified by the appalling sight, he loudly cried, "In the name of our blessed Maker, I conjure you at once to disappear," and, at the same time, stretching forth the crucifix, he almost touched one of the phantoms. With a loud cry, the whole vision melted away, leaving, however, a sort of red, murky light, which, like the exhalation we sometimes see in marshes, hung low over the ground, in the exact spot where the appearance had vanished.

Our intrepid soldier, nothing daunted, felt determined to solve the mystery. For a moment, he almost doubted the evidence of his senses, but in the next, he looked round, and saw that he was in no dream. He felt the rough, damp walls; he saw before him the red light; and, by every evidence of his senses, knew that he suffered from no mental delusion. He therefore picked up some loose stones which lay on the ground, and, throwing them on the exact spot where the mysterious light had appeared, and which was now fast fading away, hastily retraced his steps to the room which he had left. On his return, he found the fire still alight, so throwing a few fresh pieces of wood on it, to cause a blaze, and having taken a long draught at the bottle of *aqua vitæ*, which stood on the table, he threw himself on the chair in which he had first dozed, and, in a few minutes more, again relapsed into slumber, fearing neither man nor evil spirit; protected from the one, by a good conscience, and from the other, by a stout arm.

From this sound sleep, he was suddenly awakened by a loud noise; but, this time, the interruption was by no means disagreeable. It arose from the knocking of the landlord of the "Raven," who, in accordance with his promise, had, now that it was daylight, come to offer an early breakfast to the intrepid watcher.

"Well, my brave soldier, what have you seen?" jocosely demanded the landlord, as he smilingly entered; but suddenly looking up and seeing the grave countenance of Godfred, he stopped, and in a more serious tone demanded what had thus rendered the rifleman so gloomy?

"Who is that?" abruptly demanded Godfred, without attending to his question, pointing to the picture over the mantel-piece.

My old friend Flinders, the late proprietor of this house."

"What was he?"

"A merchant."

"Was there anything particular about him?"

"Nothing, except indeed the sudden change that came over him after he came into his fortune. Up to that time he was the merriest and best fellow alive; from that moment he became dull, morose, and gloomy. Indeed, latterly, people used to say he had evidently some bad recollection on his conscience; and the monk who shrived him, it is said, let fall hints, which served to confirm the rumour."

"How did he acquire his fortune?"

"It is said he inherited it by the sudden death of some relation who died abroad. Who, or where, none ever knew."

"It is enough. I would see the chief magistrate."

"What for?"

"That is my business; lead me to him."

"He will be scarcely up yet."

"My business is of consequence, immediate consequence. I must see him ere I march."

"Well, then, come along, though, I fear, you will find him sadly cross. We'll take the Deacon with us, to soften him, in case he is in an ill humour; so finish your stoup, and come along."

And away they trotted to the residence of the functionary.

A Dutch Burgomaster, though a very important personage, is not always a very intelligent one. The officer who now held the post, was a good man, a just man, but he awfully feared being made a fool of; so after listening alone and in silence to the recital of Godfred, he asked him if he would have any objection to repeat the tale in presence of his confidential adviser, the Prior Otto Van Schrouden, and the other persons who had accompanied him? To this the soldier readily assented. So the Prior was summoned, together with the aubergiste and the Deacon, and the tale plainly and clearly told before them.

"The hand of Providence is here, young man," gravely uttered the Prior, as Godfred concluded. "You are evidently the chosen instrument whereby some dreadful deed is to be brought to light."

"Would you again know the exact spot, where the spirits disappeared?" chimed in the magistrate.

"I have marked it with several stones."

"Then let us forward, and may Heaven aid us in our search."

So, attended by a large body of persons, who gradually

swelled in numbers, as they went along, Godfred once more returned to the haunted house, at the sight of which, however, some of the more timid slunk away, while the leaders vainly endeavoured to burst open the door.

"I will jump in at the window and open it for you," cried Godfred, and the next instant he was as good as his word.

The interior of the house was to all appearance calm and quiet. The traces, however, of the strange foot-prints, resembling those of a vulture or an eagle, were clearly perceptible, and on examining the bed-clothes, large spots, which looked like stains of dark blood, were to be seen. The Prior sprinkled every part of the room with holy water, one drop of which striking the portrait, a shrill cry issued from it. The good priest, seeing in this a confirmation of Godfred's statement, after having cast a look of triumph, of proud feeling at this evident power of holy exorcism, began rapidly to utter certain prayers fitting for the occasion.

"God help me!" exclaimed the sexton, who had necessarily accompanied the party. "I remember well when I interred Flinders—he whose portrait seemed even now to cry—strange things passed. His body was so heavy that six of our strongest citizens were scarcely able to bear it to the burying ground, yet no sooner had they passed the churchyard gate, than the coffin became so light it seemed as if nothing were in it. This caused great talk; but what surprised me more than all was, that the morning after I had decently put him to rest, and planted a small cross over the grave, I found all the earth disturbed, as if some one had tried to disinter the body, and the cross was upset, and there were the marks of footsteps, seemingly of some large bird of prey, or those of a skeleton, imprinted in the soft earth. Well, sirs, I was greatly alarmed; but as I thought if I said anything about it, I might give the place a bad name, I quietly put all to rights, and returned home. The next day the same thing occurred, so I went and told our Curé, who counselled me to try once more to repair the place, and to hold my tongue. I followed his advice; but the next day the same thing occurred; since which time, as it was no business of mine, I've not troubled my head about the matter."

"If your reverence will permit me," interrupted one of the bystanders, "I will relate to you some strange facts concerning the present business, which may perhaps cast some light upon the subject. Remember, however, I accuse no one, and wish to throw no slur on the name of the defunct—but I will, if you wish it, tell you all I know, and leave it to

your reverence, and his worship the Burgomaster, to decide how far my suspicions may be just."

"Speak out," said the Prior.

"You are aware," said the other, whose name was Flinck, "that I was for years the inhabitant of the next house, and a great friend of the late Flinders. I always consulted him about my affairs, considering him a long-headed, clever man of business. He was in the habit of attending the different German fairs, where he sold his cloth, and purchased goods likely to sell well in this country. He was one of the most active merchants I ever knew. He seemed continually to be spurred on by the hope of amassing riches. He was at once ambitious and speculative. About three years ago, he returned home late one night from a long journey, accompanied by a foreign merchant, to whom, as the night was tempestuous in the extreme, he had doubtless offered a bed, for in a few hours afterwards, I saw the lights in his house extinguished, and all was silent as the grave, except the wind, which kept howling to such a degree, I could not fall regularly asleep, but dropped into short and uneasy slumbers. It was about two o'clock in the morning when I was abruptly awakened by the increase of the storm, which seemed to shake my house to the very foundation. As I lay listening to it, I suddenly heard a sharp and piercing cry of agony proceeding, seemingly, from Flinders' house, and presently afterwards a noise as if several chairs were upset, and something heavy dragged across the floor. I know not why, but these voices filled me with an unaccountable terror, and prevented me again falling asleep. I, however, thought that perhaps my neighbour or his guest (as he kept no servant) might have been taken ill, and accordingly called soon after daylight on Flinders, to ascertain how far my conjectures were right.

"On seeing my neighbour himself open the door, I knew it could not have been him, so I thus addressed him:

"Your friend was doubtless in some fit last night, for I heard a cry of pain in your house as sharp as if you had been killing a pig—do tell me what was the matter?"

Flinders turned dreadfully pale, but replied that his guest was subject to sudden attacks of nightmare, but that fortunately he had slept so soundly he had not heard him.

"I am sorry for it," added he, "for it is now too late to ask him the question—I saw him off for Germany this morning."

"I thought he had perhaps come over for the fair?"

"Yes, yes, such was his intention; but sudden affairs

arose, indeed he recollected some things he had to do without delay at Cologne, and in spite of my entreaties he started off this morning.'

"'This is the very rich merchant, who is said always to have a hundred thousand florins in his pocket book,—of whom I've heard yon speak, is it not?'"

"Flinders gave some evasive answer, and as I soon afterwards changed my residence I thought little more about the matter. It is true it came forcibly back to my recollection when I heard of the agony in which he died, and the strange expressions he then made use of—but as a still tongue is the safest guard, to ensure quiet I have never said a word about it till this day."

After a few sage remarks from the prior and the magistrate, the party arrived at the cellar, where the sexton was commanded instantly to commence digging.

As the pick-axe broke through the ground, and the vault re-echoed the dreadful noise, every one seemed prepared for some awful *denouement*. At length it encountered some hard substance which returned a hollow sound.

"It is a wooden case, seemingly a coffin," cried the sexton.

"Proceed," said the Prior, in a voice of extreme gravity. "With God's permission, we will sift this affair to the bottom."

Presently, a large deep case was laid bare, and the digger jumped into the aperture. With a blow of his spade the sexton broke off the rotten covering, and thrust forward his lanthorn;—in the following moment he sprang out, and in terror exclaimed, "there are *two*—there are *two*!" and sinking on the floor was with difficulty recovered from the fright into which the circumstance had thrown him.

"Leave me alone" cried he to them who offered him assistance. "I tell you I buried him myself—beneath six feet of earth I placed him.—See, they seem even in their coffin to grasp each other—Flinders is one—I know the body well!" and the poor sexton burst into a string of wild ejaculations and prayers.

After a short time the Prior calmed the unhappy man and persuaded him to accomplish the task he had begun. The case was drawn out, and the tenants appeared as the sexton had described them locked in each others arms. The throat of one of them exhibited a dreadful gash, which in life must have extended from ear to ear.

The magistrate instantly ordered the grave of Flinders, in the churchyard, to be opened. It was empty!

This was considered sufficient confirmation, supported, as it was, by circumstantial evidence which now accumulated fast, and confirmed by the evidence of the German merchant's pocket-book, which was found in the house, to satisfy every reasonable mind of the guilt of Flinders. The burgomaster ordered his body to be instantly hung upon a gibbet, and left there, while that of the unhappy victim was decently and religiously interred.

The house where the dreadful scene had taken place, was, by order of the magistrate, pulled down.

Godfred received a sum of money equal to £300 (British,) and an order to remain in Maestricht till the affair was thoroughly sifted, which probably saved his life at Waterloo, and caused him to marry the daughter of mine host of the Raven, to whose business he has now succeeded.

The only sufferer upon this occasion was the poor sexton; he died of fright, in strong convulsions, within a few hours after this discovery of the dreadful chest.

The records of these facts are still carefully preserved in the archives of Maestricht.

THE SPIRIT'S HOME.

By M. W. H.

THE wild beasts roam
Through their forest home,
And chase their prey o'er the verdant glade,
Or at night repair,
To their forest lair,
And seek repose in the silent shade.

The wild birds fly,
Through the stormy sky,
And cleave the air with resounding wing,
Or seek their rest,
In the lofty nest,
As night's dark clouds their shadows bring.

Through the ocean spray,
On its trackless way,
The wild fish speeds, in its rapid flight,
Or sinks to sleep
In cells of the deep,
When day's bright lamp enshrouds its light.

“ O'er Earth's domain,
Hill, Vale, and Plain,
In the depths of the trackless sea,
Or in yon skies,”
The Spirit cries

“ Is there no home for me? ”

Nature replies
“ Nor earth nor skies,
Nor yet the wide and unbounded sea,
Shall yield thee rest;
Thou 'rt of the blest,
Here is no home for thee.

“ Thy home is there,
Where Grief nor Care,
Nor the pomp of this world's revelry,
Shall find abode.
With thine own God—
There shall thy home and dwelling be.

“ The soul still clings
On Zephyr wings,
To mount to worlds beyond the sky,
Where dwelleth Love
In realms above,
Through all eternity.”

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

CHRONOLOGICALLY AND BIOGRAPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY W. COOKE STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 434.)

IN 1746, the Earl of Middlesex, (notwithstanding he had met with no very decided encouragement, if we look at the pecuniary results, in his capacity as *impresario* of the Opera,) again came forward to cater for the fashionable public; and opened the Opera House on the 7th of January, with an Opera, written and composed in honour of the Duke of Cumberland, called “*La Caduta de Giganti*.” [The Fall of the Giants].

This was the first opera of that then popular author which had been performed in England; for, although Gluck had been invited to this country the previous year, the Opera House, owing to the causes stated in our last, was not opened. In 1746 he was employed as composer to that establishment; and a more suitable appointment could not have been made, though the composer had not, at this period, attained the height of his reputation.

Christopher Gluck, (who was born at Weidenwaugen in the Upper Palatinate, in 1714 or 1715, and died at Vienna in 1787,) was one of those composers who has left his impress on his art, where it will remain till the end of time. His parents were poor; but that was no impediment in Bohemia to their son's acquiring a competent knowledge of music, for which he early evinced a decided taste and predilection. In early life he became a wandering minstrel, for he set out for Vienna, supporting himself on the way by the exercise of his musical abilities. In that capital a benevolent nobleman patronized the young aspirant, whose talent he recognised, and sent him to Italy, where, under the celebrated Martini, he obtained that sound instruction and profound insight into the principles of the art, which enabled him to develop a style of his own, and to form a new era in music. His early operas were composed in the Italian style—the first, "*Artaxerxes*," being performed in Milan in 1741. But his creative genius could not long submit to the trammels of an arbitrary system; he soon struck into a new method, making the music more subservient to the action of the piece; and imparting to it a grandeur and energy which did not previously belong to the scenery. He himself says—"I wish to confine music to its true province, that of seconding poetry, by strengthening the expression of the sentiments and the interest of the situations, without interrupting the action, or weakening it, by superfluous ornament. I thought, that music ought to give that aid to poetry which the liveliness of colouring and the happy combination of light and shade afford to a correct and well-designed picture, animating the figure without injuring the contour." In thus confining the province, Gluck did not diminish the powers, of music: on the contrary, he increased it. His "*Orfeo*,"—the first opera composed on this plan,—was performed at Vienna in 1764, and though coldly received at first, it soon made its way with the public, and became an established favourite. It was performed in 1765 at Parma; and although the audience were prejudiced in favour of their own composers and their national style, it was received with

the most vivid acclamations on its first representation; and was subsequently represented at Naples, Rome, Venice, Milan, and Bologna with the most brilliant success. The composer, however, was not permitted to enjoy his triumph uninterruptedly. At Vienna a party was formed against him, headed by Metastasio and Hasse; and the war between the Gluckists and Piccinists at Paris, forms a striking episode in musical history.—But we must return to our own opera.

In composing "*La Caduta de Giganti*," Gluck worked, says Dr. Burney, "with fear and trembling, not only on account of the few friends he had in England, but from an apprehension of riots and popular fury, at the opening of a theatre in which none but papists and foreigners (then so unpopular) were employed." However, there was no tumult; but the piece was only played five times. It is by far from being a flattering proof of the composer's genius; and the dances were more applauded than the music; a circumstance probably owing to the exquisite dancing of Violetta (afterwards Mrs. Garrick), which far exceeded any Terpsichorean displays previously seen in England. The singers were Monticelli, Jozzi, and Ciacchi; with Signoras Imer, Pompeati (afterwards Madame Cornelié), and Frasi. Imer, who appeared this season as *prima donna*, "never surpassed mediocrity in voice, taste, or action; and Pompeati, though nominally second woman, had such a violent and masculine manner of singing, that few feminine graces were perceptible." Jozzi was a good musician, with but little voice.

There was very little worth noticing in the remainder of the season of 1746. Three other new operas were produced: "*Il Trionfo della Continenza*," a *pasticcio*, Jan. 28; "*Artamene*," by Gluck, March 4; and "*Antigono*," by Galuppi, May 13. "In the charming air, '*A torto spergiuro*,' of this opera, we see the first time, perhaps, when the base was struck *after* the treble, of which Emanuel Bach and Haydn have often made a happy use. The accompaniment of '*Già che morir deggio*,' in slow triplets, has been the model of many subsequent songs, particularly Piccini's invocation to sleep, '*Vieno al mio sen*,' in '*La buona Figliola*.' The opera ran till the end of the season (which finished in June), and was the last in which Montiselli sang in England.

In the season of 1746-7, the Earl of Middlesex was joined by a number of noblemen, and four subscriptions were opened for six nights in November; ten in December; seventeen for January; and fourteen for March. During the six nights in November, "*Annibale in Capua*," a *pas-*

ticcio, was performed; and in December, the opera was "*Mitridate*," by a new composer, called Terradella, who had just arrived in London; whose compositions are, in general, good. The principal male singer was Reginelli, who had once been celebrated, but was now turned of fifty, and his voice and person were in ruin. The former, a soprano, was "cracked, and in total decay; his figure, tall, raw-boned, and gawky; but there were fine remains of an excellent school in his taste and manner of singing," The other singers, Borosini, Friulzi, and Ciacchi, males; Pirker, a German woman of inferior ability, Casarini and Frasi, could not supply Reginelli's deficiencies; and the opera-house was very poorly attended.

In 1747 the theatre did not open till the 17th of January, when "*Phaeton*," written by Vaneschi, and the music composed by Paradies, another recent musical importation, was performed. It did little for the reputation of the composer, who, however, acquired a considerable celebrity in England as a performer on, and a composer for, the harpsichord, then a fashionable instrument for the ladies. "*Phaeton*" was succeeded by Lampugnani's "*Roxana*;" and that, on the 24th of March, by another opera of Terradella's, "*Bellerophon*;" in which, for the first time, the happy employment of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* appear to have been resorted to. Ten representations of "*Bellerophon*," and four of "*Mitridate*," concluded the season; which was a losing one for the noble directors.

A very faint attempt was made to support the serious opera in the autumn of 1747 and the spring of 1748; the pieces performed being "*Lucio Vero*," a pasticcio, chiefly from Handel; "*Enrico*," by Guluppi; Lampugnani's "*Romana*;" and Hasse's "*Semiramis*." There were no singers, however, to sustain them effectively; the company being composed of those already named, and Signora Galli, who had attained some celebrity by her performance in "*Judas Maccabeus*." The Earl of Middlesex being again a considerable loser, the theatre was closed on the 14th of May.

The *opera seria* was not resumed till the autumn of 1752. In the interim, the *opera buffa* was imported here, with a new company of comic singers, by a Signor da Croza, who engaged Guadagni, then a young man, and wild singer and actor, but who afterwards became popular, as his first man. Till 1750 these novel performances were continued (being given at the Little Theatre, Haymarket, after the first season); during great part of which time they appear to have

pleased the public, and filled the theatre; but, on the 7th of April, 1750, Da Croza took a benefit, and ran off with the proceeds, leaving a great many debts behind him, due to his performers and tradespeople. One of the latter, Henry Gibbs, a tea merchant, in the *Daily Advertiser* of the 15th of May, offered a reward of £30 to any one who would secure his person.

From 1753 till 1756 the opera was under the management of Signor Vaneschi, who, in the autumn of 1754, engaged the celebrated Mingotti as his *prima donna*; who was, for several years, a favourite. "Her style of singing was always grand, and such as discovered her to be a perfect mistress of her art; and she also was a most judicious and complete actress, extending her intelligence to the poetry, and every part of the drama." In men's parts, which she sometimes performed, she was particularly attractive. Ricciardi was the leading man; he had "a clear, flexible, and silver-toned voice; but" was "so much inferior to Mingotti, both in singing and acting, that he was never in very high favour." Ciprandi was the tenor, who had much taste and feeling; Colomba Mattei, the second woman, was a good singer and actress, and was, subsequently, a great favourite as first woman; Curioni was third woman; and Mondini, a baritone, completed the company. The principal operas performed during this period, were Ciampi's "*Didone*," Perez's "*Ezio*," Jomelli's "*Attilio*," and "*Andromeca*;" Hasse and Lampugnani's "*Ipermestra*," Galuppi's "*Riccimero*," Lampugnani's "*Siroe*," and "*Tito Manlio*," by Abos, a "good master," says Burney, "of the Neapolitan school." The band was led by the celebrated Giardini, whose arrival in England, in 1750, formed an era in violin playing. He was born at Turin, in 1716, and instructed by that celebrated scholar of Corelli's, Lorenzo Somis. He returned to Italy, after a residence of some years in England, where he remained till 1784; and, after a life of great vicissitude, died in poverty at St. Petersburg, in 1796.

The union of the splendid vocal and instrumental abilities of Mingotti and Giardini restored the opera to something like the *prestige* of its palmy days; and the seasons of 1754 and 1755 were extremely successful. In 1756, however, Vaneschi had the misfortune to quarrel with Mingotti, whose cause was espoused by many of the nobility; Mrs. Fox Lane, in particular, "entered into the quarrel with all the vehemence of a partizan." It was this lady, who, during a concert at her house, at which she was singing, detailed a

long catalogue of Mingotti's grievances to the Hon. General Crewe. The General asked her, "And pray, Madam, who is Signora Mingotti?" To which the lady replied, in a rage, "Get out of my house; you shall never hear her sing another note here as long as you live." Poor Vaneschi was the victim of these disputes; and became first a bankrupt, then a prisoner in the Fleet, and lastly a fugitive.

It is generally a favourite ambition of actors to become managers. So long used to wield a mimic sceptre, and to exercise a mimic sovereignty, they long to possess power in reality; and generally suffer in the exercise of it. This was the case with Mingotti and Giardini, who, in the autumn of 1756, became the directors of the opera, engaging pretty nearly the same singers as had formed Vaneschi's company. They brought out a new pasticcio, "*Alessandro nell Indie*;" an opera by Hasse, "*Il re Pastore*" [first performed Jan. 22, 1757]; "*Antigono*," by Nicolo Conforto; "*Rosmira*," by Giardini; and "*Euristeo*," by Galuppi. At first the undertaking appeared prosperous; but soon a change took place, and Mingotti and Giardini were glad to abandon management; finding that "the post of" profit, as well as of "honour is a private station."

After the secession of Mingotti and Giardini, as the nobility would not again risk the responsibility attendant upon opera management, it was for some time doubtful who would take the post of director. At length Mattei, and her husband, Trombetta, became the lessees; engaging Signor Gioacchino Cocchi, of Naples, as their composer, and Pinto as their leader. Cocchi never attained to much popularity in England. He had set "*Adelaide*," for Rome, as early as 1743; "*Bajasette*," in 1746; and "*Arminio*," in 1749. In 1757, he composed "*Il Pazzo Glorioso*," a comic opera for the Theatre St. Cassiano, in Venice. He brought over with him some new passages that were in favour at Rome and Naples; but he repeated them so often, and added so little new, that the public soon got tired. Pinto was an Englishman, born of Italian parents; who, when a boy, was a miraculous performer on the violin. When a youth he was employed as leader at large concerts; but he became very careless before the arrival of Giardini, whose superiority to the performers he had previously heard set him to practising again. Dr. Burney tells us, that "After leading at the opera, whenever Giardini laid down the truncheon, he was engaged as first violin at Drury-lane theatre, where he led during many years." He married, for his first wife, Sybilla,

a German under-singer at the opera, and sometimes employed in burlettas at Drury-lane. After her decease, he married the celebrated Miss Brent, and, quitting England, settled in Ireland, where he died about 1785 or 1786.

The Theatre continued under the management of Mattei and Trombetta till 1763. The principal operas performed during that period, were, "*Demetrio*," a pasticcio, [Nov. 8, 1757]; "*Zenobia*," by Cocchi, [Jan. 10, 1758]; "*Issipile*," [March 14]; and "*Creso*," [April 1], both by Cocchi; "*Ciro Rico nos cinto*," by Cocchi, [Feb. 3, 1759]; "*Il Temple della Gloria*," by the same composer, [Feb. 20]; "*La Clemenza di Tito*," also by Cocchi, [Jan. 15, 1760]; "*Tito Manlio*," by Cocchi [Feb. 7, 1761]; "*Alessandro nell Indie*" [Cocchi, Oct. 13]; "*Attilio Regolo*" [Jomella, 1762]; "*Orione*" [J. C. Bach, Feb. 19, 1763]; "*Zaneida*" [J. C. Bach, May 7].—These operas were supported by Mattei, who now took the part of first woman; the Cremonini, Signora Anna di Amicis, who was a singer of great versatility, and became a popular favourite; Signoras Calori and Laura Rosa, second and third women; Signor Potenza, an uncertain singer, and affected actor, with more taste than voice; Tenducci, a singer of the second class, but with a much better voice and method than Potenza; Elisi, a singer of good reputation and abilities, and as great an actor; Sorbelloni, a young singer with an exquisitely toned voice, but of limited abilities; Eberhardi Zingoni Giustinelli, who had a good voice, and considerable merit, as second man; and some others of no note, who "fretted their little hour upon the stage," and were heard of no more.

In the autumn of 1760, a *buffa* company was formed, which consisted of Paganini, *buffa caricato*; Tedeschini, second; Sorbelloni, serious man; Signora Paganini, first *buffa*; Eberhardi, second; and Calori, serious woman. Comic operas were then performed on Tuesday, and serious ones on Saturday. The principal *operas buffa* performed, were Galuppi's "*Il Monda della Luna*" [Nov. 22, 1760], and "*Il Filosofo di Campagna*" [Jan., 1761]; "*Il Mercato di Malmantile*" [Galuppi and Fischietti, Nov. 7]; Ciampi's "*Bertoldo*," and Cocchi's "*Le Nozze di Donna*," and "*La Famiglia in Scompilia*" [1762]; and Galuppi's "*La Calamita de Cuori*" [Jan., 1763]. Signora Paganini first appeared in "*Il Filosofo di Campagna*," and she became such a favorite, that, says Dr. Burney, "When it was her turn to have a benefit, such a crowd assembled, as I never remember to have seen on the like occasion, before or since; indeed, not the third who, of the company that presented themselves at

the opera-house doors, were able to obtain admission. Caps were lost, and gowns torn to pieces, without number or mercy, in the struggle to get in. Ladies in full dress, who had sent away their servants and carriages, were obliged to appear in the streets, and walk home, in great numbers, without caps or attendants. Luckily, the weather was fine, and did not add to their distress, by rain or wind, though their confusion was greatly heightened by its being broad day-light, and the street full of spectators, who would neither refrain from looking, or laughing, at such splendid and uncommon street-walkers."

This is something like the Jenny Lind *furor* of 1847.

NEVER DESPAIR!

By W. S. PASSMORE.

FRAIL mariner, droop not tho' life's storms o'erwhelm thee,
And tempests of sorrow assail thee with care;
And billows of wasting affliction unhelm thee,
With Hope for thy anchor, oh! never despair!

The blast of ingratitude sorely may chill thee,
And leave thy confiding heart riven and bare;
And tho' the keen flash of malignity thrill thee,
With Conscience thy life-buoy, oh! never despair!

The thunders of discord may scare and appall thee,
For seldom long thriveth the peace-olive here;
And tho' neither shelter nor refuge befall thee,
With Heaven thy harbour, oh! never despair!

Tho' black the horizon, a star shines to light thee,
A beacon of faith in the gloom of thy care;
Then steer by that compass, and nought shall benight thee,
With Him for thy pilot, oh! never despair!

REMINISCENCES OF A RETIRED SURGEON.

(SECOND SERIES.)

No. I.—WOMAN'S LOVE.

(Concluded from Page 88.)

CHAPTER III.

REGINALD FALKNER, on entering the banking house, repaired to his private room, where he remained alone, for some moments, that he might recover sufficient self-possession, to enable him to enter upon his labours for the day.

But he soon found himself unable to undertake his usual task, the agitation of his mind prevented him from doing so; and the importance which he attached to the marriage of his daughter with Lord Melton, excluded all other considerations.

Money was now, to him, of no value, he regarded it not; on other occasions, he carefully consulted in the morning papers the state of the funds, the condition of the money-market, and the general aspect of commercial affairs, but these were now unheeded; he mechanically took the newspaper in his hand, and wandered with his eye over the wonted columns so ardently consulted at other times, but he read them not; or if he read them, understood them not: his mind was fixed on the one object, and all else, even gold and silver, was banished from his thoughts.

Finding himself incompetent to discharge that branch of the business which was usually attended to by him, although this consisted of little more than an inspection of the bills sent into the bank for discount, he called one of the junior partners of the house to him, and, pleading indisposition, (a plea which was by no means a false one,) resigned the task into his hands.

Again left to himself for a few moments, he resolved on summoning Henry Morton to his presence, and demand of him to resign all pretensions to his daughter's hand, and in the event of his refusing, to adopt measures to prevent him from communicating further with her.

He bethought of offering to him a pecuniary reward, or even a share in the bank, if he would consent to his wishes, but his knowledge of Henry Morton induced him to believe

that he was not to be bought and sold, and that he would most probably reject the offer, and perhaps with disdain. He knew him to be possessed of the finest feelings, which partook not of a mercenary character, and, therefore, felt assured that but little success would result from such a mode of proceeding.

Had it been one of the mercenary beings who daily crossed his path, he would not have hesitated to make him such an offer, and would have felt certain of success—with them, money was everything, and could have purchased their love—their minds—their hearts—nay, their souls—if these were capable of being transferred by them, in return for the wealth of this world—but Henry Morton was not one of these, and could not be purchased.

How did he not execrate those fine, noble, generous feelings of the human breast, which stood between him and the realization of his hopes, the accomplishment of his objects, the consummation of the ambitious views, he had so long entertained. They were the barrier which opposed him, and could not be broken down; the citadel which protected his child from being bought and sold, like an ox in the market, and he bitterly execrated, shall I say, cursed them, in his heart.

How many are there like Reginald Falkner, who find that there are obstacles in their way, which prevent them from desecrating the temple of the human heart with the poison of Mammon, of polluting the human breast with the base feelings of the hireling slave, and of converting the inmost recesses of the social circle into the market-place, where everything that is most worthy of admiration, may be purchased by their wealth.

How they, too, revile the generous breast—and execrate the ingenuous soul—and would tear down from the high pedestal on which it is enthroned, the exalted mind—how they would crush the independent spirit, and stifle in its cradle the aspirations of the unpurchaseable soul.

How they mock the enthusiast, and laugh at the visionary, as they call him, and rail at him who would raise the hand to interpose between them and their victims, and save from annihilation on their golden altar, the emaciated frames, and still struggling spirits, of their fellow-countrymen—their fellow mortals—their fellow Christians.

But for these—for these they had long since accomplished their objects, and reduced society to a desert—where the oases were theirs alone, whilst the barren plains were strewn

with the remains of their victims. They would have speculated in human flesh—and trafficked in human souls—and revelled in human gore.

Have they not done so?

Shall we sustain them in their unholy pursuits, or oppose their efforts?

Reader, have you seen their victims? No! they have retired to the desolate dwelling—the bleak room, or the damp cellar—or the dark arch under ground, where there was no one to witness their sufferings, or hear their moans, or to dry their tears; no heart to mourn with them—no eye to weep with them—no hand to minister to their wants; and there they have pined their days away—and there have they passed their dreary nights, until they could endure no longer, and their fleshless frames gave up their wounded spirits to their Creator.

And yet, reader, they were once perhaps like you, full of youth, and health, and hope—and they laughed, and danced, and sang, and thought not—oh, they dreamt not, of the lot which awaited them.

You have not seen them—I have.

Reginald Falkner therefore determined on the course which he should pursue; he resolved on the plans which he should adopt, and ordered Henry Morton to attend him in his private room.

Henry Morton, when summoned at such an hour to attend upon Reginald Falkner, concluded that he had something of unusual character to impart; and surmised, perhaps hoped, that it might relate to the object of his wishes—his union with Mary Falkner. Ignorant of what had occurred that morning in Portman Square, and equally so of Reginald Falkner's wishes respecting his daughter's future alliance, he entered the banker's private room unprepared for the reception which he was about to meet from his former friend and benefactor.

He had scarcely closed the door, when Reginald Falkner abruptly addressed him:

“You have abused my confidence, sir; you have betrayed the trust which I have reposed in you.”

Henry Morton drew back, and standing erect, was unable to speak for a moment, but recovering his surprise, replied firmly but respectfully:

“I have not, sir! you have been misinformed.”

Henry Morton supposed that some charge of a pecuniary defalcation had been brought against him.

"I have not been misinformed, sir: Mrs. Falkner is my authority."

Henry Morton now suspected the real cause of the banker's indignation, but was still surprised that he should so feel on the subject.

Reginald Falkner continued:

"You have taken advantage, sir, of my kindness, my hospitality to you—you have gained my daughter's affections."

"I believe I have, sir, but I considered it was with your approval."

"It was not, sir, it is not—you must renounce her, I have engaged her hand to another, more worthy of it."

Reginald Falkner's last words stung Henry Morton to the soul, and, overcome by his feelings, he replied in a determined tone of voice:

"Renounce her! never! we have sworn eternal fidelity; no power on earth shall separate us."

"By Heavens you shall, sir; begone, sir, you are no longer in my employment."

Henry Morton bowed respectfully to Reginald Falkner, and left the room to return to his post.

The loud tone in which the last words were spoken by Reginald Falkner, so unusual in a house of business, attracted the notice of the clerks, some of whom had heard the dismissal of Henry Morton from his situation, a result which excited their surprise, as much as its cause awakened their curiosity.

Henry Morton had hardly been seated, when one of the senior clerks received a summons from Reginald Falkner to attend him. In a few moments the clerk returned, and informed Henry Morton, that he had received orders from Reginald Falkner to take his place, and under the inspection of Mr. Roberts, one of the partners of the house, to receive from him the several bills, and other securities, which he held.

This arrangement was immediately entered upon, and Henry Morton handed over the bills, and other documents which he possessed, as desired; amongst the bills, was one which he desired to retain, as he had received it from, and discounted it, out of his own resources, for one of the clerks of the establishment. Mr. Roberts objected to this, and insisted that this bill should be handed up with the others, until the accounts could be more fully examined into.

After some hesitation, Henry Morton acceded, and yielded up the bill. Mr. Roberts examined the bill and remarked—

"There is no endorsement on this bill except that of the drawer."

"No," replied Henry Morton, "I received it from one of the clerks of the establishment in whom I have every confidence."

"His name is not to it."

"No, that is not necessary. I shall be responsible for it."

"The proceeding is irregular. You will not object to endorse it!"

Henry Morton hesitated for a moment, but at length wrote his name on the back of the bill, observing at the same time,

"I regard this as a private transaction, between me and the gentleman from whom I received it, and not as part of the general business of the bank,"

Mr. Roberts made no reply, but enclosed the bills together in an envelope.

In less than one hour after his interview with Reginald Falkner, Henry Morton left the banking-house in Lombard-Street, and repaired to his own home.

The occurrences of the morning were of so sudden and unexpected a nature, and had occupied such a brief space of time, that it was some moments before Henry Morton could persuade himself that they were real. But two hours previously, he had left his dwelling to take his place as the confidential clerk of his employers; at the end of that time, he had returned their discarded agent.

He asked himself, what fault had he been guilty of—what crime had he committed? and his own breast replied, None. It was true that he loved, and had gained the affections of his employer's daughter, but he had used no base means in doing so; his love was too sincere—too pure—too holy—to be the offspring of baseness.

After some little reflection, he determined on seeing his betrothed that evening, and laying his fortunes at her feet—from her alone he would hear his fate—her lips alone should pronounce his sentence—with her, he should still be happy—without her, he should be ———; but this thought entered not his mind; he knew, he believed, that Mary Falkner was his, and would never forswear him.

But Reginald Falkner anticipated his visit. Shortly after he had dismissed Henry Morton from his service, he returned to Portman Square, and summoned his daughter to his presence.

His trembling child stood before him; her face was pale,

and her eyes were red with weeping. He cared not—he demanded of her to renounce Henry Morton, and forswear his love. Mary Falkner threw herself at her father's feet, and, embracing his knees, implored his forgiveness. She loved only one, she could not love another; she would live or die with him—that one was Henry Morton.

Reginald Falkner dashed his fainting daughter from him, to the ground, and ringing the bell violently, gave her in charge to her maid, with strict injunctions, that she should not be allowed to leave her room without his knowledge.

His daughter was as little inclined to yield to his wishes as his clerk had been; but his work was only begun; he had much yet to accomplish, but he feared not of ultimate success; he had wealth and power, and he was determined to use them. Fortune favoured him. He returned to the bank, and spent the remainder of the day from home, to which he only returned at a later hour than usual.

In the meantime, Henry Morton had succeeded in obtaining an interview with his affianced one, and again heard from her lips, that she was his for ever; she would go with him wheresoever he willed—she would leave her father's home—and seek with him, whom she loved, that happiness which she could only hope to possess with him. Her father's wealth, his gold, his plate, the gaudy trappings of his stately mansion, all were nought to her; she would become the partner, the wife, of the banker's clerk.

On the following morning, she appointed with her lover to leave her father's house, unobserved, and join her hand to his for ever.

Henry Morton was happy—he possessed sufficient means to enable him to resume his early pursuits, and, with her he loved, a new life of love and happiness appeared before him. He proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for his private marriage with Mary Falkner, on the following morning, and was thus occupied until the night was already far advanced.

Precisely as the clock struck twelve, he knocked at the door of his dwelling, and at the same moment he was seized by two police officers, who arrested him on a charge of FORGERY! They were accompanied by one of the clerks of the establishment of Falkner and Roberts, who identified him, and pointed him out to the officers of justice.

The clerk was Richard Jeffreys, the same for whom he had privately discounted the bill!

As soon as he had recovered from his surprise, Henry

Morton inquired of the police officers the grounds of arrest, but they asserted they knew not, and were only possessed of the warrant, the legal authority for his apprehension.

His inquiries of his former fellow-clerk were more unsatisfactory, as he refused to inform him, although it was evident it was in his power to do so. His answers were evasive, and gave rise to suspicions in the breast of Henry Morton, to which he was previously a stranger.

At his earnest request, the officers accompanied their prisoner to his room, and permitted him to write a short note to Mary Falkner, in which he briefly stated to her, that he could not possibly fulfil his engagement to her, as a circumstance of a particular and unpleasant nature had occurred, which would prevent him doing so, but that he hoped in a few days to see her again.

Henry Morton was about to commit this note to the care of a confidential messenger, but one of the police officers prevented him from doing so, and offered to take charge of it, at the same time taking it from his hands, with an abruptness which indicated his determination to gain possession of, and to keep it. Remonstrance was in vain. Henry Morton was charged with felony, and the laws of his country already treated him as a felon.

As the clock of St. Sepulchre's struck one, Henry Morton ascended the steps of the station-house, and entered the door of his prison.

The police-officer who received the note conveyed it directly to Reginald Falkner's solicitor, to whom he handed it, in the presence of the banker.

Mary Falkner never received it!

Who shall pourtray the feelings of Henry Morton on that night! driven from his employment by his former friend; torn from his home on an unjust accusation; separated from her he loved by the fraudulent interposition of the law, he gave himself up to despair, and cast himself on his bed of straw.

But the small sweet voice of Hope still whispered in his ear—"THOU ART NOT GUILTY; Justice is on thy side; the laws protect thee; love awaits thee; let who will be false—friends, kindred, all this world beside—she is true; even now she awaits thee—even now her pillow, as thine, is bedewed with tears—even now her prayers ascend to Heaven for thee."

Shall not her prayers be heard? Shall not truth be triumphant, and Justice and Right prevail? Shall Power, and Gold, and Falsehood succeed, and these avail not?

Henry Morton thought not—knew not—how many had sunk before him the victims of oppression; that many a noble heart, and strong mind, and proud spirit, had heaved, like his, beneath the tyrant's hand, and had at length broken, without a kindred spirit to receive its last sigh—without a pen to record its woe, or a hand to avenge its wrongs!

He thought not, that at that very hour, numbers, like him, were stretched on their beds of straw, on the dungeon's floor, on the cold damp flags, the sacrifices to the demon spirit of the Age.

And Mary Falkner, too!—the hours of night crept slowly past, but she slept not; with beating heart and tearful eye she awaited the coming of the cheerful day.

Behold! the gladsome rays of the morning's sun streaks the eastern sky and illumines her chamber. It is lighted up; the hour has come, but her lover comes not; the clock has struck. Again and again its tones are heard, but the well-known signal salutes her not. "Is he false? Has he forgotten his vows? Has he forsworn his faith? No! no! no! that is impossible; earth and all else which it contains may be false, but Heaven and he whom she loves are true—he would come—he will come another time—this evening—perhaps to-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow!"

Henry Morton in vain endeavoured to sleep and forget for a few moments the thoughts which oppressed him, but the morning's dawn found him still a stranger to repose. In a few hours more he should receive some explanation of the charge upon which he had been arrested. Again and again did he endeavour to unravel the mystery, but all was conjecture, and satisfied him not.

Twelve o'clock has arrived—he stands at the felon's bar. Who are his accusers? behold Reginald Falkner and his partner, and Richard Jeffreys, enter the box.

The charge is heard, the bill is produced, the drawer and acceptor are present and deny the signatures—it is pronounced a FORGERY! Henry Morton's endorsement is attested by Richard Jeffreys, who denied on oath all previous knowledge of the bill, and proves its having been received from Henry Morton's hands. The evidence is conclusive—Henry Morton is committed to Newgate charged with felony!

The charge of forgery had assumed a more serious aspect than Henry Morton could have conceived; the evidence was against him—he could produce none to rebut it; he had no proof to bring forward of having received the bill from

Richard Jeffreys and discounted it for him. Richard Jeffreys himself had sworn against him !

He had no alternative—he should take his trial as a felon ; he should defend his character—his liberty ! His life was not endangered ; the laws of his country had shewn a little mercy, and had just blotted from out its blood-stained code the punishment of death for forgery.

But he might be transported for life as a convicted felon, and placed in chains, and set to work with the housebreaker and the highwayman ; to associate with the outcasts of the land, away, afar from Mary Falkner, in a foreign land, in a strange country. Who could say that his life should be spared, or that death itself was not to be preferred—any death but that of the felon !

As a period of three weeks was to intervene before the day of trial would come on, Henry Morton availed himself of this time to prepare for his defence. He informed his friends of his arrest, and of all the particulars respecting the charge of which he was accused ; they believed him innocent, but how was his innocence to be proved ?

Mr. Phillipson, the eminent barrister, assisted by junior counsel, was employed to conduct his defence. He saw the difficulties of the case, and made every necessary preparation.

But Mary Falkner was not forgotten. Henry Morton wrote again and again to his beloved one, but she replied not. His letters were conveyed to Reginald Falkner, who opened them, but delivered them not to his daughter.

Her distress of mind may well be imagined, when days passed over, and Henry Morton came not ; in vain she endeavoured to account for his absence—why did he not, at least, write ?—could an accident have happened to him ?—perhaps death had robbed her of him—she did not doubt his faith—a thought of falsehood never entered her imagination—she knew not what falsehood was.

From her father she could learn nothing ; although she met him daily, as usual, no word escaped his lips, from which she could learn her lover's fate—the name of Henry Morton escaped him not.

His manner, too, was altered towards her—he no longer spoke to her in harsh language, but addressed her in the most affectionate manner. He hoped that in a few weeks Henry Morton would be placed beyond her reach, or that circumstances would occur to favour the accomplishment of the object of his wishes, namely, the marriage of his daugh-

ter with Lord Melton, and he already prepared for the consummation which he so ardently desired.

To Lord Melton he excused himself, on the plea of his daughter's indisposition, and begged him to postpone the subject for a few weeks.

The domestics in Portman-square, were kept in ignorance of the whole proceedings; all communication between his residence and the banking-house was suspended, and even the morning newspaper was discontinued.

Fortune seemed to smile upon him now—but three days now intervened, before the wished-for trial would take place. If wealth could secure his ends—Henry Morton should not escape.

As none of the several letters which he had addressed to Mary Falkner had even been acknowledged by her, Henry Morton began to doubt whether she had received them—he could not doubt that she loved him, or that she was true to him.

But, two days before his trial, he wrote a letter to her, detailing the circumstances which had occurred, and begging to hear from her—even but a few words—it concluded thus:—

“Let me know if I am still dear to thee, and honour, liberty, life, shall still have charms for me; but if I am to lose thee, then, I care not, how soon one or all of these shall be lost; with thy love, I shall be happy—without it, I must be miserable.”

This letter, Henry Morton confided to the hands of a faithful friend, who delivered it into the hands of Mary Falkner, having assumed the character of agent to a Parisian house, for the purpose of gaining admission to, and seeing her. Mary Falkner knew the hand-writing, and concealing the letter from her mother, who was present, in a few moments retired to her room.

She broke open the seal and read the contents.

A loud shriek was heard, and then a fall. Mary Falkner had fainted!

Mrs. Falkner rang the drawing-room bell, violently, and then hastened to her daughter's room, but before she arrived, Miss Falkner's waiting-maid had already secured the letter.

Mary Falkner was raised, and laid upon the bed; the usual means resorted to by non-professional persons, were had recourse to, and the attendance of the nearest medical practitioner was procured.

In a few moments she recovered, and staring wildly around, inquired—

“Where am I?”

“You are at home, my dear,” replied Mrs. Falkner.

“Where is he?”

“Whom, my dear, do you mean?”

“Henry! is he not here?”

“No, my dear, he is not here, and has not been here for some time.”

Mary Falkner was some time before she recovered her recollection of what had just passed, but at length brought it to mind; fortunately, in her wanderings, she had not spoken of the letter, or it is possible that Mrs. Falkner might have suspected the cause of her sudden indisposition. As it was, she regarded her illness as arising from her father's conduct towards her, and, therefore, thought it prudent to conceal the circumstance from him.

Her mother, and other attendants, having retired, her maid spoke to her respecting the letter, and handed it to her, stating that she only had seen it.

Mary Falkner immediately wrote in reply to Henry Morton's letter, renewing her attestations of love and constancy, and her vows of fidelity; she concluded as follows:—

“Wherever you are, there shall I be—whatever your fate, that shall be mine—whether in a prison or free, acquitted or convicted falsely, you are mine—mine only. If you live, I shall live also—but if death comes, he shall only part us for a while.”

Mary Falkner's maid now became the confidential messenger, and frequent letters passed daily between the lovers.

The evening before the trial, an offer was made to him, that if he resigned the hand of Mary Falkner, the prosecution should not be persevered in. The offer was indignantly refused.

The day of trial at length came, and Henry Morton stood at the bar, arraigned for forgery! The evidence was repeated, as before the magistrate; Richard Jeffreys again perjured himself, and the prosecution closed. For the defence, no evidence could be adduced, except as to character. All the partners of the bank, except Reginard Falkner, were examined, and spoke in the highest manner of the prisoner.

Mr. Phillipson addressed the jury on the part of his client, in one of those eloquent speeches, for which he was so distinguished, and particularly insisted on the fact, that Henry Morton had a large balance due to him in the hands of the bank, at the time, and could have had no object in committing the forgery.

The judge charged the jury against the prisoner, and stated that they had nothing to say to the motives or objects of the accused; that the facts were too clear to admit of a doubt; and that the history which he had given as to his getting possession of the bill, was too absurd to be believed.

The judge was the intimate friend of the banker, to whom he was largely indebted.

Henry Morton was found guilty, and was sentenced to transportation for life!

A female dressed in black, with a thick, dark veil, was observed in the gallery of the court, during the trial. She waited until sentence was pronounced, and then left. It was Mary Falkner!

The friends of Henry Morton made several applications to the Home Secretary, for a remission of his sentence, but in vain. On referring to the judge, his guilt was as frequently denounced.

And a few days more, and Henry Morton is borne across the deep, away—afar—from her he loves; the two hearts which loved so well will be torn asunder—will be rent—will be broken.

Already the ship waits calmly on the waters for her freight, unconscious of its worth, her sails flapped in the gale, and the wind whistles shrilly through the cords.

But a few days more and she will speed through the briny deep like a thing of life, tossing the white spray from her foaming breast; her sails set and swollen by the breeze, and her cords stretching with their weight.

The day is appointed—on the morrow Henry Morton will be borne as a felon from his native land!

The night comes! his cell is lighted up; Henry Morton is there, so is Mary Falkner, true to the last and in the last; the minister of religion and a few well tried friends are there also. The marriage ceremony is performed, and the convict becomes the husband of the banker's daughter!

On the following day, the Arab sails for Sydney with Henry Morton on board, and in three days after, the Hebe follows in her wake, bearing the beautiful, the accomplished Mary Morton.

They enter the harbour of Sydney together, and the felon husband, and the faithful wife, embrace on the distant shore.

Three years have passed over, and Henry Morton has gained the esteem of the Chaplain of the settlement, by his good conduct, and is allowed partial liberty. His sufferings,

more mental than bodily, however, have pressed heavily upon him, and his health has begun to give way.

About this time, his friends again exerted themselves on his behalf, and with better fortune and more success. Richard Jeffreys was convicted of another forgery, and confessed that he was the forger of the bill on which Henry Morton had been convicted. Reginald Falkner, too, had retired from business, indeed from active life; their application therefore was successful.

Another year has passed, and Henry and Mary Morton enter the Thames in the *Adelaide*, from New South Wales, and once more tread their native land.

They take up their abode in the neighbourhood of Brompton, as Henry Morton has shewn symptoms of consumption.

Another year has passed, and a funeral enters the burial ground of Brompton Church—it is that of Henry Morton!

Mary Morton follows his remains, but she weeps not—in less than three months, she is laid in the same grave.

My tale draws to a conclusion, and the waters of Time are fast closing over Reginald Falkner, and his plans, and his hopes. Age and disappointment have rendered him imbecile; and he sits in his chair by the fireside, comparatively helpless.

One bright angel flits about him, and ministers to his wants—it is his granddaughter, Mary Falkner Morton.

The old man scarcely knows her, and frequently asks her who she is, and what is her name—he starts at the sound of Morton, but again lapses into a state of imbecility, and forgets, and again repeats his question.

In a very short time, even his name will have passed away, and his vain efforts to link himself to rank and station, to the sacrifice of happiness, and health, and life, will have been forgotten—perhaps for ever!

PEACE TO THE DEAD.

BY H STRATFORD.

PEACE to the dead !
 Lo ! when the breath is fled,
 No more sighing, no more sadness,
 No more suffering unto madness,
 In earth or stone, in oak or lead :
 Peace to the dead !

When this is sped,
 Then no more tears are shed ;
 No more hopings for to-morrows
 Ending, like to-days, in sorrows ;
 No more of battlings for our bread :
 Peace to the dead !

Peace to the dead !
 Truly, how truly said !
 No more stirring, straining, striving ;
 No more caring and contriving ;
 No more with empty follies fed :
 Peace to the dead !

Single or wed
 Calm in a clay-cold bed,
 No more silly, senseless jarrings ;
 No more wilful, wicked warrings ;
 No more the weary world to tread :
 Peace to the dead !

Is the couch spread ?
 Silent and solemn laid,
 No more sickness, no more anguish ;
 No more day by day to languish ;
 Oh, no more ache of heart or head !
 Peace to the dead !

What do we dread ?
 Rest and peace for the dead !
 Better, sure, is such sound sleeping,
 Than our waking and 'our weeping ;
 Then, prythee, now, no more of dread !
 Peace to the dead !

GUIDO D'AREZZI.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

By G. W. LOVELL, Esq.

(Continued from vol. ix., page 71.)

To mark the workings of the passions which agitate the human breast under the various circumstances of life—to contrast the softer influences of love, for instance, with the direful feelings of revenge, or note the ravings of remorse, the outbursts of danger, or the wailings of sorrow, is essentially the province of the dramatist.

In the tragedy before us, the author has selected but few of the nobler feelings of our common nature, in which to display his undoubted genius; the plot consisting of a series of contentions and disasters, which are the result of evil intentions, conspiracies, and treasons.

In the discovery of the papers to which we have alluded, the old ex-Duke Guido's breast is distracted by jealousy and revenge, and relates to Leonte the history of his attachment and union with the object of his love, in order to enlist his sympathies, and gain his assistance in gratifying his feelings of vengeance :—

GUIDO.

Ay—thou think'st
My wits are crazed ! Thou liest again—I am sane,
Not very calm, but of most perfect judgment,
As thou shalt find. Where was I ? ay—thy mother,
I think thou know'st I loved her—though indeed
Thy boyish heart could never judge the depth
Of my great passion—idiot—see my eyes
Are moistening now !

LEONTE.

I pray you, sir, be calm.

GUIDO.

But yet 'tis needful thou should'st know the story
Of my love's early course. She was betrothed
To Andrea, my cousin and my foe ;
For whom my hate was of a reckless force
As was my love for her. A needy villain,
Unqualified by one redeeming grace,

Except that passion. Hatred has its joys,
 And 'twas perhaps the hope to torture him,
 First drew my eyes on her. But looking there,
 My love had soon to such a frenzy grown,
 I lived but in her sight. I pressed my suit
 With all the energy of my hot soul,
 That would not be gainsaid. I shewed my wealth,
 Tendered my ducal throne—and they on whom
 Her hand depended, soon became my friends.

LEONTE.

But for herself, loved she your rival ?

GUIDO.

Ay !—

There was the cause on't ! But the bitterness
 Even of that thought, gave me a fiercer strength ;
 She wept—she sued to me—she said as much
 As maiden modesty might well permit ;
 And told me, though I should obtain her hand,
 Her heart refused me. But my ear was deaf,
 My eye was blind to all but my hot passion.

LEONTE.

Oh, was this well ?

GUIDO.

It was ! Because I knew
 My rival most unworthy, that her sweetness
 Would there be but polluted, and I knew
 Myself so bent in every energy
 To make her happy, that I *could* not fail.
 And then my rival's self, this Andrea, came ;
 He that so hated me—he bowed his knee,
 And craved compassion. How I triumphed then !
 It was a frenzy of delight ! I laughed !
 I spurned him from me !

LEONTE.

Sir, I 'll hear no more ;
 You shame yourself, and make your children blush.

GUIDO.

Be not offended, boy ! I tell thee this
 To serve thee for a *warning*, not *example*.
 It is the curse of power and unchecked youth,
 To nurse the idol, self. If it was wrong

It brought in time its fitting punishment.
 We wedded—and I gave up all my soul,
 To make her happy, and myself beloved.
 I would have given power, station, life itself,
 For this one object, but I strove in vain.
 Cold, sad, obedient, silent—all my cares,
 Fell as impassionless as the sun's ray
 On the snow mountain's top, that there sheds down
 A flood of beams enough to warm a world,
 Yet cannot melt one icy particle!

LEONTE.

Oh! constant faith!

GUIDO.

And then a child was born,
 And my heart revelled in its new possession;
 But when I fondled him—the peevish brat
 Shrieked in my arms, and struggled for his mother,
 Whose icy bosom thawed its pulse for him,
 And lavished there the love I would have died for!
 This was Viotto—Thou didst follow then,
 And Angela—but the intense affection
 Viotto claimed, the others never knew——
 And why? Come, guess it, boy! Thou dost already.

Guido, most anxious to secure the co-operation of his son Leonte, in carrying out his deadly feeling of animosity towards Andrea and Viotto, strives to effect his object by the detail of what he believes to be placed beyond the pale of doubt—his wife's infamy. The papers of which, as the reader is already aware, Guido has surreptitiously possessed himself, tend to prove the truth of his wife's inconstancy; and finding the natural indisposition of his son to listen to the foul aspersions on the character of a deceased parent, for whom he had entertained, to that moment, the fondest feelings that filial affection could suggest, he shews him the documents, that the unwilling Leonte may be assured of his mother's guilt:

GUIDO, (*presenting the paper.*)

Read!

LEONTE.

I will not!

'Tis profanation to my mother's thought.

GUIDO.

Read! read! Thyself hast vouched the character—

See here—to him—to Andrea—see the love
 These lines express, see how her soul is his—
 See how her heart rejects the ducal Guido (*pointing.*)
 See here—unceasingly his own—her name—
 Thou hast admitted it—thyself art witness—
 Witness and judge—look at the damning lines!

LEONTE (*snatching the paper.*)

There is no date! 'Tis nought—you said they loved,—
 And this was writ before she wed.—Here nothing
 But the outpourings of a noble soul,
 Racked by a tyrannous and wicked suit,
 To perjure its pure vows.—For shame! for shame
 To wreck my mother's honor on such sand!

GUIDO.

Look *here*, then! will thine eyes discredit *this*? (*shewing the other.*)

This *has* a date—the day before her death,
 To me addressed, but broken in the seal.—
 See! her confession—he is not my son
 But Andrea——

LEONTE.

'Tis a lie! 'Tis forged—I see it—
 It is not like the other.

GUIDO.

Fool! Thyself
 Didst vouch it hers!

LEONTE.

Though all the earth should stand
 And swear it hers, I'd swear again 't was false!
 Nay, though herself should from her icy tomb,
 Arise, and stand before me, vouching it,
 I would deny it still—would say I dreamed,
 Or that a spirit of evil took her form,
 To mock the majesty of female virtue!

This is a good passage, and affords scope for some fine acting. We could, however, have wished that this tragedy presented incidents of a more pleasing nature than those on which the interest of the play mainly depends.

It is true that such is the natural condition of the human mind, that it is ever ready to contemplate the horrible, with an inordinate amount of interest. The thief—the murderer—the adulterer—are all objects of *interest*—we will not say

pleasurable interest—but there is something about such characters that attracts and invites the attention, and throws a sort of halo around the acts of such individuals, that the mind loves to penetrate the mysteries in which they are ever involved, till it traces them to the termination of their career—rejoicing in the punishment of the very vices which they have been almost admiring, and without which no interest would have been excited.

But though the overthrow of vicious projects, which appeared to be advancing rapidly to prosperity, affords us pleasure, it is to be hoped that we dwell with much more gratification on those characters which present to our minds some of the delights to be found in the pursuit of virtue, and in the performance of incidents, which ever and anon call forth the display of the nobler feelings of the human heart, giving us a *pleasurable* glimpse—not of what man is—but what he might be.

In the work before us, we have the dark side of human nature presented to our view, with but few flashes of brightness to relieve it. If this should be considered by some as a fault in the play, it certainly is the only one.

Leonte's natural desire to repel the insinuations, involving the fame of his mother, is well displayed, and would appear to much advantage on the stage. Guido, still finding Leonte hesitating, strives to stir up the deadly feelings which are agitating his own revengeful breast; but the youth finds refuge in reproof, which our author manages with much poetical skill:—

LEONTE.

Revenge is not for man ! oh then, forget it !
'Tis Heaven's dread charge, guarded so jealously,
That he who with unhallowed hand essays
To launch the awful bolt, finds it rebound,
Drive deep in his own breast. To man is given
A nobler arm—forgiveness !

Guido at length prevails on Leonte to join him, in returning to Parma, on his expedition of vengeance ; and, effecting their escape from the monastery of St. Mary, the second act ends.

The third act opens with a scene in the palace of the Grand Duke Viotto.

Andrea hands Viotto a letter, which has just been brought by a hasty messenger, from the Prior of St. Mary's, who gives information of the flight of Leonte with Guido, intimat-

ing the deadly purpose they have in view. Whilst they are conversing, a second messenger arrives, bringing tidings that, having in company with his fellows, who were despatched by Andrea to attack the fugitives, should they meet with them, carried their orders into effect, they had been unsuccessful, and that both his comrades fell in the contest, and he alone escaped to bring the news.

Viotto fears his displacement from the ducal throne, and that the appearance of his father will bring his friends to his aid—those friends who believe him imbecile, and unfit, in consequence, to reign, and that the discovery that the old man is well in body and sane in mind, will raise public feeling in his favour.

The plot begins to thicken. Guido suddenly breaks in upon the brothers, who are about to fight, and having stopped the rencounter, by an interview with Viotto, in which the old man mentions his intention of reinstating himself on the throne, by proving Viotto to be the son of Andrea—the proofs being in his own possession.

Here we have an effective scene—Guido states the fact that he is able to prove Viotto's bastardy. Viotto assumes a careless indifference at the intelligence, whilst the old man allows himself into being entrapped to shew his papers of proof. Viotto reads; but informs the old ex-Duke that if he will read a certain paper, which he gives him, he will find his proofs vanish. While Guido reads the paper, Viotto coolly lights the document on which the old man's case rests, at a taper standing on the table before him. Guido discovers the trick just in time to see the destruction of the paper, and guards entering at that moment, the old man is committed to their custody. This finishes the third act.

As this act is taken up principally in the development of the plot, we have omitted to make extracts.

(To be Continued.)

THE DRAMA AND PAINTING.

THE friends of the drama have, during the last few years, witnessed a very great change in the arrangement of the *dramatis personæ*, costume, scene, and the furniture introduced into a dramatic performance—a change in every way for the better; assisting the illusion of acting, giving greater

pleasure to the man of reading, and greatly conducive to the success of an author ; it must, however, be clearly understood, that mere commonplace ideas cannot, or ought not, even with all these aids, to be forced upon the town instead of true tragedy, or comedy ; although a dramatic trifle, a burletta, or a melo-dramatic effort may be tolerated, if the tailor, scene-painter, property-man, and manager have exerted themselves for that purpose.

Propriety of scene, costume, and furniture, have been gradually advancing since the time when Garrick was accustomed to play Hamlet in a black velvet suit, bag-wig, and ruffles, and Othello in a lamp-black face, scarlet-laced coat, and cocked hat, because Othello was a military gentleman. Garrick first, John Kemble after him, attempted a reformation. During John Kemble's reign, or King John's, or Black Jack's, (which were his names behind the curtain,) some substantial changes were made in the production of the classical drama. Classicality was, in his time, the rage ; valuable works on the antiquities of the Greeks and Romans had been produced, which were of the greatest assistance to Kemble in placing on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre, the classic plays of Shakspeare and other authors ; and to give due effect, a French tailor, from the Theatre Franois, was expressly sent for, by whom the Roman togas now in use at Covent Garden were made. This care, however, does not appear to extend beyond the plays of classical subjects, as Falstaff was, and is, still played in nearly the identical costume worn as the military dress fashionable in the reign of George the First and Second. Hamlet, Romeo, Mercutio, Richard the Third, were all dressed in a compound of costume from the dates of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. Charles Kemble, during his reign, greatly improved upon this state of things, by engaging Mr. Planché, the dramatist and antiquary, to search for and design correct costume for several plays of the great bard. From the period of Charles Kemble's management, much information was amassed respecting English antiquities ; costume became a subject of inquiry, and many works were written upon armour and weapons, Gothic architecture, and furniture. The names of Strutt, Smith, Meyrick, Pugin, Shaw, Fosbrooke, Ellis, and others, are familiar to artists, and ought to be so to theatrical managers. Mr. Macready, upon assuming the reins of theatrical government, wisely profited by the artists' and antiquarians' labours, and the plays produced under his management were astonishing for the general accuracy of costume, liberal expenditure,

scenery, furniture, and the whole stage effect. But the great size of the Theatres Royal, the internal debt they have incurred, the extensive free list, reducing the manager's profits, the charges for admission, and a change in the popular amusements, all combine to close the great theatres upon the tragic and comic poets of our country; consequently, the Haymarket, Sadler's Wells, and the theatre at Marylebone, have been obliged to shelter our otherwise houseless bards.

Historical and romantic painting has undergone a precisely similar change, from an absurd cast of costume, to propriety in this respect; and it is curious to see the stage and the canvass reflecting each other's image at this time as well as in past years. The same want of research is shewn in the Boydell Gallery, which, as our readers know, is a collection of engravings after pictures by our best artists, illustrative of the works of Shakspeare, and the same absurd mixture of costume clothed the actors on the stage as well as the figures on the canvass. Hamilton, Smirke, Opie, and the other artists, were content to adopt the costume they saw on the stage or at fancy balls, and in defiance of propriety, clothe all their figures in such heterogenous dresses—and without thought as to the date—only excepting the classical plays or scenes; while, on the other hand, actors having no authority to study, or without controul on the part of the management, dressed their characters just according to their own fancy; or if a particular figure or costume happened to strike them in any picture, it was at once adopted, so that “bad led to worse,” and nonsense, as far as costume was concerned, reigned triumphant, both on the stage and on the canvass.

Messrs. Strutt, Stothard, Hamilton, Smith, Meyrick, and Planché, have effected the present change in the costume now adopted by actors and artists; while in furniture, scenery, and general arrangements, Pugin, Shaw, Hunt, Richardson, and others, have produced works which can be safely followed.

On the Continent, propriety of costume has preceded its general adoption in England, and we, therefore, find our French neighbours are scrupulously correct in these respects, both in their stage arrangements and in their historical pictures. The great care which characterized the production of “*Much ado about Nothing*,” “*Winter's Tale*,” “*Macbeth*,” “*Hamlet*,” “*King Lear*,” “*Henry V.*” and other plays, under Mr. Macready's management, with comedy under that of Madame Vestris, and the same attention to propriety now carried on by Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells, Mr. Webster at

the Haymarket, and Mrs. Warner at the Marylebone theatre, have elevated the *mise en scene* to an art, of which former stage-managers had but a faint idea, and it is this art with which we propose to deal in our magazine.

As we shall not attempt to instruct the stage-manager in his business, well knowing that the technicalities of different professions differ greatly, so we shall hope to escape the imputation of vanity ; but while we thus sue for indulgence from manager Strut, we must take the liberty to indicate to the despots of the stage, in what manner the art of composition applies as well to the grouping of actors on the stage, as to the grouping of figures on a canvass.

Time was, when a common parlour chair, with merely a cover thrown over it, did duty in genteel comedy, in tragedy, and in melo-drama, just as a scene in Regent-street or Piccadilly represented a street in Rome, Athens, or any street, anywhere ; but travelling, sketch-books, and a general spread of knowledge upon the subjects render such carelessness or meanness now a dangerous course for a manager to adopt, and only in very humble establishments are these anomalies found. Most theatrical managers vie with each other in a liberal supply of means for providing stage effect.

The actor, if thoroughly intent upon his profession, considers himself, from the moment of his appearance, to his exit, as presenting a series of pictures, in which propriety of costume and action are all fully considered ; language, emphasis, and style of delivery belong to the theatrical critic, and though we will not touch upon that part of the actor's profession, we propose only to consider the stage as a picture, and the proscenium as the frame ; and in this view we are (at least to ourselves) perfectly justified, for the liberal expenditure of our theatrical managers affords every scope for completeness of stage effect, and it only requires the manager to listen to artistic hints, or to study composition, in order to produce, at every change of scene or of grouping, the most pleasing effects, of one or two figures, or, in a general assembly of the *dramatis personæ*, a fine and extensive composition.

Having premised so much, it is our intention to devote a portion of our Magazine to artistic critiques upon the drama, and to elucidate, in the course of these criticisms, the principles of art upon which much of the beauty of the *mise en scene* depends.

The justly merited praise which Mrs. Warner has obtained since her management of the Theatre, Marylebone,

commenced, was corroborated by the manner in which she placed Moore's tragedy of the "Gamester" upon her stage; and although we shall not give it unqualified praise in our present critique, it was, to general observers, a close approximation to excellent.

The tragedy dates about 1755, and appears to have been similar in that time to Marston's play of the "Patrician's Daughter" in ours; that is, an attempt to write a tragedy upon the probable events of domestic life, and in which the actors appeared in the ordinary costume. The tragedy of the "Gamester" also possesses the merit of being a play for all time, for the slightest alteration would make it act well, and consistently, in the present costume. The costume, then, of 1740 to 1755, or even a little earlier, might with propriety be adopted; but that in which most of the actors appear, as it is done at the Theatre Marylebone, dates later, about 1780 or 1788; this is not a great sin certainly, but supposing 1788 to be the date adopted, it would have greatly aided the general effect, if the ladies' costume had been also of that date. Artists know, as well as stage managers, the necessity of sombre hues and subdued colouring to produce a melancholy tone of feeling; and, therefore, some characters introduced in Hogarth's prints, or Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits, or Stothard's illustrations to Harrison's Novelist, would have afforded a tragic and melancholy costume to Mrs. Beverley, and also to her husband the Gamester. Mr. Beverley's costume (to our eye) would have been better had he been dressed in a velvet coat with a little embroidery, instead of a heavy and ordinary-looking court suit, the more so as Lewson (his friend) was attired in so gay a dress, that it gave a common and tradesmanlike appearance to Beverley, the chief actor.

Assuming the date for the dresses to be 1780 or '88, there was (excepting the ladies) little to wish altered. Hair powder and tragedy can go together. The scenery was tolerably correct, except in the saloon where the gamester is discovered sitting, a ruined man, which was a hall or saloon of the date of the Renaissance, instead of the debased Louis Quatorze style, namely, Louis Quinze; nevertheless, it elicited, as it deserved, a hearty round of applause. The beauty of the scene, richly-gilt chairs, covered in velvet, thrown down, extinguished wax candles, cards strewed about, half-emptied decanters, &c., all betokened study and active management. The street scene at night, where Jarvis, the steward, seeks to console his half frantic master, was very effective, both in the scene painting, the grouping of the figures, and the acting, as was also the last scene in prison.

Mr. Johnson, as Stukely, played the part quietly and admirably, and appeared really, either by nature or by study, to have been a gentleman of the powder and ruffle period; his deportment was correct, his action good, and perpetually reminded us of the puritans of that date, for certain costume produced certain attitudes, which are characteristic of the period; and it is essential in old comedy to preserve the turned out toe, the erect well poised attitude, the snuff-box, stick, sword, buckles, ruffles, and cocked hat, the latter more frequently under one arm than on the head; also the hand placed inside the waistcoat, the ruffle being displayed. These attitudes belonging to the time of minuets, and hair powder, are constantly found in pictures and prints of that date, in theatrical prints especially, and being so characteristic, should be closely studied by the artist and the actor.

Mr. Graham, as Beverley, was gentlemanly, natural, and forcible; but his general appearance was somewhat injured by a slight stooping of the head, which seemed as if it might destroy the equilibrium of his figure, and certainly marred the flowing line, considered so essential to beauty. Mr. Cooke, as Jarvis, was well dressed—his attitudes good—his acting excellent. Mr. J. C. Vining, as Lewson, would have much improved his clever impersonation of this part, if he had been more solid in his style of declamation, and in his attitudes. His legs were not well arranged so as to support his body gracefully, and betrayed a want of attention to the works, or the theatrical portraits by the artists of the last century. The same remarks apply to Dawson and Bates, Stukely's confederates; true, they might be gentlemen, or otherwise.

Mrs. Warner's Mrs. Beverley is well known, and the tears she draws from the audience must assure her of her success in this part.

Her exquisite acting would not have suffered in the least by her being dressed in the same date of costume as the gentlemen adopted. Mrs. Siddons produced wonderful effect in the costume of the last century. So could Mrs. Warner.

Charlotte (Beverley's sister) was prettily acted by Miss Angell; but the dress was of yesterday.

A few hints given by an artist, but of course modified by stage necessities, would speedily overcome these slight objections, and render the *tout ensemble* of a play as faultless as many of those produced with so much artistic skill on the French stage.

The Pantomime which followed had some beautifully painted scenes; the Isle of Beauty was charming, on the light scale of colour; a landscape, with a waterfall, was also sweetly painted, reminding us of a picture by Ruysdael; the fairy-like portion was also skilfully arrayed, the colour light and joyous; the magic car and transformations in the highest degree creditable to the machinist, property-man, the artist, and the management. A crowded audience bore testimony, by their rounds of hand musketry, to the beautiful manner of putting on the Christmas treat, and seemed to relish highly the capital jokes introduced; the grace and agility of Mr. Howell, the Harlequin, and the brimful measure of fun in Mr. T. Matthews, the Clown.

At the Olympic Theatre, Mr. Gustavus V. Brooke has made, what in theatrical parlance is designated a "great hit," for the house was crammed to excess in order to see his performance of Othello. His person is good, and his attitudes frequently well chosen—sometimes possessing great dignity; his voice has great compass with the lower tones, rich and deep; his declamatory passages calm and grand in delivery, possessing great force and point. These are admirable qualities in a tragedian; but to our ear the style, although one of great physique, requires cultivation, which an acquaintance with a refined London audience would induce; and with the opinion that Mr. Brooke, by careful study, will become an ornament to the stage, we will refer to that artistic view of the play, which is especially the business of this department of our Magazine.

As the company at the Olympic appears to be one formed of London favourites, who are without engagements at other theatres, and the resources of the management rather restricted, it would be unfair to find fault with many points which would involve expense. The scenery is not quite equal to that at other theatres, in design or execution; and some glaring defects were observable, which require but little, if indeed any, farther expense. The views in Venice were tolerably good, but were marred by having the wings of London scenes,—red brick houses, with square windows, and a portion of Regent-street architecture. Othello's head-quarters were of the date of Louis Quinze, and the chairs and furniture of the period of Anne—anachronisms too bad for the present day. It appears strange, that with the guides to propriety now easily accessible—such as the Illustrated Shakspeare, published by Charles Knight—the books by Planché, especially upon Shaksperian costume,

weapons, &c., that mistakes should be so constantly made. In these works, every dress required in the tragedy of Othello is distinctly figured—with the reasons and authorities given; but all through the acted play, no change of Othello's costume takes place—whether before the Senate—in the habit of peace—or whether upon a warlike expedition against the “Ottomites.” The same is the case with Desdemona, in doors, or out—no change—no cloak, cap, or bonnet, to mark the difference—of being in Othello's castle, or having just disembarked from the galley. Mr. Stuart's Iago was an admirable performance; but neither Iago nor Cassio bore any military sign about them. In Planché's book of the costumes of this play, Iago has (and Cassio also), a buff coat, to which Cassio alludes in the scene where Roderigo makes a pass at him. They ought also to have a silver scarf of the colours of the captain under which they served—this being the origin of the officer's crimson sash.

At the Olympic, these discrepancies of costume may be accounted for, as no doubt each actor or actress dresses from their own private wardrobe, and therefore, after their individual taste; but whenever a play is dressed by the management, the dresses should be in strict conformity with given authorities,—even in this case, such dresses as the management supplied, although not absolutely correct, were sufficiently near,—such as that of the Duke of Venice, the Estradoits—the Halberdiers—and the Senators. The scene in the Council Chamber was well put on, and the effect of the illuminated town, good. The whole well deserved the patronage which is bestowed upon the exertions of the manager and company.

NOCTES DRAMATICÆ.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “PEEPS INTO SHAKSPEARE.”

A chat about things old and new.

How sweetly does any mention of the olden time come to us! Its various manners and customs possess a peculiar interest, and we look back upon them with a fondness and almost respect, which those of our own time fail to excite. It is the blessed gift of memory to invest with tender charms each scene on which it rests, and as we ponder o'er the days of yore, many a dream of sweet romance arises in the mind. All that was uncouth is softened and subdued by the mellow

tints of time, and we gaze upon them in imagination, taking in only their general and pleasing traits, as we do from the mountain brow upon the valley with its little hamlet, whose *tout ensemble* charms us, but whose details, as we stray through its narrow and rugged streets, are certainly very remote from the picturesque.

We muse on tilt and tournament, with all their associations of bright eyes and waving kerchiefs, glancing spears and dancing feather, of moonlit towers, and opening lattices, while we hear the gay serenade floating to us on the breeze of evening; and these are very sweet thoughts too, but we transform objects strangely: we never think of the cumbrous and ungainly armour which cased those gallant knights of imagination, inconveniently interfering with the grace and agility we picture nor do we ever remember that the lady's bower, which to our fancy is the home of elegance and comfort, a dwelling of Flora, was what many a peasant of our day would deem absolute misery, nor, that when she opened her lattice, whose crooked panes of horn were not favourable to the wooing of the sunbeams, or the more gentle pleadings of Cynthia, to wave her snowy kerchief of homespun fineness, in answer to the dulcet lay of love, whose melody, however dear to her, would natheless sound but harshly to a modern ear, consider that it was hymned by lungs more apt to shout the battle-cry, and fingers far more used to "actions in the tented field," than to the well-strung cords of the soft lute. But blessings on thee, gentle Fancy, for veiling these unpleasing realities from us! we have enough of stern reality in every-day life to clog our spirits, and we are almost angry with ourselves for saying aught which could, though but for a moment, destroy the fair illusion. The same transformation is felt most strongly in our own lives. Who does not look back upon his childhood with pleasure, whether the scenes that memory dwells on be joyous or sad; though sorrow be the prominent feature in the retrospect, even that sternest of all stern realities has lost its sting, and the sunshine rests where not a flickering ray once shone to cheer us with its presence. And perhaps the same feeling blends unconsciously with those fashionable whims, the collection of *old* pictures, and *old* china, which have so long continued in vogue. We call them whims, although they have an apparently sound foundation whereon to rest. No one could refrain from admiring the works of the divine Raffaele, and the glorious band whose names are ever associated with his; but we have a supreme contempt for the folly which seeks out every dingy daub, not for any intrinsic merit, but simply

because it is dingy, and has the appearance of age—marks probably acquired in the garret, to whose cobwebs it has been consigned by some true connoisseur, who, knowing its real value, treated it accordingly. How widely this mania is extended, a glance into our galleries and drawing-rooms will at once discover. With the latter we confess we have no sympathy, other than the recollection it brings of our grandmothers in all the glory of brocade, high-heeled shoes, and hair-powder.

But there is another relic of the olden time which enjoys a nominal reputation, and although it is one justly meriting our utmost reverence, we grieve to say, is now only esteemed by tradition and without actual knowledge—we mean the *olden dramatists*. It is the custom to speak of them in many a laudative strain, and to descant in a vague and indiscriminating manner on their genius, but if question be made, few will be found who know even the titles of their works, and as to anything further, it is hopeless. But this verbal homage, though it be but lip-service, is not wholly without a moral; it denotes a foregone conclusion, a veneration of their works which has been handed down through sequent generations, and though now its voice hath ceased and echo only bears the whisper, yet we still bow to some faint motion of the spirit; excited, we scarce know how. As one of the poets of whom we speak has beautifully expressed it—

“ Having clasp’d a rose
Within my palm, the rose being ta’en away,
My hand retains a little breath of sweet.”

So it is; the flower hath gone, ay, withered, but still its fragrance finds a little dwelling-place within the soul, and thence all silently it wreathes with thought.

We are too much accustomed to take things for granted which are delivered to us, to form opinions from mere hearsay, whilst our indolence prevents the exercise of that judgment and examination which alone can warrant us in forming one. Did we reflect how much we oft-times lose by such a course, we would less frequently pursue it. The present is an instance—a mine of precious thought lies ’neath our feet, and yet we are content to know the treasure is, without putting forth a hand to grasp it. And, truly, the works of Lyly, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Decker, Webster, and a host of other worthies who lumined the world at a time when, comparatively speaking, darkness enshrouded it, stealing over the mind like morning sunbeams ushering in a day of light, are enriched with beauties which would amply repay

any trouble in their research. It is true that there is a multitude of writings of that day, and even by the same men who elsewhere shine so brightly, wherein the good is as 'two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff, you may seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search:' but when these are expunged, there is amply sufficient left to raise a monument of immortality.

Modern times have nothing worthy of being compared with the olden dramatists—our present writers are certainly not to be mentioned in the same breath. Knowles, who is generally placed at the head of the list, is a decided imitator of their style, and, to our minds, an unsuccessful one—the attempt is too evident, and as it is but an assumption of their crudity of style, without their powerful and original ideas, we think it materially injures his productions. The tenor of his mind is so essentially modern, that thus, to use the olden mode of expression, seems like tacking an old piece of cloth into a new garment, making both appear worse. Bulwer has not this fault, but he has others equally serious. He has, doubtless, occasionally a passage whose melodious rhythm and poetical thoughts linger on the ear, but taken as a whole, there is nothing in him—nothing solid or deep—nothing which rises above the description of "pretty." The difference between him and those of old is much the same as that betwixt the Oxford-street exquisite and Diogenes in his tub—the one displaying the whole extent of his brains in the cut of his coat—the other, careless of outward appearances, but richly stored inwardly with true wisdom, and although "frosty" at the same time "kindly." Of Talfourd, we think much from the specimens he has given. Marston is a *poet*, but he is not a dramatic one; his inspiration is for the closet, not the theatre. We wish the distinction were more generally regarded than it is, for though a dramatist in the higher branches of his art must be a *poet*, it by no means follows that every poet is a *dramatist*. After mentioning Lovell, and one or two more, there remain but a few small fry, whose names, scarcely known now, will in a few short years fade from the earth like a summer cloud.

How great is the change which has come over the world of mind, in this branch of literature, since the days of "the good Queen Bess"—good through association, if nothing else. Genius has been taken from the *few* whom the muses made their peculiar heralds and given to the *many*, here a little and there a little, till by division and subdivision scarcely any substantial and tangible proof of its existence now re-

mains. Our minds are cast in a totally different mould from those of our forefathers; we have lost their depth and solidity, and have become shallow and flimsy. Disliking their bold and unpolished style of composition, notwithstanding the richness of their materials, we have turned to the opposite extreme; we pay infinite attention to measure and rhythm; we seek out all high-flown and sounding phrases to please the ear and the eye, and satisfied thereby, we overlook the fundamental part. Provided the ginger-bread be well gilt, we care not how insipid it is. Our spirits sympathize with the spirit of our age—the steam engine! Impressed with new ideas of speed and materialism through its agency, we have become cursory and superficial in thought.

Now-a-days, if a man would write a book of travel, he jumps into a railway carriage, and is whisked along at the rate of forty miles an hour; he looks out at the window and views the scenery moving like a panorama around him; he has scarcely fixed his eyes on a beautiful spot, a sunny lake, a wooded slope, than—whiz—he is past it, and there comes a factory chimney, whilst “the sky changes” with a vengeance; he has but a *glance* at them, and after that fashion does he write. But our steady pacing ancestors saddled their nags, and with their holsters before them, set off on their month’s journey of two hundred miles. They did not fly past everything which attracted their notice, and content themselves merely with a glimpse; they did not skim over the surface of things like us, nor did they rouse themselves from a meditation at the sound of a railway bell, hinting to them the necessity of *thinking* even, at a certain rate per hour. No, they did not deem it incumbent upon them to gallop past every rural spot where Nature and Beauty, twin sisters, had made their dwelling; but, if it so pleased them, they might tarry for an hour together and “moralize the spectacle”—might lie upon the verdant sward, and listen whilst the brook sang ditties to them, and the bees brought thronging fancies, sweet as their own honey—gazing upon some smiling landscape. In short, they pondered—we jump at conclusions.

Comparing the Drama to a pyramid, they were in every point of view the base, solid and substantial, the pedestal on which the whole building rests; and now we have woefully tapered up.

Dean Swift, wittily and sarcastically exclaimed against the ancients for forestalling all his ideas; and those who study the old masters, have this frequently recalled to their minds. We are much more indebted to the past, than we commonly

admit, and in subsequent "evenings" we may point out a few rather strange *coincidences*, between the very first modern writers and those of old; we would give them no harsher term, for we by no means assert that there has been any intentional spoliation, and we mention them only as facts, which bear upon the subject in question.

And let it not be supposed, that we seek to undervalue the genius of our own age—no one could feel greater pride in the glorious names which adorn its annals than ourselves, but as regards the branch of literature whose claims we are discussing, we are compelled to admit that the mantle of the olden Dramatists has not fallen upon the shoulders of any in this day. We cannot, however, but regret the impurities that so grievously mar their works, defacing inspirations otherwise of perfect beauty. We object most strongly to anything which passes the boundary, so properly drawn betwixt refinement and coarseness, and more especially in poetry, which, from its very nature, is destroyed by the slightest taint of impurity, and we would deal mercilessly with all that does *really* pass this Rubicon. Much, however, may be said in their extenuation; we must remember that very many of those expressions, which to our modern ears bear offensive significance, were then used and understood in a very different sense; respecting such passages, we have nothing to say but "*honi soit qui mal y pense*;" for it is as unfair to criticise the language of an olden writer by the standard of modern phraseology, as it would be to call him illiterate because his spelling would crack the skull of any Priscian of this day. And then it should also be borne in mind, that they professed to give delineations of the characters and manners of their own times—and to have made their gallants and boors talk like the drawing-room lacqueys of this, would have been ridiculous. Doubtless, however, there is much that had better been away, however we may attempt to palliate and excuse it.

We confess there is a great deal of cant and absurdity too in our treatment of these writers. We never take up a modern edition of their works without being disgusted—if there has been a single word admitted, however small, however obviously a slip of the pen, the want is supplied in a parenthesis, with a long note appended to proclaim the name of the talented individual, who first discovered that the author was as liable to omit a trifling word in the haste of composition, as any thick-skulled mortal amongst us. No, no, we would permit no tampering with the text of an author, but for heaven's sake let us not make such a fuss about a mistake,

which, whether it lie at the door of the author or printer's devil, is equally unimportant.

It is not a little curious to mark the gradual progress of the drama from its infantine state, through the various stages of Miracle and Moral Plays, Mysteries, and Interludes, at first slow and almost imperceptible, until having passed, though timidly, into the realms of Comedy, the strides became more rapid and decided, and at length the emboldened spirits assayed the more lofty paths of Tragedy.

Miracle Plays, the origin of the drama in this country, were of the simplest construction, and had for their subject—plot it could not be called—some scripture story, such as that of Cain and Abel. They were introduced by the monks, during the twelfth century, perchance to excite a more lively interest in their own teachings; but, in truth, the novelty must have gone far to create their popularity, as the very best of them are most dry and uninteresting, and words and metre are both of the rudest description. The Interludes, though they were certainly a vast improvement upon the former, were still much inferior in point of action and interest to Comedy; yet still they manifested evident signs of near approximation to that style.

The actual performance on the stage, too, kept no unequal pace with the advance of the written drama. At first, all plays were performed by children trained for the purpose by the monks, and these retained undisputed possession of the field for many long years; but as fresh vigour became infused into the dramas, an occasional opposition began to be exhibited, and attempts were made to introduce performances by those of more mature age; and notwithstanding the disapprobation with which the innovation was at first encountered, it continued increasing in reputation, and at length became established, as the dramatists allowed themselves greater scope, and soared above the capacity of their juvenile rivals, who, however, still continued their efforts, and are noticed by Shakspeare as enjoying a popularity even in his day.

How brilliant must have been the course of the drama after the Interlude merged into Comedy, the works which have been handed down to us most amply testify. And we can conceive the rapid and wondering transition of public opinion from the dull simplicity of the Interlude, to the beauties of the new style, since even now we look back on them with such admiration and reverence, spite of the lapse of time, and the alteration in the current of thought. Aye, and instead of "familiarity breeding contempt," the more

we know them, the more we admire. They have long been our companions, our friends, and they are dearer because they are *old* friends. Many a winter evening have we spent with them beside the cheerful ingle, whilst the gruff winds rumbled in the chimney, and the hail battered on the windows; and many a pleasant chat have we had together, so pleasant, that "the witching time of night" still stole upon us unperceived. And now we will endeavour to impart the same pleasure to as many as will, doubting none, that they who do become acquainted with them, will never have cause for regret, but soon love them as dearly as ourselves.

But our lamp is waxing dim and sleepy, (small blame to it on this occasion), and the ticking lecture of our time-piece at our theft from the night, growing fearfully distinct and solemn; so we must no longer disregard their friendly counsels, but at once say "Good night" and "*au revoir!*"

THE STRANGE BED; OR, A NIGHT AT A ROADSIDE INN.

By B. A. R.

A protracted attack of what I believe medical men call "dyspepsia," compelled me, in the year 182—, to seek the fashionable shores of Brighton in search of health.

While at that place I was advised by an intimate friend to seek the professional advice of one Dr. ———, a retired physician, who lived some miles further south, and whose reputation was great. Feeling anxious to lose no chance, however small, of recruiting my declining health, I determined to start on an equestrian expedition, in search of Dr. ———, and, having obtained a note of introduction from my friend, by the aid of the landlord of the inn, I was enabled to select a smart little chesnut cob from the stable of mine host.

Accordingly, having partaken of a light breakfast, one morning in December, 182—, I mounted the sturdy little nag provided for me, and forthwith turned his head towards the memorable South-downs.

It was a beautiful morning. The air was clear and cold; and the sun was just scaring the frozen dew drops, which capped the cumbered blades of grass, and the huge bold hills which greet the traveller as he approaches the little town of Lewes, were about to doff their crystal robes for the more sombre garments of brownish green—the peculiar appearance which the South-down hills present all the year round.

The face of nature smiled—though not the ruddy smile of summer—but withal, a cheerful smile. The trees, it is true, were void of foliage, but yet they did not droop. The hedges, though not green, were thick and bushy; and the birds ever and anon hopped from twig to twig in cheerful search of nature's provisions.

The scenery of this part of England is peculiar. The boldness of the hills is remarkable,—the ridge of mountain being unbroken, save by occasional bushes of furze, which are spread here and there, sometimes in large patches, and more frequently in solitary tufts; so that the line of hill is continuous almost as far as the eye can reach.

The sharpness of the air induced me to ply my Bucephalus well with my heels, so that in a very short time the hills that immediately surrounded the pretty little town of Lewes hove in view. On completing a rather sharp and curving ascent in the road, the Castle of Lewes, with its ivy-clad tower, bursts upon the sight. This building seems considerably elevated above the level of the surrounding house-tops; indeed, it appears as if its foundations commenced in the chimney-pots of the houses below. The town is surrounded by hills on all sides, which contribute much to the beauty of the landscape.

On reaching Lewes, I found that my place of destination was yet some seven miles distant; so, resolving to refresh my inward man, and at the same time to rest my horse, I drew up at the first good inn I could find, and having consigned my Rosinante to the care of the ostler, after recruiting my strength with a mutton-chop and some stout, I set forth to look at the town.

Lewes is very peculiarly situated. It reminds me of the seven hills on which Rome was built; but in this respect I must think that it perhaps outvies the ancient Capital of Italy, seeing that it must be built on at least fourteen. You cannot get in or out of Lewes, on any one side of it, without having to descend one very steep hill, and mount another. This circumstance, no doubt, in former times, added considerably to its importance. From its hills, the surrounding coast, to a very considerable extent, can be plainly observed; hence the position of the town as a sort of defence upon the coast is obvious.

I found so much to occupy my attention profitably in this little town, that I remained longer in it than I should have done; so that, by the time I was mounted for my journey, I had but an hour's light before me.

Following the direction by which I had been instructed,

I left Lewes by what is called the Offham road, and here I was indeed struck by the beauty of the scene. It was a lovely afternoon, the sun was assuming that golden tint, which is particularly discernible in the declining day, and which seems to take the place of the bright yellow trees of the early morning, and a corresponding degree of what artist's call "warmth of colouring" was imparted to the scene. On leaving the town, the road ascends very considerably, so that on the main road you are elevated above the ground on the right, whilst to your left is a continuation of the chain of hills, which extends almost from Brighton to considerably beyond Lewes. Thus, the Offham road is a sort of medium line between the hills on the left and the low land on the right, in which lies the bed of the river Ouse.

I was so struck by the beauty of the view, that notwithstanding the sharpness of the cold air, I stopped to gaze upon the scene.

Stretched at my feet lay the river, winding its serpentine course along its peaceful banks, until it disappears among the trees, far, far beyond; the stream, appearing to issue from the town, glides silently at the feet of the nodding willows, until it reaches the locks, beyond which it seems to decrease in breadth, until it is lost in the distance, appearing but a mere strip of water to the sight.

In front, the eye has an immense range of vision, these parts of the country being flatter, and not so hilly; and there the eye can scarce distinguish where the mountains end in clouds, the horizon being enveloped in dark blue ether, which dims the further progress of the sight.

Passing through a toll-gate, which is very picturesquely situated, I reached the little village of Offham, and here an angle of the road excludes the distant objects from the sight.

The shades of evening were now fast closing upon me, and I had yet some distance to travel. It was obvious that the object of my mission could not be accomplished that night.

However, I rode on for some miles, resolving to locate myself at some inn near the house of Dr. —, whom I might then wait upon early in the morning.

The improvements which have taken place in travelling during the last few years, have had the effect of rendering the road-side inn—that comfortable little refuge for the weary—a comparative rarity. From time immemorial, the hostelry has been famed. When England was distracted by civil wars, the road-side inns were places of rendezvous for the various partizans; each one generally being patronized by one particular party, holding certain political sentiments.

Here, as frequently as circumstances would permit in those disturbed times, those friends and neighbours, who had occasion to venture so far from their homes, would take up their abode for the night, being fearful to travel after dark; spending the long winter evening in quaffing their cups of sack, and discussing—when they were sure of the fidelity of their companions—the perilous politics of those turbulent times.

The responsibilities, therefore, of mine host in those days were great. It was a matter of the greatest importance to friend Boniface, that he should know the sentiments of those who were in the habit of favouring him with their custom. In the days of Cavaliers and Roundheads, in spite of the best endeavours of the landlord to preserve peace, the most sanguinary scuffles would ensue, when partizans of both sides had gained admittance to the hostelry. The imbibition of sundry flagons of good old ale would generally be followed by some exhibition of quarrelsome *badinage*, and as no other subject was scarce broached, save the Puritanical cant of the “Red-nosed Noll,” or the vagaries of the thoughtless monarch, high words soon gave place to the more unequivocal mode of enforcing arguments—main force, which generally ended seriously.

However, as the times gradually softened down into a more peaceable condition, so, of course, the road-side inn became a more comfortable place of rest for the weary traveller of the present day, who so far differs from his valiant ancestors in preferring his own comfort to a quarrelsome disputation on the state of the political world.

But now, even the old remnant of feudal times, “the road-side inn,” must soon disappear, to be seen no more.

At the time of which I am now writing, the great leviathan, STREAM, had not laid waste the broad lands of Sussex, so that still “the Road” occupied its primitive position. Since then the aspect of matters has changed.

But to my story. Having determined, as I have mentioned, to put up for the night at the nearest inn, after an hour’s riding I drew up before a spacious looking house, with a huge sign-board dangling before it, indicative of the purposes to which the house was applied. The evening had become too dark to enable me to distinguish the sign, but I soon learned that I had arrived at “The Jolly Duchess.”

The house appeared to be one of the old Elizabethan edifices, the rooms being large and spacious, the windows high and narrow, and divided into compartments. I made my way through the high and wide doorway, and following

the direction of the landlord, I ascended a wide oaken staircase, and was introduced into what they were pleased to call "the parlour," but which had been the hall. It was a lofty room, having at its further end a capacious fireplace, so extensive indeed, as to contain seats for at least six persons in the chimney corner. On the hearth was a very large wood fire, on which the yet unlighted logs were piled so high as to give great promise of a cheering conflagration in a short time.

Before the fire was an oaken table covered with the necessary implements for drinking; port-wine bottles, spirit decanters, tumblers and hot-water jugs, wine-glasses filled with cigars, &c.; and round the table were seated several persons engaged in disposing of these various creature comforts, and seemingly well pleased with their occupation. Having drawn towards the cheerful fire, I began to examine more minutely the general appearance of my companions. The countenance of my next neighbour plainly told he was of Hibernian descent; indeed it were easy to discover from the loud tone of Mr. Patrick Rooney's voice, more especially when he enlarged upon the fact of his being still kept out of the enjoyment of a very large estate with a very long name which I have forgotten, as well as by his dialect, that he was a genuine son of the Emerald Isle. In person Mr. Rooney might not perhaps be called handsome, but pleasing; his features being generally good, but ever wearing a peculiarly quizzical appearance, which added to the humorous expression of his countenance.

He seemed a well-dressed and gentlemanly man, evidently well bred, and had, it appeared, been hunting that day, but his horse falling suddenly lame, he had taken up his quarters for the night at the inn. Mr. Patrick Rooney talked very fast and very loud; so that he was not long in acquainting me with the circumstances which found him in the dilemma I have named. I, in my turn, briefly narrated the occasion of my visit to "The Jolly Duchess," not forgetting that part of my mission which involved Dr. —, whose advice I was anxious to obtain.

Pat Rooney—for by this abbreviation I shall distinguish him, expressed himself delighted at the occasion of our meeting; adding that Dr. — was an intimate acquaintance of his, and he would be happy to introduce me to him in the morning. Pat finished by introducing me to his friend and fellow countryman, Tim Murphy, a pale emaciated-looking youth, who sate next to him, and whom, it appears, he had met when with the hounds in the morning.

I was always an admirer of Irish characters, and, although

I have no connections whatever in or with that unhappy country, I cannot but deeply compassionate those noble hearts that breathe upon its shore. It may indeed be said of Erin, in the words of the bard—

“Alas, poor country! almost afraid to know itself!”

But no more of this. My admiration of Irish character somewhat cemented the good feeling that speedily sprung up between Pat Rooney, his young friend Tim Murphy, and myself; and whatever was wanting to complete a perfect understanding between us was effected by some of the landlord's rumpsteaks and very best old port.

It was a long time since I had luxuriated in a merry-making of any sort; for my medical advisers had strongly recommended the most rigid temperance, as one very important means of assisting in the cure of my complaint. My spirits, for some months prior to my leaving London, had been somewhat desponding, for the unsuccessful results of the uses of remedies had induced an idea that the chances of my recovery were very small.

Among other odd fancies which occasionally perplexed me was an idea that by some unaccountable agency which I could not attempt to explain, I should not be able to rest in a strange bed; and though I had for a length of time been possessed of this notion, it did not recur to me till some time after I had been comfortably settled with Pat Rooney and his friend. The thought troubled me I confess. It was not that I feared any supernatural visitants from another world, or that the approach of the midnight murderer was any cause of alarm; but it seemed to consist in a kind of nervous presentiment, in which it is perhaps fair to affirm that I am not alone. I remember the feeling from my earliest years, a feeling which time even has failed to eradicate.

“I can assure you, Mr. Rooney,” said I, addressing Pat on the subject, “that, however silly it may appear in me, I must candidly confess that I entertain this foolish fancy as vividly as I did in my boyish days. But you must make allowances for my health, Rooney. My doctors all tell me I'm——dyspeptic, I think they call it.”

“I'm sorry for you, my boy,” said Rooney, slapping me upon the shoulder; “I know what that is, for I've an old mare with that same. And doesn't the old girl puff and blow like a broken-winded steamer! and will you believe me, I think she talks in her sleep of a night, for sometimes I'm hearing strange noises. May be you talk or walk in

your sleep?" inquired Pat, gravely looking at me with an inquiring glance.

Tim Murphy laughed.

"Now, be aisy wid ye, Patrick, man, and don't be frightening a respectable gintleman out of his seven senses!" said Tim, looking at Pat Rooney reproachfully. "And won't you and I be slaping in the next room to him? never fear, sir," he said, addressing me, "Pat Rooney and I know every inch of the house from the back attic down to the door-scraper, and we 'll be able to get the best bed-room for ye, bating the bed."

The idea of "talking and walking" in my sleep never occurred to me. How dreadful if it should be so! Might I not do these things without knowing it? But surely I should have heard from others had I been known to suffer from such calamities? These thoughts tended somewhat to disturb my mind, so much so that I accepted Tim Murphy's offer to arrange with the landlord about my room, and bidding Pat Rooney a good night, I followed Tim Murphy's example, who retired to rest after effecting the proposed arrangements for my comfort.

The chambermaid shewed me to a very spacious room at the top of the house. The window looked out upon a tolerably-sized garden. It was a lovely night. The bed prepared for me was a huge four-poster, well provided with chintz curtains on all sides. In fact it looked like a small house. Having extinguished my candle, and drawn my night-cap over my ears, it was no long time before I had completely disappeared beneath the bed-clothes, endeavouring at the same time to dissipate from my mind any idle thoughts that sought to intrude themselves upon the imagination. Why should I not sleep? The toil and excitement of a day's travel in a strange country, and eventually taking my rest in a strange bed, were thoughts that occupied my mind. Every circumstance that had taken place from my setting out in the morning to the extinction of my night-candle recurred in rapid succession, so that instead of feeling disposed to sleep I felt more wakeful than ever. But perhaps that side of the bed was uncomfortable, so I tried the other. That was better. But then the moon was shining directly in at the window. To obviate this inconvenience I pulled my night-cap over my eyes as well as my ears. But no, I could not sleep. The house was now quiet, even the waiters had retired to rest, and I was, perhaps, the only person awake in the house!

The clock struck—another hour! I felt thirsty, but it was

too cold to get out of bed and avail myself of the water-bottle. Hark! footsteps on the stairs! Tramp—tramp—tramp to my very door; they stop. It is somebody with a light, for it shines through the key-hole. They proceed—tramp—tramp—tramp—the sounds gradually decrease until all is quiet. I felt relieved; and being less inclined for sleep than ever, I threw aside the bed-curtains, determined to enjoy the beauty of the night. The reflection of the moon's light upon the snow made my room as light as day; every object was rendered perfectly distinct. But a few moments before I had felt the cold severely, now I was feverishly hot—pah! how parching is the fever of excitement!

But even the beauteous night had lost its charms; and determining once more to “address myself to sleep,” I drew back the heavy chintz curtains, and deposited myself in another corner of the huge bed. The coldness of the sheets was delightful. My thoughts wandered, for I could not think connectedly on one subject. My poor mother—Dr. Bosky—the adventures of that day—my acquaintance with Pat Rooney and Tim Murphy; until these personages were all huddled together in my thoughts.

How long I continued in this state I cannot remember; but my attention was aroused by the sound of footsteps on the stairs, though now there seemed to be more than one person. Ha! There was whispering. The noises approached, but they were still cautious footsteps stealing along the passage that led to my door, as quietly as possible.

The sneck-latch of the door was cautiously raised—the door slowly opened, and the tall figure of a man dressed in riding gear, but without boots, and a low-crowned hat slouched over his face, stood before me. My involuntary start at the appearance of this sudden apparition aroused a suspicion that I was about to defend myself; for before I had time to cry aloud the villain had rushed to the bed-side, and laying his brawny hand upon my throat, effectually choked my utterance. But the wretch was not alone. Close behind him stood another man, whose face I was unable to distinguish, as he stood with his back to the light. He, too, seemed a stout fellow, and, as well as his companion, was equipped for the saddle.

Resistance was out of the question. In a moment I was pinned to the bed, the huge hand of the first villain leaving me only my nostrils to breathe through, whilst he knelt with one knee on my chest. Not a word was spoken. Motioning to his companion with his hand, the fellow pointed to my clothes as they lay biled on a chair; whilst the other, acting

apparently in obedience to his fellow-thief, quietly rifled my pockets of their contents. This done, he possessed himself of my gold watch—a birth-day present from my poor mother—which lay upon my dressing table—and which he carefully put into his own fob. As he faced the moonlight, I caught a glimpse of his face and—gracious Heavens! it was Pat. Rooney! I looked hurriedly in the face of the villain who pinioned me, and I saw at once that it was Tim Murphy!

“Look sharp—Pat,” at length said Tim, breaking the awful silence. “You’ll find the razors there on the dressing-table; and the strop close handy. By Saint Pathrick, it’s cowl’d! look sharp; we must be off soon.”

It then flashed across my mind that the reason why Pat Rooney had offered me the loan of his razors over-night, was in anticipation of his diabolical intentions. Fool that I was to be so confident and unsuspecting!

Pat soon found the razors; and quietly drawing a chair to the dressing-table, he carefully opened a razor and proceeded to draw it along the strop in order to sharpen it.

Good Heavens! they meditate murder! The cold perspiration stood in large drops upon my forehead. The villain Tim pressed harder and harder upon my throat. I tried to kick—to scream—but he pressed harder upon my chest, so that I feared speedy suffocation. Pat Rooney having sharpened the razor to his liking, and testing its edge upon his thumb nail, proceeded to tuck up his sleeves, the more easily to accomplish his deadly purpose of extinguishing my “vital spark.”

“Hold him tight a minute, Tim, while I’ll be making him another mouth to breath through,” said Pat, making for the bed with huge strides. It was a moment of horror. Pat, with the gleaming razor in his hand, sawed the air with his arm preparatory to the fatal incision—I could bear it no longer—“Murder! fire! thieves!”

* * * * *

“And can’t you be letting people sleep quietly in their beds, but that you must disturb the *paice* of the neighbourhood?” said Pat Rooney, poking his night-cap through my bed-curtains on one side, and Tim Murphy on the other; “What, in the name of the evil one’s the matter wid ye?”

“Wretches—stand off!” I cried. “By heaven the man that dares—hollo—Pat—Tim—why—what o’clock is it?”

* * * * *

I have since often thought of that awful night; and have since taken especial care *not* to have rumpsteak suppers qualified by bad port wine and British cigars, just before

going to bed. Dr ——, whom I duly consulted the following morning, told me, with a smile, that nervous men should never travel; and that above all things it became a man of my temperament—dyspeptic I think he called me—and a man of somewhat excitable nerves, to avoid the *nightmare*, and not sleep in

A STRANGE BED.

DRAMATIC GENIUS.

BY RICHARD BEDINGFIELD.

THE intellectual giants of the days of Æschylus and Shakspeare were not content with depicting the manners of an epoch; but sounded the depths of humanity with profound wisdom, and appeared to see the soul of the great universe.

In the mind of a man like Shakspeare, how much is there that must ever remain problematical even to a severe and resolute thinker? It is impossible to regard the naked grandeur of Lear, the sublime aspirations of Hamlet, the awful mystery of Macbeth, and the harrowing passion of Othello, without a sentiment of wonder, as if we discovered revelations from the spiritual world of the inmost secrets of our nature. How difficult to any but a man of the greatest genius to make such elements subserve a dramatic purpose!

Dramatic genius is among the rarest of human gifts, and has so many and great requirements, that it stands next as a marvel to divine inspiration itself.

Compare Shakspeare with Plato, he is no less sublime and philosophical; or with Homer, and he is no less original, vigorous, and overpowering. Terrible as Dante, yet sweet as Virgil; delicate and ideal in his painting, as if the spirit of Raffaele had passed into his being, but with Michael Angelo's breadth and sweep of outline, He is at once a poet, a philosopher, and a great artist; so that his defects themselves, (and he had a great many) are forgotten in the magnificence of his universal glory. He is the sun of our drama, and the brightest of stars "hide their diminished heads" when he appears.

Dramatic genius receives little fosterage or encouragement at this time. Music is being diffused far and wide; but although its mission is high, it is inferior in *essence* to the drama. Music is the interpreter of subtle emotions, but the

drama is the glass that mirrors our common nature wherever it is.

There are cheering symptoms at this time, denoting a re-action in *favour* of the drama. We have more than one fine actor capable of embodying the grandest characters of the tragic muse, and poets must arise capable of writing fine plays. Even if we have not great actors and great dramatists, we are leaving behind us what is merely artificial and conventional, and are rapidly advancing to a better school both of writing and acting. Art will have its due place, but nature will be acknowledged a loftier thing.

In the progress of civilization, the drama grows of more and more importance in a social and moral aspect, but its religious character receives some modification. The dramatist may be as religious now as in those primitive times when religious mysteries were written and acted by priests; but he must regard the manifestations of passion and intelligence wherever he may find them, and see the hand of Providence not only in mystery but in our common life. And surely genius is never more worthily employed than when penetrating into the recesses of the human soul, and contemplating the miracle of humanity, adoring the Inscrutable Wisdom which has ordained the mighty drama of existence and its unknown purposes.

Reviews, Notices, &c.

THE EMIGRANTS OF AHADAMA. By W. CARLETON.
London: Simms and M'Intyre, 1848.

THE name of Mr. Carleton stands high in that department of Irish literature, which has been enriched by the names of Edgeworth, Banim, Griffin, Lover, and others. No living author excels him in portraying that depth of feeling so peculiar to the Irish character, or in exposing the machinations of the several parties with which that unhappy country has been divided. There is but one objection to Mr. Carleton's writings, namely, that he occasionally consults the prejudices of his readers to an unwarrantable extent. The publishers have acted most spiritedly in the bringing forward of the work.

MAN IN THE MOON.

THIS little work abounds, as usual, with a profusion of wit, which seems to indicate an inexhaustible supply in the fountain heads—Albert Smith and Angus B. Reach.

'SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE. London, January, 1848.

THIS number of the Magazine sustains the general character of the work. "Maude Allinghame," by the Editor, reminds one forcibly of the "Ingoldsby Legends," to which it is every way equal. We regret we cannot afford space for a long extract.

Theatres.

HAYMARKET THEATRE ROYAL.—The principal event of the past month at this theatre has been—as announced in the Magazine of last month—the re-appearance of Mr. Charles Kean and Mrs. Kean, the once celebrated Ellen Tree, although postponed to the 17th instead of the 10th as was originally intended, in consequence of Mrs. Kean's indisposition. Five years had passed away since they had performed before a London audience, which time was spent by them to good account in America and the provinces.

The play of "The Wife's Secret" was selected by Mr. Kean for his appearance, most probably in consequence of its favourable reception in America, and the great success which had there attended his and Mrs. Kean's performances in the principal characters.

"The Wife's Secret" is by Mr. George W. Lovell, the author of "The Provost of Bruges," "The Avenger," and many other public favourites. It is one of his happiest productions, and contains many beauties, which must recommend it to general approbation.

The extreme simplicity of the plot of "The Wife's Secret" affords but few of those striking incidents which serve so effectually to sustain the dramatic representation; but every opportunity is taken advantage of by the author to introduce passages, which, for beauty of expression, exquisite feeling, and decidedly poetic character, cannot be surpassed. On these the play depends: and Mr. Lovell's merit is the greater in having produced a play of such decided merit from incidents of so trifling a nature. Its success was complete,—the audience receiving it with applause, and at the conclusion calling for Mr. and Mrs. Kean, and the author, who bowed his acknowledgments from one of the stage boxes.

Of Mrs. Kean's acting little need be said, as she has long

since established her character as one of the first actresses of the day. The great perfection of her acting resides in her power of expressing the sentiments of her part with truth, and in never o'erstepping the modesty of Nature. In this she has not, perhaps, her equal on the stage.

Mr. Kean has improved much since his last appearance in London, and will take his place as a graceful and accomplished actor; he may not produce those startling effects on his audience for which the late Edmund Kean was so remarkable, still he will always succeed in pleasing. He has gained more confidence in his own abilities, and resting on these rather than on meretricious aids, has advanced towards nature as he has receded from art, and with the happiest results.

Mrs. Keeley, as Maude, added considerably to the success of the play, as did also Mr. Webster, as Jabez Sneed, and Mr. Howe, as Lord Arden.

OLYMPIC THEATRE ROYAL.—During the greater part of the month this theatre has been enriched by the performance of Mr. G. V. Brooke, a gentleman new to the London boards, but long favourably known in the provinces.

Certainly no actor has appeared, since the days of John Kemble, to equal him. Edmund Kean may have been equal to him in some of his favourite characters, but Mr. Brooke's personal appearance, and natural advantages, place him in a position second only to John Kemble. His figure is tall and graceful, his voice melodious, and his judgment and discretion most excellent. His reading of the character is the only true one we ever met with, divested of that boisterous passion and melo-dramatic expression which have usually disfigured the noble Moor. The character of Othello is truly represented, as it should be, by Mr. Brooke, and, we feel persuaded, as it was intended by its immortal author.

Mr. Stuart, in Iago, ably supported Mr. Brooke; indeed, his Iago must be regarded as belonging to the first order of fine acting. Miss Stuart's acting as Desdemona was pleasing, unconstrained, and unaffected.

Miss Glyn, a pupil of Charles Kemble, made a tolerably successful appearance on Wednesday evening last. As a first appearance it was creditable; but there is room for that improvement which a better acquaintance with the stage will effect.

Want of space precludes a notice of the other theatres this month.

Answer to Charade—"Ass-ass-i-nation."

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE TIMES; OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE AND ITS REPRESENTATIVE.

ALL is excitement—the streets, and lanes, and allies, and courts of the city are crowded with people, some standing in groups in earnest conversation—others walking rapidly, or even running along, with papers in their hands, as in pursuit of some valuable treasure which they had lost.

All ages and ranks are to be seen amidst the motley groups—here stands a man of apparent wealth, finely clad, with gold chains around his neck, and an air of importance, which indicates that he has pretensions, at least, above those around him; he listens to the observations of another like himself, and replies in calm and measured terms. There stands another, of more doubtful appearance, in the midst of a crowd of similar characters, whispering eagerly to his listening companions.

Here a youth, scarcely sixteen, may be seen, with the staid features and fixed countenance of age, there an old man, with all the vivacity and apparent energy of youth; they are engaged in the same pursuit, they are both equally eager—the pleasures of youth entice not the one, and the experience of age is unknown to the other.

Behold yonder building, with raised steps and modest portico; it stands at the extremity of yonder court, it is the Stock Exchange; crowds are assembled around its portals, and numbers pass to and fro, and enter its threshold—its doors swing on their hinges, and open and close without ceasing.

A man dressed in black and holding a bundle of papers in

his hand comes out—numbers rush towards him, he whispers one, hands a paper to another, and retires to speak to a third—who is he? One of the Exchange brokers.

It is with difficulty that one can make way through the crowds; they assemble in the courts, on the pavement, nay, in the very streets, almost reckless of life and limb.

Even the fair sex are engaged in the tumult—behold yonder carriage, which stands at the Bank corner, a coronet marks it as belonging to a noble owner, it is that of the Marchioness of Airsbury—she leaves her carriage at a distance, and enters her broker's office—she buys and sells to the amount of thousands, and is responsible for millions!

Rich and poor—young and old—high and low—the learned and the ignorant, are engaged in the exciting scene—no profession protects its followers from swelling the number of the victims of mammon—even the dignitaries of the church forget their sacred calling, and enter the arena of SPECULATION.

It is the railway mania of 184—.

In one of the streets adjoining these tumultuous scenes, the principal offices of the Grand Casualty Railway are situated—it is board day—a meeting of shareholders is to be held in a few days—the clerks are busy, and ply their pens without ceasing.

In the principal office, a man is seated at a large table, which is covered with newspapers, railway journals, letters and accounts. He holds a newspaper in his hand, and reads, “ ’tis the ‘Times.’ ” Although past the meridian of life, he is still strong and healthy, and seems to be well adapted to the active duties of the post to which he has been appointed, Chairman of the Company.

Of middle height, his figure is coarse, and inclined to corpulency—his head is large and thinly covered with brown hair—his forehead is broad—his eyes small and penetrating—his lips prominent; what is your opinion of him? Is he intelligent?

A disciple of Lavater would pronounce him a man of naturally strong mind, but feebly cultivated; a phrenologist would be prepossessed in his favour; a less scientific person would pronounce him a man of intellect, but not a gentleman.

Say what people will, there is something in the tone, and manner, and appearance, which indicates the gentleman; dress will not fashion it, study will not acquire it, society will not impart it.

It resides in the mind, and especially depends on a degree of sensibility, which renders the possessor alive to those delicate shades of feeling, which are not felt by coarser minds. This may be refined, improved by education and society, but can never be acquired.

This joined with a portion of good sense, and good morals constitutes a gentleman.

A gentleman is like a poet—he is born, not made—and may be found in the humblest walks of life.

George Spencer is the name of the party described ; it is but a few moments past ten—he has breakfasted an hour since, and now peruses the monitor of the day.

But a few years since George Spencer was an humble tradesman in the town of Rockfield, in Yorkshire ; he kept a draper's shop, and was remarkable for—nothing particular.

He had a few good qualities, which are common, and especially now-a-days, and are always estimable ; he paid his way—thought more than he said—and knew when to speak, and what to say.

In his native town, for he was a native of Rockfield, he passed for a Solon, if not a Solomon ; but as the town was not large, this is not surprising, as every village possesses its wise man.

At a fortunate moment, when railways were in their infancy, and the mass of the public had little confidence in them, he purchased a few railway shares ; his purchase was successful ; he made a second, and a third purchase ; these also succeeded ; he persevered, and success followed his steps.

He saw the golden opportunity and embraced it ; new prospects opened to his eyes ; he acted spiritedly, yet discreetly ; his career has been one of success—of triumph ; no conqueror ever marched with more rapid strides, but his path has been that of peace and industry ; he gains thousands but he spends thousands, and has become one of the merchant princes of the land ; he deserves all he has acquired, but for one fault.

He has become a member of Parliament, one of the so-called representatives of the people, and aspires to higher honours.

George Spencer, at the time of which we were speaking was engaged, reading “The Times,” suddenly his brows knit ;—something has displeased him.

At this moment a tall personage, dressed in black, entered the office ; it was one of his confidential clerks ; his appearance

was opportune ; George Spencer gave expression to his feelings, and vent to his indignation.

“ Confound it ! another leading article ! there is no standing this—I shall show the fellow up. I shall move for a committee of the House, and if that don’t succeed, I shall stop our advertisements. Liberty indeed : there is no liberty in the country whilst every fellow who can scrawl, is at liberty to excite public feeling and raise a rebellion in the land ;—heads cut—limbs broken, and lives lost. Is it not the natural consequence of things ? Who can expect to travel without accidents ? Let them insure their lives, and so provide for their families : and who were they ?—a third class train—there is an end of our glorious constitution if this be not put a stop to.”

John Scribble, the confidential clerk, made no remark, indeed appeared to take no notice of this speech of the railway potentate, but proceeded to open a ledger, nearly four feet square, and extract therefrom some memoranda which he required.

At length George Spencer addressed him—

“ What do you think Scribble ?”

“ What sir ?”

“ Here is another attack on me in the “ Times,” about the last accident on our line.”

“ That at Rochford, sir ?”

“ No, no.”

“ That at Mercham ?”

“ No ! not that—that at—I forget the name of the place.”

“ The Stamford affair, sir ?”

“ Yes, yes ! the Stamford affair.”

“ Well, sir, and what does the editor say ?”

“ Say ! why, he says the authorities must interfere—the people must be protected—what does he want ? Are we to provide umbrellas, and feather beds, and dreadnoughts, and Macintosh cloaks for our third-class passengers ? a pretty dividend we should have—not five per cent.—interfere too—the authorities interfere with private enterprise—as long as I have a voice in the country, or a seat in the house, no man shall so violate the British Constitution, without my strenuous opposition—what but private enterprise has raised the country to its present state of prosperity wholly unexampled ?”

“ Nothing, sir.”

"Look at our funds—our three and a-half per cents.—our consols—our three and a quarters—our revenues."

"Yes, sir, and our charities."

"True, and our squares, our public buildings, our bridges."

"Yes, sir, our hospitals—our jails—our work-houses."

"Magnificent ! and our docks, our canals, and our railways—what constructed our railways, but private enterprise ? what good has it not done ? had we no railways, we should have had no stations, no cuttings, no embankments, no tunnels, no shares, no nothings."

"I question, sir, if the penny postage could have been carried out without them."

"And yet the fellow, the editor, as they call him, forsooth, must attack us, because some half dozen people have been killed."

"Perfectly shocking, sir."

"Do you know him Scribble ?"

"Oh, perfectly well, sir."

"Is there no mode of stopping him ?"

"I fear not, sir ; we may withhold our advertisements, that may have some effect."

"I shall get Jenkins to blow him up in the "Railway Independent." By-the-bye, Scribble, how does the account stand with that last accident !"

"To the debit of profit and loss, sir, fifteen hundred pounds."

"Fifteen hundred pounds—impossible, it cannot be—do you know the particulars ?"

"Oh yes, sir, very well ; I have them in my memorandum-book, here they are."

"Read them out."

"Injury to locomotive, seven hundred pounds."

"Pooh, pooh ! Scribble, the engine was not worth the half of that ; it has been running constantly for the last six months, and wanted new fire-bars, new boiler, new frame, new wheels, and new safety-valve—put that down at one hundred and fifty."

"Yes, sir."

"What next ?"

"Eight carriages damaged, repairs five hundred pounds."

"How is that so much ?"

"There were two empty cattle trucks in the train, which were completely broken."

"Oh, true; they were new too—that was a sad job—gone on."

"Compensation to various passengers, twenty pounds."

Scribble continued to read the various items of the accident, until he had gone through the last, when George Spencer concluded the conference, by exclaiming—

"But for that untoward event, we should have worked our line for twenty pounds per mile less than any other company in England; as it is, we do it for ten pounds less. As this is board day, let every thing be prepared by twelve o'clock. Recollect, I have promised ten per cent., and must keep my promise; enter this accident to stock account, and do not mention it in the report."

Scribble bowed and left the office.

At this particular period of English history the ingenuity of the several railway companies was exerted, to the utmost, to expose the second and third class passengers, but particularly the latter, to the inclemencies of the weather, in every form; the carriages were open overhead, so that the upper part of the person was completely exposed, and in order to preserve as much uniformity as possible, the bodies of the carriages were framed, so as to resemble lattice work, by which means the wind had free access to the limbs, and thus a system of ventilation carried on, more than sufficient to satisfy the most enthusiastic friend of sanitary measures.

One company improved considerably on this plan of *ventilating carriage*, by having the bottom perforated with a number of holes, so that the air had free access upwards and downwards, carrying with it the dust and coals of the engine, for general and gratuitous distribution amongst the passengers.

When these contrivances were contrasted with the accommodation of the first class carriages, the superfluities of which were sufficient to provide the others with the convenience necessary, the conviction forced itself involuntarily on the mind, that the comforts of the wealthier were provided at the cost of the poorer passengers.

The number of persons annually sacrificed in these railway carriages, must have been very great indeed, as the old and infirm, females and even tender infants, were to be seen in the depth of winter carried through a freezing atmosphere, or in a fall of snow, at a rate of 15 or 20 miles an hour.

It was only an experiment in natural philosophy. Happily,

the law at length interfered, and caused a better accomodation to be provided, although this is still sadly defective.

George Spencer, being now left alone, for a few moments, indulged in the following soliloquy.

“Ten per cent—yes, 10 per cent—little enough for the trouble we have taken—the outlay of capital, and the risk we have run.—Interest, that is the touchstone after all—it is the grand regulator of all human actions—the incentive to exertion—the reward of industry and talent.—What prompts Lord Morden to pursue his country’s weal, and aspire to the highest offices in the state?—nothing but interest; he may talk of philanthropy and benevolence, all fudge, downright nonsense, nothing but interest. What prompts the soldier to face the enemy on the plain of death?—his pay,—his promotion,—his pension,—his interest; he talks too of glory and of laurels;—the proudest laurels to him are a cocked hat and feathers, improved rank, increased pay. What urges the merchant to risk his wealth, his health, and life in the toils of commerce? interest to be sure; all, all are dragged, pulled and pushed about by this grand mover of mankind; it is the regulator of all our actions,—the very pendulum of the social state that keeps the machinery in motion, aye, and oils the wheels too. Although my Lord Morden seems to think otherwise, but he has never studied the human heart as I have done, great pity he has not, and he would trouble his head less about improving the state of society, as he calls it, and all that sort of thing.”

George Spencer had scarcely concluded when a messenger entering the office, handed him a note, he opened and read it—

“DEAR SIR,—

“I beg to recommend to you the bearer, John Wills, son of one of my oldest parishioners; he is a young man of excellent abilities, good moral character, and every way suited to fill a responsible situation on your railway. Any assistance you can render him will be esteemed a favour by

“Dear Sir,

“Your very obedient servant,

“WILLIAM NOCTEN.

“Curate of Penport, Yorkshire.”

“William Nocten, Curate of Penport, Yorkshire,” ex-

claimed the man of fortune. "Oh, this is the benevolent clergyman, whom I met at Fontley Hall, some time since, whom few seemed to know, and nobody cared about—a species of Mentor bee, which hums about one's ear, and occasionally leaves a sting, not easily forgotten—rather presuming on so short an acquaintance."

Upon this George Spencer rung the messenger's bell, and on the entrance of the officer directed him to say that there was no vacancy at present.

The messenger retired, when George Spencer exclaimed to himself—

"Why one would imagine that our line was an universal receptive institution, where any one who had nothing else to do should find employment. I'll let them know it is no such thing."

At this moment the messenger entered again and handed the director another note, which he opened and read—

"The Countess Millars's compliments to Mr. Spencer, and begs to recommend the bearer, Thomas Steady, to an employment on the railway. Steady has been butler to Earl Millars for the last twenty years, and is still active, although rather old for his usual occupation.

"Grosvenor Square, Monday morning."

"By all means—must be employed—the Countess Millars's wishes must be complied with."

Here George Spencer again rang his bell, and having written a short note, directed the messenger to hand it to Steady, with directions to take it at once to the station at Higwell, where he should be immediately engaged. The messenger retired.

George Spencer threw himself back on his chair, and exclaimed—

"Dear Countess Millars, one word from you is sufficient; only take me under the shadow of your wing, introduce me to society, gain Mrs. Spencer and me admission to Almack's, and bless me with your favour and countenance, I shall, indeed, be happy. Then for a coronet, and to hand down the name of Spencer to a long line of ancestry. But time flies, and I must prepare to meet the board."

In a few weeks after, a serious accident occurred at Higwell, in which several persons were severely injured, and one passenger killed.

A coroner's inquest was held as usual on the body, and after a careful inspection of the engines and carriages, the signals and other matters, connected with the station, but unconnected with the accident, the jury returned a verdict of "accidental death," accompanied by a recommendation to the directors of the company that the signal should be changed to a more exposed part of the line, as soon as possible.

The signal retained its place, but Thomas Steady was removed to another post, where he is appointed to equally responsible, but less arduous duties.

CHAPTER VI.

A VERY DIVERSIFIED CHAPTER, IN WHICH MANY THINGS ARE DISCUSSED ; AMONGST OTHERS, BREAKFAST, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY, LOVE AND MARRIAGE ; NOTWITHSTANDING, IT WILL NOT PLEASE EVERYBODY.

As might be expected, the first matters discussed at breakfast, between Lord William and his guest Sir Harry Britton, were of a physical nature, and consisted of sundry cups of tea, and coffee, toast, muffins, a few paté's, and a bottle of French wine, which was placed expressly on the table for Sir Harry Britton, as he had, while on the continent, contracted a taste for this beverage at breakfast, which his stay in England had not removed.

Having supplied their natural wants, they proceeded to discuss various matters of a light, pleasing character, with not unfrequently the first topics discussed after either breakfast or dinner, where the company consists, as in the present instance, of individuals of the male sex. Hunting, racing, shooting, the opera, alternately attracted their observations for a few moments.

"By the bye, Britton, have you heard of Lord Ettrick's late losses on the turf?"

"No, have they been considerable?"

"At least twenty thousand pounds, which, added to his losses during the previous season, have compelled him to dispose of his stud, and retire to the continent."

"I never bet on racing."

"Why so, pray?"

“ Because I believe that the winning horse is generally well known before the race, and that means are resorted to, to ensure his success ; nobody ever wins at racing, except the jockeys, and their companions ; all the nobility and gentry who have kept race horses have been losers to a heavy amount, although they have been the owners of first-rate animals.”

“ It is so. I seldom do much in racing myself, although I have lost and won a few hundreds ; indeed my taste does not incline me to such pursuits ; they have little to recommend them, and were it not that they encourage the breed of horses in the country, and provide some exciting occupation for men who would otherwise be unemployed, they would most probably have long since fallen into desuetude.”

The conversation soon changed, and partook of a political character. At this time the several parties in the state, were occupied in disputes regarding the question of a provision for the poorer classes of society, and each supported such measures as contributed to the advancement of their own principles.

The Whigs were particularly anxious that relief should be withheld from the labouring class, as much as possible, as the result would be a greater competition in the labour market, and therefore a reduced price for labour ; this would be of considerable benefit to their supporters, which consisted, to a great extent of the manufacturers and commercial men of the country. So long as the labourer, or artisan, could fall back on the extensive system of poor relief, he was, to a certain extent, independent, and would not therefore yield to the persuasion of the manufacturer ; this however being denied him, he had no alternative but to submit to the terms of his task-master.

The Tories were less interested in the depreciation of labour, and therefore opposed the Whigs, especially as their views tended to put a stop to the degree of dependence, which the labouring class felt towards their landlords, and therefore to break those relations which had so long existed between the rich and poor in the agricultural districts, on which depended to a great extent the influence possessed by the former over the latter.

The change therefore in the laws so ardently desired by the Whigs, would divert the people from their old masters, and thus the populace would be more likely to join against them in endeavouring to effect further changes in the political hemisphere, which might appear judicious.

Lord Wiltram took advantage of the first opportunity that offered itself, and entered warmly into his favourite subject.

“ My dear Britton, said he, the many headed multitude are incapable of judging for themselves, they see but a part of the subject which they attempt to understand, and therefore form erroneous judgments. It is much better that we should think for them, whilst they work for us.”

“ Of course the educated classes are more competent to think and judge of the prosperity of many measures which affect the public weal, but it may be well questioned whether they do not allow their judgment to be warped by too much zeal for their own interests, and form their opinions from a state of society which is encumbered by restrictions, and regulations, the result of attempts at an unnatural degree of self-protection. If a measure come before them which calls for an abandonment of these artificial means of supporting their own position, it is not likely to meet with their approval ; they do not consider its abstract justice, but how far it is compatible or otherwise with the existing state of things, or in other words their own advantages.”

“ For my part, Britton, I do not see the wisdom of making concession after concession ; the increase of the population is so rapid, that a superabundant quantity of labour must be always in the market, notwithstanding our endeavours to absorb it, and must be disposed of, or it will lead to distresses, to relieve which, would overwhelm the resources of the country.”

“ You forget my dear Wiltram, that labour is one of the raw materials of Nature, and we are therefore bad philosophers, and worse politicians, unless we provide means for disposing of it to the best advantage. If properly employed, it becomes a source of wealth and power to a state ; but left to sink into indolence and idleness it brings forth nothing but weeds and thistles. What should we think of the proprietor of a coal or iron mine who left it unworked ? What shall we say to the statesmen who leave the mine of labour comparatively unproductive.”

“ To what extent would you carry your production of labour ? Until the excess would become so great, as to render your products valueless.

“ There is no danger of that, so long as you give the people the means of consuming—depress a people—deny them the necessaries and comforts of life, they cease to consume, and labour becomes redundant ; but let your measures provide a competency for all, and the supply and demand keep pace

with each other. Each individual in society should support another, and thus the wants of each would be mutually supplied, and the product of each consumed."

"Your argument may hold good in a limited population, but when the population increases fast, unchecked by war or disease, a superabundance must be the result; this is going forward at present, so that in some centuries, it is highly probable that the population of the globe will be far too great for its surface. As far as England is concerned, the population is already excessive, and it becomes our duty to provide means for keeping it within reasonable bounds. I see no means so likely to accomplish this object, or so advantageous to all, as the transferring of our surplus population to other quarters of the globe, where there is abundant room for them, and opportunities for earning their subsistence by manual labour; the crowded population will thus be relieved, and the waste lands of the earth brought into cultivation."

"The ends you seek, Wiltram, are good, the means you resort to are more than questionable; instead of encouraging the surplus population to emigrate, and affording them the necessary means of doing so, you would coerce them, and compel them from their necessities to adopt a course which may be disagreeable, and is frequently fatal to them."

"But no force is used in this coercion, people are not compelled to emigrate, the act is voluntary."

"You cannot call that voluntary which is forced upon them by certain means, it is true these means are of a moral more than a physical nature, they are not however the less coercive; they even partake of a physical character, as physical force is in operation to carry them into execution if necessary. The ends will not justify the means."

"But what is to be done with your surplus population?"

"Provide for them by developing the natural resources of the country; permit them to consume in proportion to that which they produce, and there will be no surplus people. The products of one are exchanged for those of another, money is but the intermediate agent, mutual production, and mutual consumption are the result."

"I fear Britton, your views are very much of an Utopian character; you expect a perfection in man which will never be realized."

"Never! so long as the attempt is not made; the only obstacle to an approach to that perfection, which it should be

our endeavour, and is our duty to attain, is the self interest of a few individuals, who seek their own advantage, directly, by means which they cannot regard as just, but which they justify by their being as they deem expedient; and not, indirectly, and more legitimately through the general prosperity of all classes of society. The wealth which accumulates while poverty is spread around is not natural, and cannot have been obtained by legitimate means. So long as principle is sacrificial to expediency and special interests, we need not hope for any approach to general prosperity."

"Your plans would more inevitably lead to the great evil, which must sooner or later ensue, namely, a surplus population of the country, and tend to its developement to a greater degree than it can attain where some check is kept upon it."

"It is necessary to define what is, or is not a surplus population. The population of England was deemed superfluous a century since, when it did not equal the one half of its present people. Its population at present, bears no comparison with that of China, where the people are found to be, notwithstanding our childish tales regarding them, in a better condition than our own."

"But if we look forward to a few centuries hence, what must be the inevitable result? If the population continue to increase as it has done within the last thirty years, that the world itself will become densely populated, so that the means of support will be inadequate to supply the wants of the people. It is our duty to provide for this in time. Adam Smith, Malthus, Turgot, and others support my views. It is quite clear to me, that as the population is fast increasing, whilst the world, so far as we know, is incapable of increase, we must come to a stand still at last, and should anticipate a calamity, that must sooner or later make its appearance."

"You propose, Wiltram, a very visionary and most unprofitable scheme, to legislate for posterity, and provide for a calamity to which there never has been an approach. It may be well questioned if the population of the earth be much greater now than it was two thousand years since; if that of western worlds have increased, how much has that of eastern nations diminished; where are now the mighty and numerous races which formed the powerful tribes of Asia, Africa, and Northern Europe. The laws of nature serve to check a surplus population by its injurious effects on human life, and art is not required to aid her efforts. No large city

where men are assembled in vast numbers, sustains its own population, and but for constant additions to its inhabitants from elsewhere, would become depopulated. Besides, we should allow for the increased fertility of land, when properly cultivated, the greater productiveness of nature when assisted by art, the vast tracts of country as yet uninhabited, and for the discovery of continents still unknown. Who can say that the labours of the little insect, which constructs the coral reefs, and islands, from out of the vasty deep, are not the artificers of a bounteous Providence, providing a remedy for the evils to which you allude, and new worlds for generations to come, some ten thousand years hence."

"Now, my dear fellow, which is the more visionary, you constructing worlds to come from out the ocean depths, or I providing for future emergencies?"

"There is some difference, you must acknowledge, as to principle, you take the dark side of the picture, I the bright one."

"That is true philosophy—the good will provide for itself—the evil requires some artificial provision."

"But your evil is purely conjectural. You design to prevent evils, which you anticipate may appear in the year 5848, by the infliction of sufferings on the present generation, greater than can possibly result from the realisation of your apprehended danger. One thing is certain, that there is abundant room for all, for many centuries to come, and abundant resources also, if these were properly developed, and not fettered by restrictions, and opposed by laws which man's shortsighted policy suggests to him. But, my dear Wiltram, let us lay aside politics and philosophy, and speak of something else. How goes on your affair with Lady Madelinè Millars?"

"Oh, very well."

"All right in that quarter?"

"Quite so."

"Good fortune?"

"Tol—"

"Day fixed?"

"Not yet."

"What causes the delay?"

"I really do not know—have not seen the Countess lately."

"She is quite satisfied?"

“ I believe so.”

“ And Lady Madeline too ?”

“ I suppose so.”

“ What, have you not obtained her consent ?”

“ Oh no !” (here Lord Wiltram smiled most fashionably)

“ I never thought of asking it—that is a matter of course—having settled preliminaries with the higher powers, the rest follows as a natural consequence.”

“ Dear me, and will you marry a woman that may not love you ?”

“ So much, Britton, for your new acquaintance with the philosophy of our modern schools—do study it I beseech you—it will be of infinite service. Love ? Britton, of course I do not expect she loves me—no lady of fashion loves now-a-days—she may admire, but to love is quite preposterous ; the word is growing obsolete, and in a few years more will be, I expect, wholly forgotten, or only remembered as one of the extravagancies of past generations. She may not dislike me, of course, but if she love anything, it is my parks, my hounds, my house, my carriage, &c., &c. She favours me with her hand—I bestow mine on her. I advance my position in the social scale by an alliance with a lady of rank and distinction ; her family is benefitted by a connection with mine ; the obligations are mutual, the affair is settled. I look upon the matter as all but concluded.”

“ Oh, just so, as George Spencer would say, ‘ the debit on one side, the credit on the other, all is square.’ ”

“ Then I suppose you have provided for the honey-moon also ?”

“ Why yes ; we spend it at my residence, in Yorkshire, Wiltram hall, adjoining, as you know, Lord Morden’s property.”

“ How happy should I be united with the girl whom I love, and surrounded by a prosperous and contented tenantry.”

“ Tenantry ! my dear fellow, I have no tenantry—my tenantry now are sheep, and cows, and oxen, all most prosperous and contented, if one may judge from external appearances.”

“ What has become of your tenantry ?”

“ Heaven knows ! I do not ; I cleared my land long since, gave each of the tenants ten pounds to go to America, or some other quarter of the globe, and no doubt they are now,

some crossing the deep, others cultivating their amiable qualities in some of the neighbouring towns and villages, and a few, perhaps, qualifying themselves for filling a place under government, in the service of their country, although of but little service to it."

"Wiltram, your modern philosophy shocks me, and but that I know you to be possessed of generous feelings, unfortunately overgrown by the weeds and briars of mistaken principles, I should, indeed, despair of you. What a contrast will your reception make with that of my Lord Morden, when he visits his estates—no smiles—no joy—no happiness—your sheep and your oxen will vainly supply the place of the warm affections of human nature. The carved hall, or the tinselled couch, or the glittering canopy, may gratify the sight, but will never respond to the pulsations of the human heart, that should ever throb with love to all mankind."

"Ha! my dear Britton, you are too enthusiastic—enthusiasm is out of fashion—especially on such subjects—enthusiasm extends now-a-days only to opera singers, dancers, mesmerism, and such like things, but in the cause of humanity it is decidedly out of date. We moderns speak when it is necessary that we should do so, listen when we should hear, and smile when we are pleased, but are never guilty of those extravagant emotions so characteristic of our ancestors."

"Go on, my dear fellow, and you will see the result; we shall all be automaton by-and-bye, I suppose, and turn our head, raise our leg, and wink our eye, according as the social clock-work shall set us agoing. For my part, I am determined never to be such, and hope, notwithstanding the spread of modern philosophy, to leave the world, so far as I am concerned, if not wiser, at least happier than it was when I had the honour of first appearing on its boards. I shall leave the money-getting and money-making spirit of the age to the money world, and consider I shall best discharge the duties of an English gentleman if I can direct the influence which I may possess to the promotion of the general prosperity."

"Bravo! bravo! excellent speech, I do declare; it would suit one of the Countess Bellamy's new novels most admirably, and make a decided hit at the Surrey; but, my dear Britton, experience will decide. Tell me, do you go to Almack's to-morrow evening?"

“ Yes. Do you ? ”

“ Oh certainly ; it will be the last ball of the season, and one must go as a kind of wind up of compliments ; if he do not, it is apt to be construed into a species of cutting of one’s fashionable acquaintance, that, however indifferent we may be to them, is sure to produce feelings of hostility by no means agreeable, and which, sooner or later, will cross our path. No ! Britton, I never attack a hive of that sort, one bee may not be overpowering, but a cluster of some hundreds may leave a man in a sad mess, and philosophy—”

“ Oh ! hang philosophy ; have you no other inducement to go there ? ”

“ Why yes ; I expect to meet the Countess Millars, and her daughters, and must pay Lady Madeline some little attention—dance a little, hand her to a seat, or help her to an ice, and go through all that fatiguing ceremony which the world still imposes on us. Oh dear ! how glad I shall be when such duties will be no longer required of us ; why cannot a lady procure herself a seat, or help herself to an ice, without a gentleman being obliged to traverse the room, as on a voyage of discovery to the north pole, in search of one.”

“ Why yes ; or drive to Ascot, have a book at Tattersall’s, bring down some dozen head of game before breakfast, or follow the hounds in the chase. Ah my dear Wiltram, each have their own sphere ; we are mutually dependent, one on the other, and we are as much indebted to the fair sex, in that sphere of feeling and affectionate duty, to which nature has assigned them, as they are to us for the protection which we afford. On whom do we rely when age palsies the arm, or sickness enfeebles the limb ? On Woman. Who consoles us in the midst of affliction, cools the fevered brow, or moistens the parched lip ? patient, endearing Woman. ’Tis in vain that we would cast off the fetters which her beauty and her love entwine around us—nature will speak and will conquer ; to her we turn on the couch of sickness, on the bed of death ! and not in vain ; her arm supports us—her hand sustains us—she sympathises with us—she feels with our pain—she rejoices with our joy—she grieves with our sorrow—she weeps with our tears.”

“ Very good, Britton ; on this subject you are quite poetical. I commiserate you, my dear fellow ! You will make an excellent husband, a most affectionate father. By-the-by, you have not dropped the affair between you and Lady Jane Millars.

Why no ; I have not dropped it (Sir Harry Britton gave a deep sigh) but I fear there is little chance for me in that quarter. I believe Lady Jane loves me, but her mother's wishes are commands to her, and my moderate income is no inducement to the Talleyrand of the fashionable world, the Countess Millars."

"Well, Britton, I shall do everything in my power for you there ; I know of no friend whom I should more warmly desire as a connection, than Sir Harry Britton, with all his want of philosophy."

"I hope you will take the fortress first yourself, my dear Wiltram, and then stretch out a hand to the poor devil who is trying to scale the wall, and mount the breach, wounded by the arrows of Cupid, and repelled by the bayonets of Avarice, in the hands of an intriguing Countess, a second Chassé in the modern fortifications of Love. Money, money alone will gain that citadel."

"That need be no obstacle, Britton, money is as easily made now-days as a Fellow of the Royal Society. Speculate as I have done in the railway world, and you will soon be worthy of the Countess Millars's regards. I cleared five thousand pounds yesterday before twelve o'clock."

"How so ?"

"Drove to the city, gave my name, as one of the Committee of the West-end junction and Scarborough railway, received five hundred shares at ten pounds premium each, and thus cleared five thousand pounds."

"Take care ! you may involve yourself in difficulties, at some future period, and lose more than you expect to gain."

"Not the least danger ; excellent line, first rate committee, and most respectable solicitors."

"Very well, my dear fellow, these are things I do not meddle with, indeed it is my opinion that our nobility and gentry should not speculate in such matters, as men of business ; our merchants may be princes, if they please, but that is no reason why our princes should be merchants, and especially as their duty must be, on many occasions, to interpose between the money-getting spirit of the age, and the comforts and happiness of society."

How many points are there, Britton, on which you and I differ—on some, at least, we agree—one, on our mutual esteem for each other, I trust, and another, that we both look forward to the improvement, the happiness, the prosperity of our native land ; you seek to accomplish this end by the

cultivation of the warmer feelings of the human breast, and the exercise of benevolence—I, by teaching every man to depend solely on his own exertions, and thus to contribute to the general, by effecting the individual welfare. Time must decide which is in the right.”

I doubt not, but we shall abide the result, and I trust shall not suffer by the consequences; extremes are dangerous, and safety resides only in that middle course which discretion recommends, and judgment points out. But come, let us away; I see it is already past twelve o'clock, and I have an engagement at Tattersall's for half-past.”

Lord Wiltram's cab was already at the door. In a few moments the two friends drove off together. Lord Wiltram first dropped his companion at Tattersall's corner, and then, turning his cab, drove to the city to attend a meeting of the committee of the West-end junction and Scarborough railway.

On his way thither, he revolved in his mind his conversation with Sir Harry Britton, but feared much he had not yet gained him over to the doctrines of UTILITARIAN PHILOSOPHY.

THE LAST APPEAL !*

BY W. S. PASSMORE,

DEAR Jesse, oh ! list to my agonized pray'r,
 And do not, fair maiden disdain—
 The searing o'erflow of the passionate tear,
 My bosom's mad outburst of pain !
 One kind word, sweet Jesse, some balm from thy store,
 Reserve for this sorrow of mine ;
 Oh ! scorn not the heart that in torture doth pour,
 Its love's last appeal unto thine !

And canst thou, fair Jesse, unmoved still withhold
 The whisper of comforting hope ?
 And is thy proud glance yet so haughty and cold,
 That I 'neath its rigour must droop ?
 Then fare thee well, maiden, the struggle is o'er,
 That rankled this bosom of mine ;
 And life is now wrecked on that desolate shore—
 My heart's last appeal unto thine ?

* Suggested by the subject of Mr. Stone's popular picture.

THE OLD ENGLISH LABOURER.

By M. W. H.

COME, Mary, let's go to the workhouse cell !
 We are now grown feeble and old,
 'Tis in vain that we weep, and our agonies tell,
 To hearts that are callous with gold.

And yet we were, both, once, the boast of the vale,
 The envy of each rustic swain,
 My arm was strongest, and foremost in toil,
 And you were the pride of the plain.

We sought not for riches, or power, or pomp,
 But to earn, by labour, our bread,
 To toil through the day, and at night seek repose,
 Neath the roof of our own humble shed.

The young master thinks not of times passed away,
 Nor remembers the days that are gone,
 When I mounted the breach, and stood forth in the fray,
 And protected my country and throne.

And yet I have fought by his own father's side,
 In defence of his altar and home,
 Behold this deep scar which disfigures my brow,
 It saved him from a premature tomb !

But times are not now as they were of old,
 When the rich with the poor man would share,
 The rich man, now, only thinks of his gold,
 And leaves the poor man to—despair.

Then, Mary, let's go to the workhouse grave !
 Together we'll rest in one tomb,
 Though man may deny us the little we crave,
 We shall yet find in Heaven—a home !

THE TREASURE SEEKER OF HERCULANEUM.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN.

TREASURE hunting, has, in all ages, been regarded by most sensible persons as a mad and profitless pursuit, and the man who gives his time and energies to it, the world has generally, without hesitation, denominated a fool. Most people declare that there never was an individual who, being influenced by the vain hope of acquiring wealth, in the shape of hidden stores of gold, imbedded in the earth, or to be procured by digging amid ancient ruins, who has reached the expected consummation of his hopes. Often, they say, has a poor hungry wight been made happy by the unlooked-for sight of pots of money or jewels, that have long slept beneath the ground, but they contend, when a person goes deliberately forth from his home, and deserting his legitimate employment, dwells amid rocks and ruins, in the visionary anticipation of turning up what will make him wealthy, he is a madman, and ought to be spoken of and regarded as such. This opinion is so prevalent, there are few who would listen to any arguments in refutation of the above widely diffused, nay, almost universal theory, without setting down him who brought them forward, in the same category with the half-witted individual whose brains have been turned by dreams of hidden gold. Wherefore I shall not attempt to hold my position by force of argument, but shall content myself with bringing a story to bear on the subject.

And, in order that I may secure a fair hearing, the reading of a tale being generally considered a pleasant or disagreeable task in proportion to its brevity or length, I shall work mine into the briefest possible space in which I can with becoming accuracy, relate the simple events of which it is made up. And I am the more inclined to this inasmuch as there are, no startling or very romantic occurrences to relate, mine being but a simple, every-day story.

Antonelli, the basket-maker, was very well known in the dirty little street of Salerno, where his humble dwelling stood, as an industrious, quiet, young fellow, very handsome, and moreover, possessing a large amount of filial piety, he having, for many years, been the sole support of his wi-

dowed and blind mother. Comfortless and muddy was the street they inhabited, yet their little house was the most cleanly in it. Antonelli kept its unobtrusive front white-washed, and over the little verandah erected above the low bench, running beneath the window, he trailed a thick-leaved vine. They, the blind woman and her son, were among the most happy and contented of the dwellers there, and every neighbour looked on them with a smiling face, as they went regularly to their devotions at the church, Anton., as he was familiarly called, guiding his sightless mother with reverential affection, along the crowded public way.

Now, one would have imagined, that so merry and light-hearted a young man as he was, would never have reached the age of twenty-two, without having looked around him, among the many pretty black-eyed girls by whom he was surrounded, in order to fix upon one as his future wife. However, this was the case, chat, and laugh, and dance with them as he might, he made love to none. This was regarded as a decided symptom of insanity by many of the maidens whose affections were still at their own disposal. To be twenty-two, and not to have fixed on any of them to be his wife, was a palpable monstrosity—so they thought and told each other in confidence. They can, these dark-skinned damsels of the South assume airs as well as any, and many, while remarking on the strangeness of his conduct, declared that, of course they had not the least interest in the matter, seeing that they entertained no more preference for him than for any other person, but still they could not help saying it was odd, and that he would, perhaps, find that after having wasted his young years in single blessedness, it would not be so easy to procure a wife, as it might be now.

I, for my own part, saying the thing in an equally confidential manner, doubt the disinterestedness of their views, and suspect that when any festival took place, it was not by accident that, before dancing commenced, there always happened to be a tolerable number of these black-eyed maidens near Anton. And my ground for this suspicion is, that there were many young men in that neighbourhood who were not in love, and yet scarcely any seemed to care a fig about the matter or ever held private consultations concerning it.

However, I have said enough of this; Anton. heard many hints concerning his mad policy from his mother and from various gossiping acquaintances, who thought they had a right to advise the young man; yet, he felt no inclination to

fall in love just at that moment, and so remained obstinate. He would marry, he said, time enough, but could not force himself to do such a desperate action, while he was not inclined for it.

Matters went on thus. The basket-making trade thrived tolerably, and Anton. bid fair to become in pretty comfortable circumstances, for one of his humble ambition, when circumstances occurred which threw him off the line for a while, and served to disgust him totally with his simple, but not very laborious occupation.

An English gentleman, travelling for pleasure, having had occasion to speak to Anton. once or twice, took a sort of fancy to him, and asked him if he would engage himself, as his guide, through the various excavated streets and buildings of the buried city of Herculaneum.

The basket-maker smiled, and told the traveller he had never been there himself.

"Well, you can come with me as a sort of assistant," replied the gentleman, "I am collecting antiquities. Come with me. I will reward you handsomely."

Anton., fond of adventure and change, consented, and prepared immediately to depart on his little expedition.

Whilst walking by torch-light through the gloomy underground streets, shadowy and silent halls, and desolate dwellings of the dead city, he was struck by hearing their guide remarking on the great quantity of gold, and silver, and other treasures, from time to time discovered in this place and at Pompeii. He also saw his companion pick up a small cup of pure gold, exquisitely wrought, and some time after, a ring. This gave birth, in him, to the idea of returning one day, and becoming, with little labour, possessed of great wealth, and by the time he returned to his simple home again, his former humble ideas of happiness had been driven forth, and banished by the all-absorbing one of acquiring gold.

For three months he laboured with almost incredible industry, at the making of baskets. Piles of these accumulated in his little warehouse, and for thus fabricating so many more than were required by the ordinary calls of his customers, he would give no reason, preferring, as he said, to keep his plans secret, until the time was come for maturing them.

One morning, twelve weeks after his visit to Herculaneum, Anton. told his mother, under the seal of secrecy, what he intended to do, and what was the reward he hoped to reap,

saying that there was a sufficient number of baskets to supply his business for two months, the time he proposed absenting himself.

"No! no! my son, my dear boy," said his mother, "do not. It is a mad and foolish thing. You will be ridiculed and laughed at, if you come back empty handed. No, no; stay at home. You need not work so hard. Stay at home, my child, and give up this scheme."

Anton. was persuaded.

However, a week or so after this, he heard of a traveller's having discovered treasure, of a very valuable nature, at Herculaneum. A whole night he revolved in his mind the two sides of the question, and at length, by dint of very casuistical arguments, convinced himself that it was wrong to lose the opportunity of bettering his condition.

Next morning, he again broke the subject to his mother, beseeching her not to urge any objection, till he should have finished what he had to say. He then commenced a long speech, first touching on their present humble, and, almost, as he expressed it, poverty-stricken condition; then dwelt on the great probability of his enterprise being crowned with success, then descended, in glowing language, on the merry jubilee which their whole after life would be, should he return gladdened by the consummation of his wishes, then enlarged on the laughing, black-eyed girl he would then select and bring to their house as his wife, to make them both happy, and finally, having painted, in warm colours, the whole of his view of the subject, looked at his mother, waiting her reply.

The blind woman, who had been engaged in spinning, when he came in, had let the distaff fall and rest on her lap, and had fixed her sightless eyes with a pleased expression of countenance on vacancy. When her son had concluded his harangue, a solitary tear stole slowly from and under the lids, and trickled down her cheek.

"God in heaven bless you my son," said she, "you are a good boy to me. Go, but do not delay returning very long."

That night, Anton. left, much to the wonder of the neighbourhood, after having engaged the services of a young girl to attend on his mother. Proceeding to the buried city, he, day after day, delved among its heaps of rubbish and ruin, in search of the expected treasure, encouraged by finding one or two rings, and such articles of minor value, he merrily and

confidently worked away, never doubting, some fine morning, to turn up sundry rich vases of gold and pots of rare jewels.

One morning, while excavating by torch-light, in the corner of the chamber of a private dwelling, adjoining a large building, but recently discovered, he suddenly broke through the wall. A light instantly fell with a ruddy glow through the aperture, and Anton beheld a young girl busily engaged in turning over some rubbish. Her rare beauty and graceful form caught his eye, and he looked again.

"What can she be doing there?" said the treasure-seeker to himself.

What indeed? But there she was, a superb, dark-skinned, dark-eyed girl, tall, as an oriental poet would say, as the mimosa palm, and beautiful and fresh as a moss rose. She was digging busily at the mound. What might be her purpose, it was difficult for him to guess. Treasure-seeking or antiquity-hunting, did not seem to be her occupation, for, by her side, was a basket of violets, still wet with the dew of morning.

Disturbed by the above accident, however, she also turned to reconnoitre, and as the uncertain red light of the torch fell upon the basket-maker's face, peering, wonder-stricken at her through the aperture, it appeared, as seen through the half-gloom to be magnified to a preternatural eye, and she, superstitious, like most of her race, was seized with terror, and shrieked; but, in an instant, recovering, stood erect, and taking the torch in her hand, said—

"Who are you there, signor?"

Anton replied in the blindest tone, that he was engaged in excavating on his own account, in the next chamber, when he happened to cut through the wall. He assured her she had nothing to fear, and that she might safely proceed with her own occupations.

This led to a conversation. Before she left, which she did about the middle of the afternoon, Anton had told her who he was, and what was his object in being there. She, in return, informed him that she was an orphan, and lived with an aged relation at a village not far from thence; that her method of obtaining a livelihood was gathering violets and selling them, but that every morning she spent some time at Herculaneum searching for antiquities.

"But I sometimes," said she, "find what is more valuable than all the violets I could collect in a month."

Next morning they met again, and their conversation was somewhat longer.

This was repeated for a month.

As it is not my purpose to relate minutely how these young people gradually conceived, what is called a great attachment for each other, and how their happy and joyous meetings took place in those gloomy halls, making the desolate places of that sepulchred city the abode of gladness for a whole month, I will merely say that such was the case. Their interviews went on uninterruptedly for four weeks, at the end of which time some accident kept Annetta away for a day or two.

Then, and not till then, did Anton. find that he was up to the eyes in love, with Annetta, the pretty treasure-seeker, and that it wouldn't do at all to lose sight of her.

So he left off digging for a day or two, and returned to Salerno, to see whether he could not discover her place of residence. While there, however, he was greeted on all sides with the epithet of the mad treasure-seeker, for the fact of his being such had got abroad. In short, so many were the jeers and jokes launched at him, that relinquishing the search after Annetta, he returned once more to Herculaneum, in the hope of again meeting her there. In this he was not disappointed. A day or two saw her again with him, when she told him how her relation had been afflicted with a severe illness, which prevented her coming thither.

But notwithstanding their constant attendance at the underground halls, the treasure-digging went on but slowly, and little was found. In truth, indeed, Anton., as he leaned on his pick-axe, would forget to strike a blow, for an hour together, and even sometimes put it down, and seat himself on a stone to talk. However, this was pleasant, and they did not mind the inconvenience.

So these two young people progressed with the love of each other, and the thirst of treasure seeking. At length however, in proportion as the former increased, the latter dwindled, and the torchlight labour became so disagreeable to both, that Anton. all at once seeing the folly of his conduct, proposed to give up the search, and return to his original occupation. To the wisdom of this Annetta assented, hesitatingly, and with a downward look, while a kind of melancholy crept over her face.

Then the treasure-digger became bold, and suddenly asked her to join him in the basket making line.

To this Annetta replied that she would answer the question next day.

Anton. is now weaving a basket before his door. Annetta is sitting, and spinning by the blind woman. A friend passes.

"Good morrow Anton. You have left off your treasure seeking I see."

"I have found a treasure replied he, smiling."

"Not underground though, I expect, answered the other, looking at the treasure-seeker's pretty wife."

"Yes," said Anton, smiling at his wife. She smiled in return at him and blushed: "yes, underground," and he went on merrily with his basket.

GUIDO D'AREZZI.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

By G. W. LOVELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE WIFE'S SECRET," "PROVOST OF BRUGES" &c.

(Continued from page 166.)

THE interest of this tragedy increases greatly as it proceeds; and in this department of his labours, as a tragic writer, Mr. Lovell may be said to be perfect. Eschewing the hacknied attempts at effect, which the smaller fry of dramatists are generally guilty of,—that of mistaken identity—stabbing the wrong man, or running away with the wrong woman—our author contents himself with the gradual developement of his plot, at the same time keeping up an under-current of bye-play, which, whilst it serves to increase the interest of his work, tends to show the great invention of the author.

It will be remembered by what trickery, Viotto managed to effect the destruction of the papers, professedly proving his illegitimacy, and thereby of course rendering him ineligible to the ducal throne. Although fearful of the commotion which the appearance of his father will create among his old adherents, he was still more afraid of the production of these papers, which would place beyond doubt his disqualification for the government of Parma. Determining, however, "to make assurance doubly sure," he places the old man under arrest, in order to stifle in its birth any feeling which the old man's appearance may have engendered in his favour.

In the second scene of the fourth act, Guido is discovered

in a chamber at night. His apostrophe to night—although on a subject which has been worn poetically threadbare,—is fine and effective, and certainly not wanting in originality.

GUINO.

Despair—and solitude—and grief—and shame,
 And night, deep night, are fitting company,
 A goodly court, round an old grey-haired man !
 Now virtue sleeps. Heav'n's closely covered up—
 Sweet life entranced—and but for such as we,
 Half the world's course would be a vacant blank,
 Half time untold !—But now foul spirits come
 From their dark homes, and rove the earth about,
 Seeking some flaw by sin or sorrow left
 In the unguarded soul, where, creeping in
 They whisper thoughts unholy, prompting men
 To deeds returning day will quail to look on.—
 Now, while I sleep, murder drives deep his knife ;
 Now violence breaks down the bolted door,
 Or petty theft turns thrift to penury.—
 Now lust pursues his victim, or light vice
 Wantons with sin.—These are thy brood, deep night,
 And thus the hour for thoughts like mine ! He dies !
 I have weighed it well—considered every point,
 Said this demands and this forbids the act,—
 This is the gain and this the loss—but still
 I see no choice—the heavy charged account
 Stands only balanced thus.—He dies to night ! (*rising.*)
 How still ! except my guard's slow measured tread
 Who thinks me prisoner.—they reckon ill—
 They have forgot I once was master here !
 And in those days I had a passage made
 From this to my own chamber.—It remains
 Untouched and unsuspected—there ! (*opening a private door.*)
 no sound !
 He sleeps while I am watching.—I will wake him,
 And bid him pray—and then—and then—he dies !

[*Exit slowly, closing the door after him. Enter Leonora closely muffled up, conducting Leante.*]

LEONARA.

These are the chambers where your father waits
 For his deliverance.—Now my task is done—

The guard is gained—the door at your command
Will open.—Fly ! and fare you well ! (*going.*)

LEONTE.

Yet stay,
Tell me to whose compassionating care
We owe this boon.

LEONORA.

Enough, it is from me
Who thinks you perilled, and whose little power
Has strained its utmost to provide that safety,
You must not now neglect,—again farewell !
You are not unobserved,—he whom we met
Was Andrea, or the gloom deceived my sight.—
Moments now stand for hours,—then waste them not.

LEONTE.

One instant only !—I would think but one
Would risk so much for wretchedness.—Oh bear
To her my parting words.—Tell her I fly
Because she wills it.—Say the past shall be
Like a wild dream now ended—that her image
Which will not quit my heart, shall there be stored
Where all my purest, holiest, thoughts lie treasured ;
Wherein not one shall ever dare intrude
Whose presence could offend that gentle guest.—
Say, when my soul shall seek her, it shall be
In prayer, Where we may ever meet unblamed :
But that on earth, our course here parts—for ever !

LEONORA,

I will—it does—for ever ! [*Exit.*]

Why this unholy attachment of a man for his brother's wife should be again brought before us, we are somewhat at a loss to discover ; since the working of the plot is by no means affected by it, and it is doubtful how far the introduction of unsanctified affection under the resemblance of virtuous love, is, under the existing circumstances, likely to exalt the general character of the play.

After Leonte has seated himself, and buried his face in his hands, cogitating no doubt upon the hardness of his lot, Guido re-enters by the private door without observing, or being seen by the love-sick Leonte, who is engaged in the manner aforesaid. Revenge has done its worst ; and the old man led on by his deadly feelings of animosity, finds his way by the

private passages which he had made during his reign, to the chamber of Viotto, whom he murders.

Having done the deed, he returns. In justice to the author we transcribe this effective scene :—

GUIDO. (*starting from his chair in terror.*)

Ha ! what's that ? T'was so *he* spoke
And then I thought was he *indeed* my son,
Art thou Leonte ?

LEONTE.

Sir, what moves you thus ?

GUIDO.

Much—many things—the very air's alive !
Dark faces have been glaring on me—hands
Cold clammy hands have been laid on mine—I *felt* them,
I think I am going mad,—is it not so, boy ?

LEONTE.

Dear father, this excess of grief unstrings
Your noble reason. Pray you be more calm,
Be happy—we have now the means of flight.

GUIDO. (*perplexed.*)

Of flight ! where ?

LEONTE.

From these walls.
A friendly hand has opened us the door
But we must haste.

GUIDO.

For what ?

LEONTE.

Oh stand not thus !
Delay will now be fatal.—Andrea

GUIDO. (*suddenly.*)

Ha ! Andrea ! ay—why look what folly's this ?
I had forgot, I knew he was not mine !
T'was Andrea !—I am glad thou nam'st him, boy !
He had slipped me quite. I shall be better now. (*sitting.*)
Andrea, aye that was he. Stay,—speak not yet ;
It will come back anon.—You hurry me
And that is ill.—Yes, Andrea, to be sure—
How dull my sense is grown !

LEONTE.

Sir—we must fly !

GUIDO. (*passionately.*)

I will not stir an inch ! they'll say I did it.—
I will not peril me for Andrea's bastards !

LEONTE.

Oh ! cruel fate !

GUIDO.

Come here and sit by me.—

Dost thou remember when thou wert a boy,
A curly-headed urchin.—Thou art changed,
Much changed since then ? But then I mind me well
We were the merriest pair in Parma ,
And that's changed too ? we were sworn playfellows,
And showed a well assorted opposite of age and youth
Of age and youth, each setting off the other.—
Men said we looked like young and frolic spring
Playing, unscarred with winter's locks of snow,
Who checked his frosts and put his sunbeams on
Lest he should harm that is oft one ! Then I think
We loved each other dearly !

LEONTE.

Then and ever !

GUIDO.

And when allowed to share the sports of men,
Was't not a proud day when to the chase
We first rode side by side, while I, although
An eager sportsman then, reined in my horse
To keep his pace with thine, and lost the game
Rather than thy companionship !

LEONARA.

T'was all
As all to me was ever,—fondest love.

GUIDO.

And when I placed within thy puny hand
A soldiers' weapon, teaching thee thy fence
With what a boisterous skill we foiled each other
Till I, with purposed error missed my guard
And let thee gain a hit,—then how would swell
Thy boyish heart, what pride would swell thy cheek,
As drawing up thyself thou wouldst exclaim,
A little while and I shall be a man,
And then should any dare oppose my father,
He'll have to do with *me*—and thus and thus
I'll pay him ! Those were bright and happy days

We have none such now ! I marvel if thy mind
Remains the same.—Wouldst thou be still my champion !

LEONTE.

Ay—with my life—with my heart's latest drop.

This picture is beautifully drawn, and delicately coloured. The remembrance of times gone by is occasionally fraught with feelings of delight to us all, more especially when the retrospect refers to childhood,—the happy guileless days of childhood, when all is innocence and joy. Although the filial feeling of Leonte is discordant with some other parts of his character touching his conduct to Leonora, still there is a smack of sterlingness about him which we like ; and as he is evidently a creature of impulse, perhaps some little allowance may be made, although we could wish his impulse directed to a better purpose.

GUIDO.

I knew it boy.—I asked thee but in sport,
Yet it is sweet to hear that we are beloved,
Although with endless vouching.—Nay, I think
There dwells not that in possibility,
Could wean thee from thy father.—He is poor,
Helpless and old,—hard prest by tyranny,—
And yet thou lovest him still ;—and should the world
Even blot his name with crime—

LEONTE.

That it can never !
My father's soul is of such lofty frame
Base thoughts would fear to light there.

Guido gradually unfolds to Leonte the dreadful fact that Viotto lies murdered by his hand. In a paroxysm of horror and rage, Leonte rushes into the apartment, still venturing to hope that the vital spark may not have fled. He is discovered with the body, and accused at once of the murder.

Here the complexities of the play increase somewhat. Leonte is seized at once, and put under arrest. The nobles of the court, not wishing to tell the old ex-Duke of the detention of his own son, give him to understand by some mis-direction which is dramatically legitimate, that Andrea is the culprit, and that as the government now devolves upon him, it would be wise to summon a hasty council of nobles, and condemn the prisoner without delay to undergo the penalties of the law, and before a counter-faction of Andrea's friends can be raised. This terminates the fourth act. How far these plans were successful, we shall explain on a future occasion.

SEND ROUND THE BOWL.

By W. T. H.

In the morning of youth, every feeling adorns,
 With its sunny delusions its roses and thorns,
 So it is from the pain which the latter bestows,
 We feel all the beauty, that clings round the rose.

For what would life be, if 'twere always the same,
 A dull round of care, but for pleasure and pain,
 And each to the other, contrasts in the soul,
 As the acid and sweet, when combined in the bowl.

Then send round the bowl—but this maxim declare,
 Though the acid may first be awaiting us there,
 What soul, for the pang, would a moment repine,
 When the sweetness that follows will make it divine ?
 University College.

WE'LL CLIMB THE HILL TOGETHER.

By W. S. PASSMORE.

I well remember Marian,
 Tho' tis an age ago,—
 The rapture that entranced me when,
 I won thy early vow.
 And how my bosom glowed with pride,
 And hope came bounding hither ;—
 When you, dear heart, so fondly cried
 " We'll climb the hill together."

Tho' envious Time, my Marian,
 Has capped thy head with snow,—
 Thy smile beams on me bright as when
 It graced thy early vow !
 And as to life's last goal we run,
 And calmly journey thither ;
 Oh ! may we still dear heart as one,
 Glide down the hill together !

Brighton.

THE SARACENIC EMPIRE.

By W. COOKE STAFFORD.

From our earliest days, we have united visions of splendour and magnificence—of romance and enchantment—of fine women and gallant men, with the idea of “Araby the Blest.” That country has been to us as fairy-land, and we have dwelt upon its beautiful, but marvellous, tales as if they were a bright reality. And there is much of romance mingled with the true history of the people. The rise and progress of the Saracen Empire, for instance, if narrated in the pages of fiction, would have been deemed too highly-coloured,—to have drawn too largely upon the imagination,—to have been too incredible, even for “Fancy’s sketch ;” so true it is, that “truth is stranger than fiction :” that the real exceeds the imaginative in its claims upon our interest and our attention.

Have our readers any distinct idea of Arabia ? Many of them have not, for it is a country more talked-of than understood. We will endeavour to render it a little more familiar to the thousands who honour us with their patronage. It is in shape a pure parallelogram, jutting out a little to the east, and forming a huge peninsula, stretching from the 12th to the 30th degree of N. longitude in length, and from the 32d to the 59th degree of E. longitude in breadth ; or about 1700 by 800 miles. It is very nearly surrounded by water ; the Persian Gulf dividing it from Persia, lying on the east ; the Persian Ocean on the south ; and the Red Sea or Arabian Gulf on the west ; on the north, the Dead Sea, the Desert of Palmyra, and the River Euphrates, divide it from the Ottoman empire. It contains 859,300 square miles, being as extensive as Great Britain and Ireland, Sweden, Germany, Belgium, Holland, France, and Spain, united ; but in this wide expanse of territory, there are not more than 12,000,000 inhabitants, or about fourteen to a square mile.

Arabia consists of a vast extent of table-land, having an elevation of about three thousand feet, surrounded by a belt of low land, which, beginning at Suez, on the Red Sea, extends round the peninsula, to the mouth of the Shutt-el-Awb. The climate of the mountainous region is temperate, but

in the Tehàma, or low lands, the heat frequently is intolerable. It does not rain in these low lands sometimes for years together; but there are copious dews in the most aerial parts, and the mountainous region has its regular rainy season, from the middle of June to September. These rains feed the springs that abound in the hills, some of which, descending into the Tehàma, fertilize the soil, and produce those beautiful spots—those oases* in the desert, which are to the traveller like visions of Elysium, when they break upon his view to cheer and enliven him, after having traversed, for miles and miles, the sandy desert, where vegetation is unknown,

The ancient geographers divided Arabia into three parts:—Arabia Petræa, or the Strong; Arabia Felix, or the Happy; (“Araby the Blest,” of the Poets,) and Arabia Deserta, or the Desert. The first division occupies the northern part of the country; the second, lies on the west, extending from north to south; the third runs parallel with the second, extending from the frontiers of Syria, to the Indian Ocean. The modern divisions are Suez, which comprises the whole of Arabia Petræa; Hejaz, (country of pilgrimage,) Yemen (the south) and Hadramaut, being the ancient Arabia Felix; Oman, Lahsa, Hedjar, and Nedsjed, (highland) are in the Arabia Deserta, the principal towns being Suez, Medina, Mecca, Bagdad, Bassorah, Sana, and Daraieh; the ports are Muscat, Mocha, Loheia, Jidda, Yambo, and Aden. This latter was, formerly, the resort of a nest of pirates, and consisted of a few miserable huts, affording shelter to about six hundred inhabitants. In 1840, it was taken possession of by Great Britain, and such has been its progress under the genial influence of freedom and order, that it now contains twenty-two thousand inhabitants, and a great many excellent houses, surrounded with gardens and orchards. It is situated on the Indian ocean, a short distance from the straits of Bab-el-Mandel, (formed by the Cape Bab-el-Mendel in Arabia, and Cape Bas Bir, in Africa) upon a peninsula, or by a mountain mass, called Jebel Shamshan, which is united to the mainland, by a narrow, low, sandy isthmus, about three miles long. It has two excellent harbours; and

* The Greek term *oasis* is derived from the Arabic *wádiz*, the name applied to these fertile spots.

will, it is expected, ultimately have the greater part, if not the whole, of the commerce of the Red Sea, now principally carried on at Mocha, transferred to its port.

From Bassourka, on the eastern frontier, to Mecca, a port on the Red Sea, during the summer season, the pestilential wind called the simoon, (*samum*) or samiel, sweeps over the country, spreading desolation in its path. Clouds of sand accompany it, which completely overwhelm the traveller, and the wind itself produces instant suffocation. "It is ordinarily preceded by a red or purple appearance in the quarter whence it blows; and owing to the otherwise pure air breathed by the Arabians of the desert, they are said to be usually aware of its approach by its sulphureous smell: the only method they have of escaping from this scowling blast, is to throw themselves on the ground, and to bury their faces in the sand till it has passed over their heads." It is supposed, that this wind derives its noxious qualities from passing over the great sandy desert, when scorched by the intense rays of the tropical sun; and Niebuhr was informed, that at Mecca the simoon blew from the east; at Bagdad, from the west; and at Bassoura from the north-west,* those being the directions in which the desert lies. With respect to those places, indeed, the "nature of winds generally seems to differ according to the tract which they have passed."† Thus, at Jidda, "the north wind, traversing the desert, arrives in such a state of dryness, that the skin is parched, paper cracks as if it were in the mouth of an oven, and the air is always loaded with sand. If the wind changes to the south, everything is in the opposite extreme: the air is damp, everything that you handle seems of a clammy wetness, and the atmosphere seems to be loaded with a kind of fog.‡"

The Arabians are of two classes: those who live in cities, or villages, and the wandering tribes, who dwell in tents. The principal cities are in Hejaz, and Yemen, and there are many small towns and villages in the Persian Gulf States, inhabited by distinct tribes, who depend on fishing and diving for pearls, for a livelihood. Each town has its own independent sheik. They have frequent quarrels with the Tunisians, and, generally unable to cope with their enemies in

* Popular Encyclopædia, article Arabia.

† Ibid.

‡ Ali Bey's Travels.

the field, when a hostile force approaches, they generally take to their boats, and retire to some of the uninhabited islands in the gulf. The ancient "Deserta" and "Petræa," are chiefly inhabited by the nomade tribes, called Bedouins, or Beduins; the name signifies, in part, "an inhabitant of the desert." There are a great many tribes of the Bedouins! Their tents are made of a coarse, dark cloth, which the women weave; a mat of straw, which serves as need requires for table, chairs, or bedsteads, a round piece of leather for a table-cloth (in which they wrap up what may remain of their meals), a copper pot, a few copper or wooden dishes, and a copper cup, constitute their furniture. They have leather bottles for their butter, goat-skins for their water, and an iron plate, on which they bake their bread. Their messes of pilax, or boiled rice, are served up in huge wooden dishes, which are passed from one to another each helping himself. Agriculture, tilling the land, and keeping of sheep—are their chief occupations.

Though the Bedouins have never been conquered, the tribes living near Bagdad, Mosul, Orfa, Damascus, and Aleppo, owe some allegiance to Turkey, and pay a tribute to the Porte. They frequently plunder travellers, though they rarely offer personal violence, and they are not inhospitable. When they once admit a stranger to their tents, his person and property are sacred; he is guarded from every injury, and often conducted to a place of safety.

The productions of Arabia are not very numerous. It was anciently celebrated for its odoriferous plants, such as frankincense, myrrh, cassia, &c.; and its "perfumes" have been the theme of the poet's song. Coffee, gums, drugs, and pearls, now constitute its chief exports; and they are conveyed to the coast by camels, "the ships of the desert," Arabia having no navigable rivers. Muscat and Mocha have been the most important ports; but Aden is fast trenching upon their trade, and, as already remarked, is expected soon to engross it all, or nearly so. Yemèn produces wheat, maize, darra, barley, beans, oats, tobacco, senna, cotton, and also grasses, which are cultivated to some extent. Some parts of the coast are most abundantly supplied with fish, and in the gulf of Persia, the pearl fisheries have long been celebrated. Besides the camel—the most useful animal in the country—the Arabs possess a splendid breed of horses, of which they are very careful; the Arab ass is also supe-

rior to that of Europe for spirit and activity ; the ox, the cow, and the sheep, are also amongst their domestic animals ; and the lion, the jackall, the hyena, the wolf, and the panther infest the desert, prowling round the tents of the Bedouins, or following the tracks of the caravans, in search of prey. The eagle, the vulture, the hawk, the ostrich, and the pelican are found in Arabia, as are pheasants and sea-fowl in great variety. Locusts are so plentiful, that they are frequently caught and dried, and when roasted or boiled, form part of the food of the natives.

Arabia has been celebrated for its literature and its learning ; and has produced many eminent poets and historians ; but at the present day, the reign of dullness seems to be pre-eminent. We never hear, in modern times, of any product of the mind issuing from the region once famed for being the store-house of the learning of the world ; and there are no signs of the revival of the latter, though the former may regain somewhat of its ancient prosperity.

The religion of Arabia is Mahomedanism ; and we know little of its history, previous to the era of the celebrated impostor who devised that popular form of false worship.—Of his life—of the rise, progress, and decay of the empire he founded—we propose to give an account in a few succeeding papers.

(To be continued.)

NOCTES DRAMATICÆ.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEEPS INTO SHAKSPERE."

The Four P's—and Ralph Roister Doister.

FROM the very earliest ages there has existed a strong passion in the mind of man for theatrical exhibitions, or the representation of scenes in real life by mimic performers. It doubtless lay dormant for a long period, manifesting itself only at intervals in various ebullitions, at first vague and shadowy, but by slow degrees advancing to more mature and decided expression. This propensity first exhibited itself through the medium of painting and sculpture, which though now in a great measure separate, we believe to have had their source from this feeling, indeed there is yet a near affinity between them. As the taste became strengthened, from the mere imitation of the forms of birds and animals, it advanced to representations of domestic life, battles, processions, and other displays, which afforded opportunities for favourable delineation. So far there had been one stream; here commenced a partition, and from having been content with the silent and motionless portraiture of the pencil and chisel, a desire arose for more stirring and natural actors, and man assumed their office; thus the art moved onward till at length it attained the perfection of the Grecian stage.

In other parts of the globe, the immaculate and immortal Punch was the originator of the Thespian art after its identity became apart from painting, and his reign has become universal as the drama itself. In China, where he made his debut, he still retains possession of the field, with much the same garb and circumstance as in our own land. Hence he travelled to Italy, where his authoritative squeak and ruthless encounters may be seen and heard at every corner.

That the passion was largely felt in our own land, the patient endurance of some centuries of morals and mysteries amply testifies. There was certainly no attraction in the language, poetry we cannot call it, of these performances, therefore the only interest they could possess was the mere personation of characters and acts, which were infinitely more beautifully described in the sacred writings.

When these, then, were enlivened by the foreshadowed smiles of comedy, managre their sanctity, there was, doubtless, little regret for their approaching dissolution, but a hearty welcome to the victorious Momus, "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," such as the jolly god would rejoice to see. The interlude gradually expanded till the light of comedy burst forth, and she herself in sunny garments, and "holiday humour" appeared amongst us. Merriment is a good thing, an excellent thing, i'faith; many a true thing is said in jest—many a good lesson decked in smiles—but "merriment without eclipse wearieth," so from laughter the mind turned to the more serious phases of human life, to the delineation of those passions and emotions which form the darker side of life, and whose various developments burst upon the calmness and placidity of soul with all the fury of the storm cloud. From the serenity and happiness of summer time, whose sky is ruffled only by the fleecy shadows which come to tell us, by a gentle contrast, how sweet its passage is; we turn all naturally to the war of elements, the rolling thunder, and the flashing light. The calm must be *before* the storm, and when its wings are sweeping o'er us, we still remember that the sunshine is behind its darkness. It was in due course, therefore, that comedy should be the forerunner of tragedy. Were the scenes of woe exhibited to us felt to be the rule of life, and not the exception, what heart could withstand their depressing influence? But as it is, they are the landmarks of the spirits, and whilst they meet a quick response within the heart, as the true workings of its impulses, and sympathy enchains us on their accents, they are still enshrouded with an ideality, which softens their deep sorrow to "sweetest melancholy." In the introduction to an old play, "A warning to Fair Women," produced about 1590, there is introduced a controversy betwixt Tragedy and Comedy, which is not a little amusing, as illustrative of some of the stage contrivances of that day, and which indeed we have not altogether discarded even now. Tragedy says to Comedy,

I must confess you have some sparks of wit,
Some odd ends of old jests, scrap'd up together
To tickle shallow, injudicial ears;
Perhaps some puling passion of a lover,
But slight and childish. What is that to me?
I must have passions that must move the soul,

Make the heart heave and throb within the bosom,
Extorting tears out of the strictest eyes—
That is my office.

But Comedy retorts,

And then a Chorus, too, comes howling in,
And tells us of the worryings of a cat ;
Then of a filthy whining ghost,
Lap't in some foul sheet, or a leather pilch,
Comes screaming like a pig half stick'd, and cries
Vindicta, revenge, revenge !
With that a little rosin flasheth forth,
Like smoke out of a tobacco-pipe, or a boy's squib ;
Then comes in two or three like to drovers
With tailor's bodkins stabbing one another.
Is not this trim ?

However, we do not mean to settle the dispute as to their rival claims, although our sweet Rosalind has said in her pretty, but sadly self-willed manner, "I'd rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad."

The companions we have selected for our second evening, are, an interlude, the first Comedy, and the first Tragedy ; and we are moved to this, not from any particular beauty in themselves, but from their eccentricity, and that we may see the first efforts in a branch of literature which afterwards numbered in its annals works of which England and the world are proud.

Interludes, besides being much shorter than comedy, and having but little plot, were not divided into Acts, or scenes, but as their name indicates, were merely intended to fill up an interval between longer pieces. Yet they were by no means destitute of humour, and were certainly far more akin to Comedy than to their dreadfully "pleasant" predecessors. The one we have chosen as an illustration of the class, is "A Playe called the Foure P. P. a newe and very mery Enterlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Potycary, a Pedler,—made by John Heywood."

In addition to its intrinsic merit, we are led to this choice by the fact that Heywood was the inventor of the Interludes, and entitled to the consequent honors. The date of this production is 1547. The subject of the four P's is a dispute which arises between them as to their personal superiority. They each dilate in turn upon their qualifications, not sparing embellishment, but not being able to come to a satisfactory conclusion, the Pedlar proposes to adjudge the palm to him

who shall tell the greatest lie ; for having listened to their various discourses, and discovered an " amiable weakness" in their characters, he tells them in a strain of doubtful compliment—

Now have I found one mastery
That ye can do indifferently,
And it is neither selling nor buying,
But even only very lying.

The Palmer opens the play by an account of his pilgrimages, and after having " wearied his parishioners" with a pretty long homily, the Pardoner,* who, by the way, is not a little jealous of his holy brother, and determined that " no one shall flout him of his calling," tries to take him down a peg or two, by hinting that he had " come home as wise as he went," and asking very innocently,

I pray you show what the cause is
You went all these pilgrimages

And despising the method of journeying to heaven a-foot, boasting his own superior powers of transmission, he boldly cries,

By the first part of this last tale,
It seemeth you came of late from the ale.
For reason on your side so far doth fail,
That you leave reasoning and begin to rail.

* * * * *

And where you esteem your labour so much,
I say yet again my pardons are such,
That if there were a thousand souls on a heap
I would bring them all to heaven, as good cheap,
As you have brought yourself on pilgrimage,
In the last quarter of your voyage.
With small cost without any pain,
These pardons bring them to heaven plain,
And as soon as the soul departeth hence
In half an hour, or three quarters at the most,
The soul is in heaven with the Holy Ghost.

The Poticary who is as false and sceptical a fellow as

* Pardoners were monks who carried about the Pope's indulgences, and sold them to such as sought to purchase ease of conscience.

could be found in "the gross band of the unfaithful," rather angers the good Pardoner, by demanding—

"Send you any souls to heaven by water?"

And not to be outdone, lays claim to equal merit in the matter with the other two, for he says—

No soul you know, entereth heaven gate,
Till from the body he be separate :
And whom have you known die honestly
Without help of the Poticary ?
Since of our souls the multitude
I send to heaven when all is viewed,
Who should but I then altogether,
Have thank of all their coming thither ?

The Pardoner objects,

If you kill'd a thousand in an hour's space,
When come they to heaven, dying out of grace ?

But the Poticary is prepared and retorts,

If a thousand pardons about your necks were tied,
When come they to heaven if they never died ?

The Pedlar comes in here, and being a man with a keen eye to business opens his pack and runs over the list of his goods in hopes of a customer. The tricks of trade never alter, and it is amusing to hear him cry like any modern Greenwich trader—

Look where yourself can like to be chooser,
Yourself shall make price, though I be a loser.

Our friend the Pedlar is evidently a relation to Autolycus, and resembles him greatly, barring the roguery. Like him he has a considerable dash of the gallant in his composition, with an undeniably good opinion of his own talents, with none of that squeamish modesty which permits them to be hid under a bushel.—He is *au-fait* at everything—"perfect in drinking"—has "some sight in singing" and "a sweet voice," and altogether is a most insinuating fellow—one whom like Autolycus we can imagine the centre of a crowd of pretty maidens, distributing his compliments and his ribbons, his songs and his laces with most admired impartiality.

During the dispute, the Pardoner boasts of his riches, and recites a long catalogue of relics of great virtue and efficacy, of which he is the fortunate possessor.—He cries

Friends, here shall ye see even anon,
Of All-Hallows, the blessed jaw-bone,
Kiss it hardly with good devotion.

Nay sirs, behold, here may ye see
The great toe of the Trinity,
Who to this toe any money voweth,
And once may roll it in his mouth,
All his life after, I undertake
He shall never be vex'd with the toothache.

Mark well this, this relic here is a whipper ;
My friends unfeigned, here is a slipper
Of one of the seven sleepers be sure ;—

Here is an eye tooth of the great Turk.

Here is a boxfull of humble bees,
That stung Eve as she sat on her kees,
Tasting the fruit to her forbidden.
Who kisseth the bees within this hidden,
Shall have as much pardon of right,
As for any relic he kiss'd this night ;

Good friends, I have yet here in this glass,
Which on the drink at the wedding was
Of Adam and Eve undoubtedly :
If ye honour this relic devoutly,
Although ye thirst no whit the less,
Yet shall ye drink the more, doubtless.
After which drinking ye shall be as meet
To stand on your head as on your feet:

Apparently this beverage was not in accordance with our preconceived notions of "Adam's wine," for the Poticary sarcastically prays "the holy *yeast* that looketh full sour and stale" to help him to a cup of ale. He in his turn enumerates a host of wonderful medicines, whose excellence he holds to surpass the "holy relics." However by way of settling the controversy, by telling the greatest lie, he exclaims to the Pedlar, "You are an honest man"—but although this is admitted to be a tolerably near shot, the conclusion, being rather too personal, is negatived; and each tells a tale not unworthy of the notable Baron of schoolboy memory, wherein he endeavours to substantiate his claim to superiority on this "debatable ground."

The Pardoner sustains his character well—he relates a

journey into the infernal regions to bring back the soul of a woman, who, dying suddenly, was unfortunately deprived of his good offices. He first goes down to purgatory, but not finding the object of his quest there, he begins to fear that she is in still warmer quarters,

For with her life he was so acquainted,
That sure he thought she was not sainted.

Nothing daunted however he sallies downward, and, "as good hap would have it," found that the devil who kept the gate was an old acquaintance. By his assistance he obtains a passport to the presence of Lucifer.—He thus describes his entrance,—

This devil and I walk'd arm-in-arm,
So far till he had brought me thither,
Where all the devils of hell together
Stood in array, in such apparel
As for that day there meetly fell,
Their horns well gilt, their claws full clean,
Their tails well kempt, and as I ween,
With sothery butter their bodies anointed ;
I never saw devils so well appointed.
The master devil sat in his jacket,
And all the souls were playing at racket :
None other rackets they had in hand,
Save every soul a good firebrand :
Wherewith they played so prettily
That Lucifer laughed merrily.
And all the residue of the fiends,
Did laugh full well thereat like friends.
But of my friend I saw no whit,
Nor durst not ask for her as yet.
Anon all this rout was brought in silence,
And I by an usher brought to presence
Of Lucifer :—

Our friend feeling "prudence" to be "the better part of valour" under such circumstances, begins by giving Lucifer a little "soft sawder" before revealing his suit. It chances to be a festival in that part of the world, whereon no "unreasonable" request is refused, so no sooner does Lucifer hear his errand than he right graciously grants the petition, very munificently adding that had he asked the release of twenty more he had been very welcome to them,

For all we devils within this den
Have more to do with two women,
Than with all the charge we have beside.

He describes the joy of the devils at getting rid of the woman in a very whimsical and ludicrous manner,

And of all the devils, for joy how they
Did roar at her delivery,
And how the chains in hell did ring,
And how all the souls therein did sing,
And how we were brought to the gate,
And how we took our leave thereat,
Be sure lack of time sufficeth not,
To rehearse the twentieth part of that.

In justice to the Pardoner we should remember that he was trying how great a lie he could invent—but even if he were not, we could not fail to discover that the joy of the infernals at getting rid of a woman, arose from the fact that she was a great deal *too good* for them.

The Palmer expresses his astonishment that woman should be such a shrew amongst the devils, and yet so gentle here, for says he,

In all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,
I never saw, nor knew in my conscience,
Any one woman out of patience.

The other three taken by surprise at this unexpected termination, involuntarily exclaim

By the mass there is a great lie,

and are forced to admit his to be the greatest fabrication.

It requires little penetration to discover that the Interlude was a satire upon the many absurd superstitions of the Romish Church, and it would not on that account be less acceptable to those for whom it was written. The quackeries of Esculapius too, do not escape castigation, but all is done in such good humour, the birched may laugh with the bircher. Though there is no attempt at action in this play, there is a very decided advance in character over the moral plays, and the Four P's present diverse features which are well sustained throughout—They are entirely distinct creations and their identity is never lost.

Until very lately the play which had the reputation of being the first English Comedy was "Gammer Gurton's Needle, by Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, but one has

since been discovered which is anterior to 'it by several years, besides having much higher claims to the title, both by superiority of its construction and the liveliness and point of its characters. It is called "Ralph Roister Doister" and was the work of Nicholas Udall, Master of Eton College. It is known to have been in existence in 1551, whereas "Gammer Gurton's Needle" cannot be carried further back than 1566. The name Roister Doister is a term used to convey the idea of a mad-brained, rioting dissipated fellow, and it is applied to the hero of this piece as an appropriate cognomen. Ralph is described in the *dramatis personæ* as "a vain-glorious cowardly blockhead," and the elucidation of this character is the source of much humourous and amusing incident. Matthew Merrygreek, a dependant on Ralph, and one who emphatically lives upon his wit, since he depends for a meal on "dropping in" on a friend at dinner time, opens the play with a soliloquy, wherein he gives us an inkling of his own character, and a pretty clear insight into that of his master. He himself is a jovial fellow always ready for fun or mischief—who holds it the best thing to be merry, for says he

As long liveth the merry man (they say)
As doth the sorry man, and longer by a day.

Yet with great prudence he qualifies the apothegm by adding that one must also be "merry *and wise*," for though he is amply stored with light spirits, a certain irresistible monitor whispers to him,

Wisdom would that I did myself bethink,
Where to be provided this day of meat and drink.

After calculating his resources he finds that it is Ralph's turn to contribute, and styles him his "chief banker for meat and money." He thus describes him—

But now of Roister Doister somewhat to express,
That ye may esteem him after his worthiness,
In these twenty towns (and seek them throughout),
Is not the like stock whereon to graft a lout,
All the day long is he facing and cracking,
Of his great acts in fighting and fray making :
But when Roister Doister is put to the proof,
To keep the Queen's peace, is more for his behoof.
If any smile or cast on him an eye,
Up is he to the ears in love by-and-bye,

And in all hot haste must she be his wife,
 Else farewell his good days and farewell his life ;
 Master Ralph Roister Doister is but dead and gone,
 Except she on him take some compassion."
 Then chief of counsel must be Matthew Merrygreek,
 "What, if I for marriage to such an one seek ?"
 Then must I sooth it, whatever it is ;
 For, what he saith or doth cannot be amiss.
 Hold by his yea and nay, be his own white son ;
 Praise and rouse him well, and ye have his heart won ;
 For so well liketh he his own fond fashions
 That he taketh pride of false commendations.
 But, such sport have I with him, as I would not lose,
 Though I should be bound to live on bread and cheese.

Matthew then goes on to demonstrate how completely he can turn his respected relative "round his little finger," and he afterwards verifies his words, yet there can be no doubt that he thinks "champaign" of himself at the very least. Stage heroes have ever been the most accomodating of creatures, and just in the nick of time Ralph enters in a most lackadaisical humour—Master Matthew, who if far more of a knave than fool, affects to misunderstand the cause, and asks whether he lacks money, offering to supply him, but at the same time informing us aside that he knows right well he does not, else he had not made the offer. Ralph who is merely in an amorous mood, and laments that God had made him "such a goodly person," explains that he has fallen in love with Dame Christian Custance, a gay widow with "a thousand or more." It appears however that fortunes in that age were computed in much the same manner with Irish ones of the present, for Merrygreek observes,

An hundred pounds of marriage money doubtless,
 Is ever thirty pounds sterling or somewhat less ;
 So that her thousand pounds if she be thrifty,
 Is much near about two hundred and fifty.

But when did the course of true love ever yet run smooth? and in this case there is a rival, in the person of Gawin Goodluck, a merchant to whom Christian is engaged,—but Matthew assures Ralph that this is of no importance to a man of his figure whom all admire, and mistake for Lancelot du Lake, Guy of Warwick, the thirteenth Hercules' brother, Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, and many other renowned heroes. This consolation is taken in such good part that he promises Matthew a new coat, on the

spot. In the next scene we find Ralph amongst Dame Custance's maids, who are praising the bounty of their mistress, and an animated conversation ensues, at the close of which, Ralph, to keep up his reputation for gallantry, snatches a kiss from the fair lips of the old nurse, Madge Mumblecrust, and having left *tete a tete* with her, confesses his love for her mistress, and confides to her care a *billet doux* for Christian. Meantime Merrycheek returns with other two of his retainers, and excites some mirth by pretending to mistake the antiquated nurse for his master's lady-love. Ralph is at first offended, but is at length appeased and departs. The next day he sends "a ring and a token," to Christian, by his man Dobinet Doughty, but Madge, who has been rated for taking the epistle on the previous day, refuses to deliver them. Tibet and Annot, the maids, however, hearing that they come from their mistress's intended husband, at once agreed to do so. Tibet, with genuine female loquacity and glee where so delightful a measure as a wedding is in question, exclaims,

And we shall go in our French hoods every day,
In our silk cassocks (I warrant you) fresh and gay ;
In our trick ferdsgews and billiments of gold,
Brave in our suits of change seven double fold.
Then shall ye see Tibet, Sirs, tread the moss so trim ;
Nay, why said I tread ? ye shall see her glide and swim,
Not lumperdee, clumperdee, like our spaniel Rig.

In the beginning of the third act, Matthew Merrygreek is sent out to reconnoitre, and learn the reception of the ring and token.—He discovers that Christian is ignorant from whence the "love-tokens" came, she not having opened the letter, and the maids having been satisfied with the information that they were from her "intended husband" without enquiring the name of that fortunate individual. Matthew expresses his astonishment that a woman could keep a letter so long unread, and bears home to his master so dismal an account of the state of affairs that the susceptible Ralph declares himself to be dying and the waggish Matthew affecting to believe him, brings the parish-clerk and four servants to sing a *requiem* over him.

He recovers, however, and by Merrygreek's advice gives his lady love a serenade ;—she enters whilst it is performing and most cruelly returns his letter, which Matthew reads aloud, but with such an alteration in the punctuation, that Ralph denies the production to be his, not recognising it in its transformation.

In the next act Sim Stresby, a servant of Gawin Goodluck, is sent by his master to greet Christian on his arrival at home, and whilst delivering his message, Ralph Roister Doister and Merrygreek approach, Ralph giving orders in a very high key to make ready his arms in case of need, doubtless with the humane intention of forewarning the intended victims of his wrath, and giving them an opportunity to escape. Sim hearing him address Custance as his "wife," reports to his master that she has been unfaithful to him during his voyage; and Christian, grieved at being as she imagines defamed for ever, with the assistance of her servants attacks Ralph, who runs, with many a threat of return. This was too good an opening for fun to pass unimproved, so Ralph privately informs Dame Custance that his master intends to return to punish the late insult, and that he has only assisted him throughout for his own amusement, and the laudable desire to make a fool of him. Christian determines to "pitch a field against him with her maids," and Matthew urging on his master brings him to the encounter armed with the kitchen utensils and in the confusion which ensues contrives to lay many a sly blow upon the shoulders of his worthy general, who is at length ingloriously vanquished and forced to retreat after a good "mopping."

Poor Christian is now accused of infidelity by Gawin Goodluck, and after vainly protesting her innocence, in her affliction meditates

O Lord how necessary it is now-a days,
That each body live uprightly all manner ways;
For let never so little a gap be open,
And be sure of this, the worst shall be spoken.
How innocent stand I in this for deed or thought,
And yet see what mistrust towards me it hath wrought.

Of course in the end the lovers are reconciled, and Ralph being humbled and repentant is invited to the wedding. Thus ends the play, and it will be seen there is much sprightly humour in the plot, as well as a very clever delineation of character, Ralph and Merrygreek being excellently conceived and executed.

(To be continued.)

CUPID'S BOW AND DART.

BY GEORGE WILSON.

'Twas in the vernal month of May,
 When Phœbus ushers in the day,
 Amid the violet and the rose
 Young Cupid found a sweet repose—

His quiver, with his bow unstrung,
 Behind his back was careless flung,
 And Zephyr with his beauteous hair
 Played wantonly whilst sleeping there.

His flowing tresses spread the ground ;
 Whilst thus reposing he ever found,
 Three lovely nymphs unconscious strayed,
 Close to the spot where he was laid.

A dart from out his quiver drew,
 Each maid—then back the quiver threw—
 A lock from off his golden hair,
 Sufficed each, though plenty there.

The maidens laughed aloud for joy—
 The noise awoke the sleeping boy ;
 Swift he regained his bow and dart,
 And lodged a shaft in either heart.

And thus I point my simple tale ;
 If you would over love prevail,
 Young maidens, just this warning take,
 Secure the bow (beau ?) ere love awake.

G. W.
 R 2

EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

THIS exhibition, the annual precursor of the various Institutions for the exhibition of works of art, is now open with a collection of Pictures above the average of merit.

To us, the Direction of this Institution has always, (at least of late years) appeared ill calculated to promote the object for which it was founded,—unless indeed the general term, Promotion of the fine Arts, can be understood to mean exclusion of Historical Art.

At one time premiums were awarded to artists who produced works entitling them to such distinction. Several of these pictures are now to be seen in the Naval Gallery at Greenwich Hospital : but this plan has been abandoned for some years, and old pictures purchased instead, by way we suppose, of encouraging modern art.

The small size of this gallery annually produces a great amount of disappointment and anxiety to the rising talent in art ;—for the British Institution being especially the offspring of royal and aristocratic patronage, is much sought after by all artists, it being, except the Royal Academy, the only exhibition wherein works by the Academicians and their nameless brethren are found together, and all crowding to prefer their claims to the long list of nobility and gentry whose names appear as supporters of this Institution. With such aids of wealth and power, with the “ Woods and Forests ” almost at command, we still find the Directors of this Institution content to proceed in the old way, with the gallery of the same limited dimensions as when the Institution was founded forty-two years ago, and not one tithe of the talent nor the number of artists was in existence ; consequently, an artist not being fortunate enough to have a Director for a patron, or an academic appendage to his name, may have his works hung out of sight, or rejected year after year.

We have been informed that a very large number of pictures were rejected this year, and apologetic announcements by the Directors have been made at various times, regretting that want of space ! compelled them to reject works of talent.

When a family has increased in size beyond the accommodation afforded by its residence, the most obvious remedy for

this inconvenience is to build, or remove to a larger house. This is precisely the case with the British Institution; the family of artists requires a larger residence—increased accommodation, and if the means to procure that advantage be not found among the patrons of the British Institution, then is the spirit and energy of that Institution below that of small commercial establishments; whose partners would, to increase their trade, either purchase the surrounding property and increase the size of their warehouse, or find an appropriate site elsewhere:—even Moses the outfitter—who keeps a poet laureate, had he taken the British Institution as a speculation, would by this time have built a splendid gallery, and have been able to receive every work of merit that could be sent.

At the British Institution space is so valuable that pictures which are not by size and finish entitled to a place on the “line,” should be hung above or below it. Mr. Ansdell’s clever picture of the “Wounded Hound” by being placed on the line, has excluded from that place many small and highly finished works, which are in consequence hung in some dark corner, or placed high up out of sight; nor is Mr. Ansdell’s work benefitted by this arrangement, for his other picture, the “Bogged Pony,” is hung above the line—is well seen—and sold. We can well remember one exhibition when half lengths, life size, of stags were hung on the line to the exclusion of smaller and cabinet pictures, and moreover in direct violation of regulations rigidly enforced against the friendless artist. This circumstance, added to the palpable favoritism shown here to particular artists, account for the curious fact that throughout the exhibition, the line with very few exceptions, is entirely occupied by landscapes, marine subjects, and portraits of cows, horses, and dogs, no other result can be expected, unless pictures of high art and of historical character are more cared for.

Had the Directors of this Institution carried out with spirit the object for which it was established, no other societies of Artists would have arisen. Increased accommodation provided at the Royal Academy, and at the British Institution, with proper rooms for water colour drawings, and sculpture, would have superseded the necessity which now extracts large sums annually from the pockets of artists for rent of rooms where their works may be placed with some approach to certainty before the patrons of art.

NORTH ROOM.

In the department of historical and poetical art, Messrs Lauder, Gilbert, and Watts, are prominent.

No. 132. "Sir William Wallace preparing for battle," is a noble subject, treated with great mastery, and with the sweetness of colour peculiar to Mr. Lauder's works. 43. "Lorenzo and Jessica," by Mr. J. E. Lauder, has much of the beauty of colour so admirable in his brother's works. Mr. Gilbert's picture, 141. "Othello," act 1. scene 3rd. is a powerful picture—admirably composed—and as admirably coloured, and a great advance on his previous efforts. Mr. Watts (G. F.) has two pictures, 82. "Paolo and Francesca" from Dante, and 95. "Orlando pursuing the Fata Morgana," but we do not think them worthy of him. 1. "A Calm off Bury Head" by F. Danby, A.R.A., gives a correct idea of the subsiding of a heavy gale. No. 3. is a "Gipsy Encampment," touched with that delicacy and charming colour for which Mr. F. Goodall's works are so justly admired; there is a greater truth of character than we have seen in some of this artist's pictures. 2. and 19. "Views in Venice," are sketches for colour, by Mr. Holland, and are beautiful. 18, the "Bogged Pony," a large picture filling up a large space of one end of the room, and worthily too,—one of the many subjects on deer-stalking that Mr. Ansdell delights to depict. 21. an Italian subject, by a purely English painter, in which Mr. E. W. Cooke has mistaken his powers. After lamenting over this picture, we counteracted its effect by admiring his other pictures, Nos. 54. 223. 371, 389. No. 38, a collection of Fruit, by Lance, painted for Mr. Vernon, and to become a part of his magnificent gift to the nation, a picture worthy of the painter, the patron, and the National Gallery. 57. "At Ambletense," by G. Stanfield Jun., a picture which promises excellence in due time. 68. "Rue Grosse Horloge Rouen," by E. A. Goodall, as faithful as a photograph, and treated with great artistic skill, the same qualities charm in his picture, 154. "Pilgrims at Canterbury." No. 84. is a perfect gem, by Mr. F. Goodall, "The Irish Piper," a most covetable picture in every respect. 97. "The halt at the well" also by Mr. F. Goodall, a charming picture, reminding us somewhat of Berghem, and exquisitely touched. Mr. A. Clint has contributed one of his interesting pictures, No. 66. "View near Yarmouth," Isle of Wight. 76. "The roadside"

Imm." a prettily painted picture, in the present affectation of young squires and village girls. 129. "A Sawmill at Sardam" by C. Stanfield, R. A. a quiet picture on a neutral scale of colour, with a charming effect. 114. "A mile from home," E. Hildebrand, rather fierce in colour, and if firmer in the touch would be much improved. No. 119. 124. 136. are dashing clever sketches, in Mr. Inskipp's peculiar style. There are many beautiful little pictures in this room by T. Uwina, R. A., O'Neill, Maddox and other artists, but before closing our remarks on the works in this room we must particularly notice Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Cows," in his picture 120. If Cuyp had painted that picture no praise would have been commensurate with the ideas entertained of its excellence by critics.

MIDDLE ROOM.

On the right hand of the north side the line is occupied by a picture six feet in width, which might, by being placed higher, still retain its attraction, and thus make room for cabinet pictures of a smaller size, unfortunately in our exhibitions the claims of merit are too frequently set aside, for the sake of symmetrical arrangement, this picture is by Mr T. Dapby, and is of a high order of talent, exceedingly beautiful in sentiment and in colour; the subject is "Snowdon, near Tremadoc, North Wales," (183). No 205. "The Village Forge," by Mr. R. Brandard, one of those picturesque scenes so enchanting to an artist, presenting every imaginable variety of form in the multiplicity of objects, with depth of light and shade, and opportunities for effects of colour, by means of the red light from the forge, contrasted with the blue daylight seen in the background of the picture, it is rich and transparent in the colour, and the touch so masterly that it, might easily be palmed off for the work of an old master of high celebrity, 210. "Red Cap," another masterpiece, by Mr. Lance, also destined by Mr. Vernon for the National Gallery; in this picture its elaborate finish is not so acceptable to our eye as the freedom of touch which is generally so eminently characteristic of Mr. Lance's works. 225. A large picture, seven feet wide, of a disagreeable subject, a wolf, gorged with his prey, reposing on his mangled victim, by — Kiorboe; the colour is not so clear as we could wish; the same blemish also attaches to No. 60. A picture

of two grey-hounds. 184. A pretty picture, by Mr. J. Noble of courtship, with the present fashionable accompaniments of long waists and quilted petticoats, buckles, cocked hats, &c., &c., &c. 198. "Old Scullery at Ighsham Moat," a very clever picture, by Mr. Henderson, the light well managed. 215. "Fontigo dei Turchi," one of Mr. Oliver's best pictures. 242. "Joseph interpreting the dream of the chief Baker of Pharaoh," by Sir George Hayter, is an interesting picture and treated with attention to the antiquities of Egypt; in respect of costume, &c., the figure of Joseph is dignified and impressive; we still exclaim against the place given to a picture of such dimensions, it should have been placed higher up, in justice to the claims of other artists. 40. A picture by F. J. Wyburd, appears to have considerable merit, but it is placed so high, that no opinion can be passed upon it; the subject is "mourning in Zion." 233. A sketch from nature, one of Mr. Buss's subjects of humour, an artist having fallen asleep over his sketch from nature, a young lady is contemplating the general effect. 255. Market people astonished at the beauty of the prints exhibited in Messrs. Graves' shop window, by Mr. G. S. Reynolds. 258. "The Bird-trap," a frost scene, by Mr. C. Branwhite, an exceedingly clever picture; the details of form might have been advantageously massed for greater breadth of effect. 268. A study, "three portraits of a white horse, *a la* Vandyke's, Charles I.," painted with the truth and power for which Mr. Herring's works are esteemed. 269. "A water-mill," by J. Peel, a good specimen of this rising artist's works. 293. Two pretty portraits of pretty children, painted by Mr. Mogford. 301. "The confluence of the rivers Conway and Llugwyo, North Wales," a beautiful landscape by Mr. Cobbett. 313. "A shady river Summer," by F. R. Lee, R.A.; this with his other pictures, 59, "a Highland Lake," 435. "Falls of the River Ogwen, North Wales," are great acquisitions to the exhibition, and have that truth of colour and marvellous facility with precision of touch which render his pictures so eminently beautiful. 159. a sweet pretty portrait of "a Mother and Child" by Mr. Joy. "The New Stone, Coast of Devon," a fine marine subject by Mr. S. Robins, who contributes two other pictures, 112. and 278. "Dredgers on the Medway, near Gillingham," and "Scene on the Thames, Near Erith," of equal excellence. No. 161. "View from Symond's Yatt, Monmouth," com-

pletes the leading subjects in this room. This is a finely painted landscape, and fully sustains Mr. Tennant's reputation; the innumerable details are well managed, and a most difficult subject successfully treated.

SOUTH ROOM.

No. 323. "The New Boy," an idle dog, who fancies he has learnt his lesson, a very well painted and humorously conceived picture, by Mr. Macguire. 328. "Cowly Spring," by E. J. Niemann; this picture, as well as 425, "Clifton," are good specimens of the ability possessed by this rising artist, whose works bid fair to acquire for him an eminent position among our landscape painters. 333. "Saxon Alms-giving," an Historical work of a high character, therefore placed so high up, that it becomes useless to Mr. W. B. Scott or the patrons of Art. 343. "Eton College," a choice picture, by Mr. Stark, whose beautiful transcripts of nature are now put comparatively aside for the mere bravura of execution shewn by some artists who seek to mend nature. 354. "Interior of a Walnut-oil mill, Poitiers," another of those exquisitely painted interiors, by Mr. E. A. Goodall. 355. A subject from Burns, by Mr. Alexander Johnston, "The return of a Highland soldier," the story well told, and painted with the precision and power by which this artist's works are well known. 394. "Palace of Ogni Anna Capri in the distance," by Mr. Linton, a beautiful picture, rich in colour, and carefully executed. 400. The only picture of an historical character which has been well placed in this room is that of "King Lear, accompanied by Kent meeting Edgar disguised, as mad Tom, during the storm; this exceedingly difficult subject has been treated in part successfully, by Mr. Abraham; there is an approach to dignity in the head of Lear, but too much mere imbecility in the action of the figure. 403. "Live Lobsters, O!" a study by Mr. Fraser, whose picture of Scottish peasants (45) presents us with all the beauty of execution and of colour, peculiarly belonging to Mr. Fraser's works; why his, and many other artists' works of elaborate execution are placed on the floor, or up to the ceiling, to accommodate large pictures on the line, which could be better seen if moved higher on the walls, is to us a puzzling question, but in this way artists suffer year after year.

The south end of the room is filled by Sir George Hayter's

well known picture of the Reformed Parliament in the old House of Commons, a most interesting work which unquestionably ought to be purchased and placed in some public building, the most proper would be the New Palace at Westminster.

The portraits are good, and the whole composition of the picture agreeable, much truth in the general effect, and a subject of such complicated lines and great difficulty treated in a masterly way. 431. "The Old English Squire visiting his tenants," another specimen of hanging; it appears to possess great merit, but is placed so high that no real judgment can be formed of the work; it is by Mr. T. F. Marshall. "The wounded Hound," 440, a picture with life size figures, by Mr. Ansdell, nine feet six inches wide, and placed on the line; we are sure that Mr. Ansdell, had he the choice, would not have wished so large a work even with the vast amount of talent it possesses, to inflict so much injustice on his brother artists, by having it placed on the line; the picture is painted with a masterly hand, it is powerfully drawn, and shews a careful discrimination of textures throughout. 448. "Dorothea," by T. Creswick, A. R. A., a charming picture, full of truth and beauty of execution. 454. "The Morning of Life," a poetically conceived subject; its gaiety of light and shade is accompanied by exquisite colour, by R. S. Lauder, R. S. A., placed far too high up on the wall for its merits.

We have now noticed what from their situations would be considered as the leading pictures in this year's exhibition, but sad experience has proved how frequently such a character attaches more to the place allotted to such works, than to the actual merits of them.

Great talent still remains in the different departments of art; in landscape, Messrs. Linnell, Copley, Fielding; Jutson, Bright, Pyne, W. Williams, S. Percy, Reinagle, Hering, Havell, J. Wilson, Henshaw, and Watts, are all leading names. In poetical subjects Mr. Frost, A. R. A., Mr. Parris, Monsieur Desanges, Messrs. Harwood, W. Carpenter Jun., Collins, Boughton, Woolnoth, Bendixen, Lant, Le Jeune, &c. contribute works of talent. The class of Genre is supported by the pictures of Messrs W. Kidd, Farrier, Dukes, Wingfield, Montaigne, T. Roods, Branwhite, Barker, Shirley, Shayer, Ellerby, Henderson, Frank Williams, Provis, C. Lees, R. S. A., T. F. Dicksee. Marine

subjects by Messrs. W. Williams, Carmichael, Stanfield Jun., Yarnold, Brunning, Giles, Pyne, C. Mornewick Jun., J. Wilson Jun., C. Bentley, I. Giles, R. S. A. In architecture, pictures of great merit are exhibited by Messrs. Callow, Baud, Shirley, Stanley, Fripp, Dixon, T. Dearmer, L. J. Wood, Ince, Vickers.

Our notice having exceeded the limits allowed us, we close our remarks by regretting that the position of many works in the several branches of art in the exhibition, precludes us from doing justice to their claims. A great amount of talent is fast rising into evidence in the fine arts, which imperatively demand a larger gallery for its proper display.

AN INVOCATION TO HOPE.

BY W. J. NEESOM.

Oh ! come fond hope, and sweetly shower,
Thy dewy influence o'er the scene,
Come, and with thine angelic power,
Compose and make my mind serene.

Let thy soft rays, more brightly shining,
Some comfort to my soul impart,
Let them, while on thee reclining,
Bid ev'ry care from thence depart.

Thou sweetest boon, thou greatest blessing,
'Tis thine to steal each secret sigh,
From the sad heart, that heart possessing.
To change its sadness into joy.

Oh ! those all-bright illusive visions,
That robs the weary soul of grief,
Paint to my mind thy scenes Elysian,
Come, and afford me thy relief.

(M. C. M.) W. S. N.

King's College.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

CHRONOLOGICALLY AND BIOGRAPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY W. COOKE STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 146.)

IN the season of 1764-5, Giardini and Mingotti resumed the reins of management; but with no better success than formerly. After an inauspicious reign of one year, they formally abdicated the throne, content with having been twice the victims of overweening ambition, which had placed but a barren sceptre in their hands. They were succeeded by Messrs. Gordon, Vincent, and Crawford, under whose auspices the season of 1765-6 commenced in November: the two former were experienced musical professors, and Crawford had been, for several years treasurer, under different managers. Gordon was the son of a Norfolk clergyman, and an excellent performer on the violoncello. Vincent's instrument was the hautboy; he had been a pupil of San Martini, and was in great favour with Frederick, Prince of Wales. He acquired a considerable sum of money in his profession, which he lost in opera management, as he soon became bankrupt; his colleagues, though they escaped utter ruin, were not enriched by the connection.

Yet the season commenced well, for the managers succeeded in engaging Giovanni Manzoli, whose talents attained for the *opera seria* a degree of favour which had seldom been awarded to it. He was not a good figure, being somewhat unwieldy; nor, when he arrived in London, had he the recommendation of youth; but the charms of his acting and dancing led captive the world of fashion, and drew crowds to the theatre—indeed on the opening night, Dr. Burney says, that it was with great difficulty he obtained a place, after waiting two hours at the door. His voice was the most powerful and voluminous soprano that had been heard since Farenelli was in England; and his manner of singing was grand, and full of dignity. He was supported by Tenducci, as second man, who now visited England for the second time, and much improved, with Ciprandi, an excellent tenor. Signora Savoi was the first woman. She had an elegant figure, a beautiful face, but a

feeble voice ; her want of power, was, however, in some degree compensated by great flexibility, and expression. Signora Cremonini, the second woman, was a good musician, with an excellent style, both of singing and acting ; her voice was however, rather suited to the chamber than the opera house. Miss Young, an English lady, and a good vocalist and actress, completed the company.

The new managers continued the system of performing comic and serious operas, alternately, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, ; and they engaged Barthelemon as leader, who subsequently married Miss Young. The season commenced with a *pasticcio*, called "*Ezio*," in which Manzoli had several songs, and he at once stamped himself a favourite. During the season, Dr. Arne composed Metastasio's "*Olimpiade* ;" but although he had attained high and deserved celebrity as a composer, he failed in rendering the beautiful *libretto* of the Italian poet attractive. According to Dr. Burney, Arne "had kept bad company: that is, had written for vulgar singers and hearers too long to be able to comport himself properly at the opera house, in the first circle of taste and fashion. He could speak to the girls in the garden very well ; but whether through bashfulness, or want of use, he had very little to say in good company." Mr. Barthelemon brought out his own opera of "*Pelopida*," which was well received, and contains traits of genius and bold modulation in the music, proving, that he only wanted experience to become a popular composer of the Italian school. Manzoli sung in "*Il re Pastorel*," the music of which was chiefly by Giardini, for his benefit ; and at the end of the season he returned to Italy.

Manzoli having left, the managers looked out for novelty for the next season, that of 1766-7, and Mr. Gordon went to Italy during the recess, to engage performers, more especially for the *opera buffa*, for which he secured the services of Signors Lovattini, and Morigi, Signoras Guadagni, Quercioli, Maggiore, and Piatti, with occasionally Savoi, and Micheli ; who, however, belonged to the more serious troupe, for which Guarducci was engaged as first man, and Grassi as first woman. Signora Ponce and Miss Young were also engaged. Of these vocalists Guarducci was of the most note. He was a pupil of the Bolognese School, at that time conducted by Bernacchi ; and "he was," says Dr. Burney, "the plainest and most simple singer, of the first class, I ever heard. All his efforts were marked by expression, and high finishing ; nor did he

ever aim at execution." Though not liked at first, he soon became a favourite; and besides his engagement at the Opera, he sang at the Oratorios, receiving 600 guineas for twelve performances, being the largest sum that had, up to that time been given to any singer at those sacred concerts.

Cecilia Grassi, who afterwards became Mrs. Bach, was inanimate as an actress, and wanted the attraction of beauty. She sang, however, with a truth of intonation, a plaintive sweetness of voice, and an innocent simplicity of expression, which, if they did not excite surprise, or astonishment, could not fail to give pleasure.

The season opened October 21st, 1766, with a comic opera, "*Gil Stravaganti*," which was succeeded by a serious pasticcio, "*Trakebarne Gran Mogul*." Neither effected much, either for the popularity of the singers or composers, or the pockets of the managers; but on the 9th of December, the "*Buona Figliuola*," of Piccini, which had already preserved the opera from ruin at Rome, was produced with the most complete success. This opera was composed in 1760, when Piccini, on passing through Rome, on his way to Milan, was entreated to compose a comic opera for the *Teatro delle Dame* in that metropolis. But there was no *libretto*; and Goldoni, a celebrated dramatic poet, born at Venice in 1707, and who died at Paris, in 1793, being applied to, furnished the composer with "*La Buona Figliuola*," originally written at Rome, in 1755, when it was set to music by Duni. It is founded on Goldoni's own comedy of "*Pamela*," which is derived from Richardson's celebrated novel of that name; and with Piccini's music, it became a great favourite, being performed at nearly every theatre in Italy. The London managers had engaged some of the performers who appeared in that opera; on its first production, viz:—Lovattini, the first buffo; Savoi, the serious man; and the *buffo caricato*, Merigi. Signora Guadagni had also performed the part of *Cecchina*; in several cities in Italy, with the most unbounded applause from the then critical audiences of that country. Thus sustained, and with its admirable music, and excellent and interesting story, no wonder that it was eminently successful.—The popularity of this comic opera was somewhat interrupted; in the spring of 1767, by the success of two serious operas, Bach's "*Carattaco*," and "*La Conquista del Messico*," by Venito, whom Giardini had brought to London, in which Guarducci and Grassi acquired more applause than had been bestowed on them before

Christmas; but Piccini's work continued to be the great attraction of the season. Another opera of the same composer's "*Buona Figliuola maritata*," (which was a sequel to the first), was not so successful; though public expectation and curiosity were so much raised as to call together a prodigious crowd at the opera, on its first performance. The principal part was given to Signora Zempirini, a pretty woman, but whose singing was injured by affectation. The other vocalists were those who appeared in "*Figliuola*:" but whether the fault was in the audience or in the singers, or partly in both—it was not appreciated; and both were glad to return to their first love.

During the season 1767-8, the opera was under the same management; and in Jannary, 1768, the serious music of Pietro Guglielmi, of Naples, was first heard in his serious opera, "*Ifigegnia in Aulide*." This composer had just arrived in England; and the managers evinced their zeal and public spirit in at once bringing out an opera by a *maestro* who had acquired some celebrity on the continent. There was, however, at that time a sort of partizan musical war waging in London, among the supporters and friends of J. O. Bach, Cocchi, Vento, and Giardini, of which Guglielmi was the victim. His opera did not succeed, nor did a much better fate attend the re-production of his *opera buffa*, "*Filosofo di Campagna*," which had been so popular a few years previous, when Paganini was in England.

The season of 1768-9, opened on the 5th of November, with Buranello's *opera buffa* "*Gli Amante ridicoli*:" and during the whole of it, no serious opera was performed; the lively productions of Galuppi, Piccini, and Guglielmi, (better appreciated this, than last season) supported by Lovattini, and Signora Guadagni, being thought by the managers to contain "metal more attractive." The season was not profitable, and, as we have already stated, Vincent became bankrupt, and his colleagues were glad to escape with serious losses. The opera, however, did not experience any more than the customary vacation. The Hon. Mr. Hobart took the management, and the season 1769-70 commenced under his auspices, when Signor Guadagni made his second appearance here,—his first being in 1748. In the interval he had greatly improved as a singer, chiefly through the instructions of Gizziello, (Conti.) Both were at Lisbon at the time of the earthquake (1755), and Gizziello narrowly escaped destruction. His escape from a dreadful death, seems to have impressed his mind with devo-

tional feelings, and he retired into a monastery, where he spent the rest of his life. "Having," says our great musical historian, Burney, "a friendship for Guadagni, and being pleased with his voice and quickness of parts, he persuaded the young singer to accompany him in his retreat, where, during a considerable time, he took great pains in directing his studies; and it is from this period that Guadagni's great reputation, as a refined and judicious singer, may be dated." He had no equal as an actor; to an elegant and noble figure, were added a countenance replete with beauty, and extremely expressive and intelligent features, while every attitude was instinct with grace, and might have formed a model for a statuary. His voice was not powerful, and he sang the most simple music imaginable. Dr. Burney tried to analyze the pleasure he communicated to his audience, and found it chiefly arose from his artful manner of diminishing the tones of his voice, like the dying notes of the *Æolian* harp." He sang in "*Olimpiade*," a *pasticcio*; "*Ezio*," by Guglielmi, and Gluck's "*Orfeo*." He acquired great public favour, but his temper was violent, and towards the close of the season he quarrelled with the Hon. Mr. Hobart, because he thought an affront had been put upon his sister, in favour of Zamparini. This led to his quitting the opera, and he left England the following year, (1771), to which he never returned: he died at Padua, in 1786. He was succeeded by Tenducci, who returned to England, and was first man in the season 1770-71. Since his first appearance here in the time of Mattei, and Potenza, he had been residing in Scotland and Ireland, and had made such a stride in his profession that he was well received as first man, not only in London, but afterwards in all the great theatres of Italy.

From May, 1771, there was no performance of serious opera, till the spring of 1772, when Millico, a celebrated vocalist, arrived in England, about the same time with the equally celebrated composer Antonio Sacchini. This *maestro* was born at Naples, in 1735, and took his early instructions in the conservatory of St. Onofrio, under Durante. At that time, he learned the violin, as well as the art of composition, and he paid such attention to this instrument, that it enabled him to give to his accompaniments peculiar elegance and effect, and suggested the many brilliant *obligato* passages for the violin which are met with in his operas. He was engaged as first composer to the principal theatre in Rome, in 1762, where he remained for eight years. In 1764, he succeeded

Galuppi, as director of the conservatory of L'Ospedaletto, at Venice,—a seminary for the musical tuition of girls. In England he supported his high reputation, although both he and Millico had to contend against the same partisan influence which had been brought to bear against Guglielmi. They triumphed over it, however, and Sacchini's compositions, which were at first hissed, "were allowed to be admirable, and Millico's importance was manifested by a crowded house at his benefit, composed of the first persons for taste and rank in the kingdom." Dancing, however, seems to have acquired a superiority over music; and a Mademoiselle Heinel was greatly run after; her grace and execution being so perfect as to eclipse all others. She drew the public back again to the opera house, which was partly deserted; and the salary of £600. given her by the Hon. Mr. Hobart, the manager, was increased by a present of the same amount, from the Maccaroni Club. Millico, and Sacchini, succeeded Mr. Hobart as managers of the opera house, and had a tolerably prosperous season. In January, 1773, Sacchini's opera, "*Il Cid*," the first which he composed for our stage, was performed; and in the May following, "*Tamerlino*," "both admirable productions, full of taste, elegance, and knowledge of stage effects." The principal singers were Millico, Grassi, and Girelli Aquirar, "who exhibited the fine remains of singing once admired."

The season of 1773-4, saw a new management; Sacchini and Millico having resigned it in November, 1773, into the hands of Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Brooks, whose first plan was to perform plays alternately with operas; but the Lord Chamberlain's permission could not be obtained. The first opera brought out under these ladies' management, was, "*Lacio Vero*," of Sacchini, in which Miss Cecilia Davies took the principal female character, "and sang several very agreeable airs, composed purposely for the display of her neat and rapid execution very admirably." This lady was the first Englishwoman who had been thought worthy of singing in Italy; and she had performed the first female parts in several of the principal theatres in that musical country. She had great powers of execution; indeed they were allowed to be unrivalled by any singer who had, up to that time, been heard in England; and Italians and travellers on the continent allowed, that there was only one singer, Gabrielli, who could surpass her. She

was supported by the same singers as were engaged the previous season, and in the spring of 1774, Signora Carara appeared as second woman in Sacchini's opera of "*Nitetti*," and subsequently Signora Marchetti appeared in the same *role* in that composer's "*Peroco*." Carara had only second-rate abilities, but it was ill health alone that prevented Marchetti from taking the first rank in her profession. At the close of the season, Millico and Miss Davies both retired from the opera, their articles being expired.

The season of 1774-5 began in November, with Cossi's opera of "*Allessandronell Indie*," which made no impression.

Vincenzio Rauzzini, a young Roman, succeeded Millico as first soprano. He was young and handsome, had an agreeable countenance, and was an animated actor. His voice was uncommonly sweet, and he was a good musician, but his powers were limited. He composed several operas, one of which, "*Piramo e Tisbe*," was performed in England. Madame Schindelerin, who had performed with Rauzzini in Venice, previous to his arrival in England, was engaged at his request as *prima donna*; Trebbi succeeded Signor Lovattini; and Signora Sestini was the *prima buffa*. "*Armida*," and "*Montezuma*," two of Sacchini's operas, were performed this season.

The season 1775-6, was rendered memorable by the arrival in England of the celebrated Caterina Gabrielli,—called in early life *La Cuochetina*, her father being cook to a cardinal at Rome. She had been a great favourite on the continent, and came to England from Russia, where she had resided the three previous years. She was extremely capricious, and was always accompanied by her sister Francesca, who was put into her parts, when she chose to assume indisposition, and declined appearing. Lord Mount Edgumbe says, it is thought that she never put forth all her great powers in England. She sung in "*Didone*," (Sacchini), "*Cajo Mario*" (Piccini), and "*La Vestale*," (Vento). A new Neapolitan composer was engaged for the opera this season, Tomaso Traetta, one of the last scholars of Durante, who after composing for all the great theatres in Italy, had been invited to Vienna and Petersburg, where he increased his reputation. In his youthful days he evinced much originality,—several of his works display undoubted traits of genius, and will bear a comparison with the best masters of his own time. Two of

his best productions were "*Armida*," and "*Ipigenia*," produced at Venice, in 1759. He came to England when Sacchini had established himself in public favour, and was never appreciated; the only two of his operas which were performed were "*Gerionaca*," of the serious class; and "*La Serva*," a burletta. He died in 1779.

ON WITNESSING THE FIRST NIGHT'S
REPRESENTATION

OF "THE WIFE'S SECRET."

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Sweet picture of the heart! of woman's heart!
Of human nature in its noblest guise;
With what rich eloquence its scenes impart,
All that should bid our best emotions rise!
Sweet Eveline, how well thou dost pourtray,
The bright creation of the poet's mind,
While breathless interest owns thy potent sway;
All that a wife should be, in thee we find!
Thy touching tones all seem with music fraught;
Breathed from the *depths of feeling's inmost shrine*;
Giving sweet utterance to each tender thought;
What pathos! yet, what energy, are thine!
Thy Walter, too, with fervour all his own,
Which his undoubting love so ably shows;
(That love first dimmed by subtle arts alone)
In ev'ry word what natural feeling glows!
Oft shall I think upon that high-wrought hour,
When "The Wife's Secret," moved me e'en to tears—
Who but must own its *moral worth*, its *power*,
That charm which e'en the *mimic scene* endears.

E. R.

REMINISCENCES OF A RETIRED SURGEON.

(SECOND SERIES.)

No. 2.—THE LECTURER.

WHOEVER contemplates carefully the incidents which are now daily occurring in the politico-religious world, will observe that movements are in progress, which tend, and sooner or later will lead to, a great moral revolution in the country.

The subject most particularly affected by this, is, that of education.

The defective manner in which the education of the people has been conducted, amounting to a nearly total absence of instruction, arrested a few years since, much attention, and efforts have been made on the part of the government of the country, to extend information among the lower classes. The means adopted by them are generally known, and need not be entered on here. The established clergy took an active part in the matter, and still exercise considerable control over its arrangements.

But the means adopted have been universally deficient, they have been but as nothing compared to the vast numbers which require instruction. We must advance—impelled by the wants of the nation—the crimes of the people—by the voice of the public—and the appeals of the press; education must be placed in a position suited to the necessities and growing intelligence of the age. But how is this to be accomplished? Whence the means are to be procured, is more easily answered than under whose charge, shall the people be educated?

That the church will claim, we may say, claims to have the immediate control of the funds set apart for this purpose, is tolerably evident; the steps she has already taken in this direction, and her recent encroachments, wherever she possessed influence and power, are strong proofs of her desire to exercise an authority over the education of the people; and, consequently, to obtain a degree of influence in the country, which no church can possess with safety to the liberties, both civil and religious of a nation.

That her Majesty's present government will assist in this

attempt of the church to establish this authority in the country, is not so clear; circumstances have disclosed recently, that there is a difference between the church and state, which promises for the present, at least, to impede the progress of the dignitaries of the former to that power, which they have been endeavouring to establish.

That the other religious bodies of the kingdom forming one half of the population, at least, will assert their claims to the instruction of their flocks, is to be expected.

Under these circumstances, it is most probable that an attempt will be made, before long, to place the educational institutions of the country under the supervision of a board or council, which will secure to the people adequate instruction, and ensure to the various religious bodies, that their children will receive that religious education which they most desire.

Indeed, in a country, divided as this is, into so great a number of different bodies, it is hardly possible to construct a governing head, on any other principle, which will act justly towards all so as to give general satisfaction. The present age is particularly opposed to any establishment partaking of the character of religious despotism in the country.

That the ancient educational institutions of the country, such as Oxford, Cambridge, &c., will be interfered with, is not probable; there are many circumstances connected with the early foundation of these universities, their internal arrangements, their government, &c., which render any change of importance, injudicious; although, such may be desirable. It is, otherwise, with the other educational establishments of the country.

Sooner or later the great "*quæstio vexata*" which has so frequently embroiled State, Church, and People, must be grappled with. The result will be, nay, is watched with great interest by all classes of society.

At present, the abuses connected with the educational institutions of the country are very great, they have gradually fallen into the hands of, comparatively, a few individuals who perverting them from their original, to serve their own purposes, have rendered the intentions of their founders completely abortive.

The medical educational institutions of the kingdom form no exception to this remark; in the hands of some dozen individuals, they are distinguished as the arenas of discord, and the seats of constant intrigue, to the great injury of those who

are engaged in the imparting, as well as those who are occupied in the attainment of knowledge.

Unfortunately, the Medical Corporate bodies, who have the control of these institutions, are composed, generally, of the same individuals, who take a part in the educational establishments ; they are therefore in a position, which enables them to carry out their own peculiar views, and advance their own especial interests, and to do them justice, they avail themselves of this favourable position.

Poor Langley ! what a sacrifice wert thou to their intrigues, their machinations ; thy blood has stained their altar—thou might'st have been—thou should'st have been a credit to thy race—an honour to thy name—one of the bright stars which shine forth on the escutcheon of thy country's history ; but what hast thou been ? alas ! a blot upon its fame !

Edward Langley was one of those bright spirits, which we occasionally meet with, in our passage through life, distinguished by the possession of all those moral and intellectual qualities, which render man the noblest of Nature's works, and second only to the spiritual inhabitants of other worlds.

He attended the same hospital with me for nearly two years, and, during that time, he and I were almost inseparable companions.

His generous disposition—his agreeable manners—his benevolence of heart—his whole bearing—rendered him beloved by his fellow students, whilst his diligence, his attention, and his extraordinary talent recommended him to the notice and approbation of his teachers.

All his thoughts were directed to his profession, he seemed to have no other object in view, than making himself thoroughly acquainted with its various branches, and at some future period of distinguishing himself, as a lecturer, in the metropolis, and surgeon to one of the large hospitals.

And for these pursuits nature had eminently qualified him. He possessed an excellent delivery, and was gifted with a degree of eloquence, which, I feel persuaded would have placed him in a most elevated position, had he chosen one of the other learned professions, instead of that of medicine, in which oratory is little required, and less cultivated.

He was equally fitted for performing the duties of an hospital surgeon, he possessed a quick, penetrating eye, a steady hand, and a heart which, as it felt for the sufferings of others, prompted him to the most daring operations in the relief of pain ; he would dare for others' sakes.

At the period of which I am writing, the medical schools of London were exceedingly defective, in consequence of the inefficient supply of subjects for dissection. The claims of humanity, and the demands of science, had failed to accomplish that which the ingenuity of Burke, Haire, Bishop, and his accomplices could alone effect.

As there is no good, without its alloy of evil, so there is no evil without its concomitant good; the awful crime of murder and that of the most unheard-of character, led to the enactment of measures which, however defective, should have been passed a century since.

Edward Langley felt this want severely; he could not perfect himself in that anatomical knowledge which he desired, and which would be so essential to him in his future pursuits. He accordingly resolved on repairing to Paris, and in the celebrated medical schools of that city to complete his professional studies, and make himself master of that branch of the profession which he so ardently desired.

What pursuit could be more admirable? what means so eligible? Is he to be found fault with for thus seeking to attain the best knowledge of his profession? Is his conduct in so doing to be censured? Are his motives to be questioned, his character, perhaps, assailed, and his future prospects in life blasted?

Who are they who sit in judgment upon him, and already turn their eyes on the distinguished student—the favourite of his associate—the enthusiast, as they called him in derision? His future rivals are his judges—his opponents—his enemies!

Already is he pointed at—already is he marked for future observation; his destiny is begun—his fate awaits him—Time will reveal it!

Amongst his fellow students was Thomas Stutely. It would be difficult to meet with two beings so directly opposed as Edward Langley and Thomas Stutely; the former possessed of the most amiable qualities, was also distinguished by his great natural abilities; the latter had little to recommend him, his appearance was coarse and ungainly, his manners were rough and disagreeable, his disposition mean and envious, his education defective, and his mental qualifications of a very low order, indeed.

And yet, Thomas Stutely was the rival of Edward Langley, not in moral or professional qualities, but in the world's breath, in the world's honour, in the world's wealth!

Could it be ! shall the Tortoise rival the Antelope ! shall the Wren compete with the Eagle, or the hideous Owl contest with the graceful Swan ?

Yes, Thomas Stutely possessed qualities which Edward Langley claimed not, he was wise in the World's wisdom, and could bow down before the spirit of the age, and worship the Idol of Man's Creation.

He was the servant, the sycophant, the slave of those above him ; he sought their notice, he waited for their approval, he basked in the sunshine of their smiles. And Thomas Stutely was the favoured one, he was already marked out for honours, for distinction.

The relative of one of the surgeons of the hospital, he would be the chosen candidate at the so-called election for the next vacancy.

He would learn by experience, and remedy his natural defects by experiments on his patients, and complete his professional education, by the dissection of the living.

Some will say, perhaps, this picture is too highly coloured ; the original is to be found in more than one of our London hospitals.

Edward Langley in an evil hour, confided to his fellow-student his future intentions.

At the approach of the winter season, 182—Edward Langley left London, and repaired to Paris. He here entered at the Hotel Dieu, under the celebrated Dupuytren, and commenced his studies. And what opportunities were now presented to him of attaining a knowledge of his profession ! Hospital practice he could obtain for a nominal fee, medical lectures were equally accessible and abundant supplies for dissection were provided.

What vast fields for enterprise—for honour—for distinction now opened to his view ! all appointments within the reach of industry—open to the honourable competition of honourable men ; merit the only requisite, professional skill and knowledge the only passports to fame.

Here wealth could not purchase the highest professional honours—here servility found no favour—here the sick, and the wounded, and the dying were not bought by the ignorant, nor sold by the greedy !

• To those not acquainted with the details connected with medical appointments, it may be as well to mention that, in

Paris, these are disposed of by public concours, the candidates being examined in public, and the selection made accordingly. In London, the appointments are disposed of either directly or indirectly; in the former case, the fee is paid to the individual who disposes of his post, in the latter, it is paid to the hospital, the payment securing to the party a post in the Institution in regular succession, provided he does not offend the principals by his honourable independence, or by the display of more than ordinary abilities.

The result cannot be doubted; it is such as to interfere most seriously with the general usefulness of these institutions, notwithstanding that they contain individuals who would add to the character of any establishment.

As Edward Langley was but imperfectly acquainted with the French language when he first visited Paris, many opportunities were lost to him of obtaining information from the various eminent professors of which Paris could boast at that period, amongst others, Dupuytren, Laennec, Lisfrane, Majendie, &c., yet he diligently employed himself in acquiring that practical information, to obtain which was his chief object in visiting the French capital.

His industry, his attention, his suavity of manners, and general attainments soon excited the notice and gained the admiration of his teachers, most of whom invited him to those evening *conversazioni* which are so generally held amongst the Savans and literary men of Paris. Here, he mingled with the first men of the day, and received from them that polite attention for which the French nation are so distinguished.

As he by degrees acquired a more perfect acquaintance with the French language, he was enabled to take part in general and professional discussion. The abilities which he displayed on these occasions, attracted general notice, and the name of Edward Langley became universally known throughout the medical body in Paris, amongst whom he was known as the "talented Englishman."

Towards the close of the second winter season which he spent in Paris, Edward Langley entered his name as candidate for the prizes usually bestowed on the more distinguished students, at the end of the lecture season.

As it was an unusual thing at that time for an English student to appear as a candidate for such honours, the circumstance caused considerable sensation amongst the *literati* of Paris, which increased as the day of trial approached.

The theatre of the Hotel Dieu was crowded to witness the contest for the honours of the session. Six prizes were awarded, and twelve candidates presented themselves. Edward Langley alone attained two of the said prizes, and, of these, one was the highest of all offered for competition, the remaining four prizes were distributed amongst the students who stood next in order of merit.

The answering of the students was highly creditable to all the candidates, and even those who did not obtain a prize, were complimented by the several Professors.

But one student approached to Edward Langley so as to compete with him in the obtaining of the first prize; his name was Adolphe Lempriere; he was a young man of great abilities, and has since distinguished himself in Paris.

The name of Edward Langley soon obtained considerable celebrity in Paris, and his fame was wafted across the channel to his own native land; his friends exulted in his success, and rejoiced in his triumphs.

In a few months after, another opportunity offered for distinguishing himself, the post of "Intern" at the Hotel Dieu became vacant; it was as usual to be open to public competition amongst the students of Paris, without reference to any particular school. A day was announced for the holding of the concours and candidates were invited to send in their names.

Seven pupils entered their names; amongst these, that of Edward Langley appeared.

He was, I believe, the first Englishman who had entered for the post, since the fall of Napoleon; the appearance of his name in the list of candidates caused the greatest sensation amongst the literary circles of Paris. The question of an Englishman being a candidate for such an appointment, was discussed at all their meetings, many, contending that he should not be permitted to compete for the prize.

As the appointed day approached, the excitement became intense, all classes and ranks became interested, and even the public journals were occupied in debating whether a foreigner should be permitted to enter the lists.

The English gentry espoused the cause of their countrymen, although their assistance was but little required, as the Professors of the Hotel Dieu, on revising the list of names submitted to their inspection, without a moment's hesitation,

selected the name of Edward Langley, together with three others, amongst whom was Adolphe Lempriere, Langley's former rival!

A few days before that appointed for holding the concours, the professors issued the announcement of the mode in which it should be conducted, and declared that the examination would be held on three successive days in the public theatre of the Hotel Dieu; the first day would be devoted to Anatomy and Physiology; the second, to Surgery and Medicine, and the third to Hospital Practice.

The day of trial at length came; long before the appointed hour arrived, the door of the theatre was beset by some hundreds of persons, amongst whom might be noticed several men of eminence and distinction in Paris, and not a few Englishmen.

The doors are opened, the crowd rush in and take their seats, the theatre is crowded, numbers are obliged to stand!

In a few moments, the audience having fixed themselves in their places, the buzz of conversation began, each person talking to the other near him on the anticipated event of the day.

Hush! the clock strikes three,—the door is opened—the candidates enter; first comes Edward Langley, he is followed by Adolphe Lempriere, and the two other candidates; they take their places, the audience applaud, they bow in return.

Edward Langley, though somewhat pale, was evidently confident—his eye shrunk not, and told that he was prepared to battle to the utmost.

A few moments pass in silence, the doors again open, the Professors enter, followed by a number of the most distinguished medical men in Paris; amongst them were Dupuytren, Larrey, Lisfranc, Delpech, Cuvier, Sanson, Laennec, Andral, &c., all men of European celebrity, many of universal fame.

The examination began,—the first question was given to Edward Langley; he paused for a moment, as if to recollect himself and replied. He ceased, the audience waited for the Professor's decision; he gave it without hesitation, "Bien! monsieur," and marked down the answer in favour of Edward Langley. The second question was now given to Adolphe Lempriere, who answered it correctly, and received the same approval, as that given to Edward Langley.

Nine questions were thus given to each of the four candi-

dates, who generally answered in the most creditable manner.

At the conclusion, the Professors retired to make up their judgment, on the day's answering. The candidates and audience remained in their places, whilst the most breathless silence continued, except when occasionally interrupted by the whispering of some of the crowd.

Ten minutes passed away, when the doors again opened, and the Professors entered. Their judgment was announced in figures, Edward Langley, 9; Adolphe Lempriere, 8; of the other candidates, one received 6, the other 5.

The decision was received in silence, as by the rules of the institution, no expression of assent or dissent is permitted.

That evening, the salons and public places of Paris, were thronged with persons who canvassed the trial of the day, some contending that the Englishman had no right to be permitted to enter as a candidate; others, on the contrary, asserting that it was sufficient, that he was a pupil of the institution, to entitle him to all its advantages.

Such an occurrence would excite little notice in London, most probably, not beyond the precincts of the theatre in which the examination might be conducted; but, it is otherwise in Paris, where circumstances of even less importance frequently become the subjects of general conversation, and objects of the greatest interest. It will be recollected, too, that at this period, the angry feelings of the French nation, augmented by the previous thirty years' war had not subsided; and were especially excited by the fact of an Englishman threatening to carry away the first prize in one of their learned institutions.

The second day's examination was conducted in a similar manner, except that there were but three candidates, one having retired. The result of this day's judgment was, Adolphe Lempriere, 8; Edward Langley, 7; third candidate, 5.

The result of this day's proceedings placed Edward Langley and Adolphe Lempriere equal on the list, so that on the third day, now depended the selection of the successful candidate.

The excitement increased, if possible, and as the hour of the last examination approached, the doors were beset by many hundreds of both French and English, more than could possibly be admitted.

The examination begins,—there are but two candidates, question after question is proposed, and answers are given to all. The Professors retire for a few moments, and then

return to announce that the two candidates Edward Langley and Adolphe Lempriere are so equal, that they have determined to try their respective qualification, at the bed side of some of the patients of the hospital.

The Professors and candidates retire for this purpose, accompanied by a few of the *elite* of the profession. They were absent half an hour, and then returned to the theatre.

The Professors retire in private, and are again absent nearly half an hour; they re-enter the theatre, Dupuytren comes forward—not a lip moves—not a word is spoken—the very breathing of the audience may be heard.

Dupuytren addresses the candidates, compliments them on their answering, and pronounces them again equal!

A faint buzz of approbation is heard.

Dupuytren concludes:—

“In compliment to the generous nation of which Mr. Edward Langley is a native, we award the prize to him.”

The compliment was worthy of the French nation, and was unanimously responded to by the audience, who, notwithstanding the rules to the contrary cheered in the loudest manner, so that the walls of the theatre rung with their acclamations.

In the midst of the applause, Adolphe Lempriere rushed forward towards Edward Langley, and throwing himself in his arms, embraced him most affectionately.

Which was the victor?

That day cemented the friendship of two young hearts, which were never severed until——

Edward Langley remained three years longer in Paris; at the end of which time, he determined on returning to London. Some of his friends and supporters ardently desired that he should remain in Paris and practise there; but his wishes were centered on the first object of his ambition, to distinguish himself as a lecturer in London. Would to heaven he had never again set foot on his native shore!

Edward Langley returned to London. His first attempt to settle himself there was opposed!

He presented himself for examination, but was objected to, because some of his certificates were from French professors. A correspondence took place between him and the college authorities, which continued for several months; but, at length, terminated by the court consenting to give him his examination.

He was examined, and after a searching investigation, passed, and received his diploma as an English surgeon.

Thomas Stutely sat at the council board, and acted as one of his examiners.

Edward Langley having attained his diploma, proceeded to establish himself in London as a surgeon and lecturer. He took a house in Golden-square, then a much more fashionable place of residence than at present, and placed his name and profession upon the door; beneath the latter was inscribed "*late Intern at the Hotel Dieu.*"

I mention this circumstance particularly, as to this has been imputed the hostility which a portion, at least, of the court of the college, displayed to him on all future occasions.

This was the ostensible cause, but that it was the real cause can hardly be credited. When Sir Everard Home, who burned the manuscripts of John Hunter, and afterwards published their contents as his own, enjoyed a seat on the council; when another individual was admitted as a member of the body, although he was so indiscreet in early life as to publish a work, which, in consequence of the principles which it contained, was refused the protection of the laws of the country; it is too much to believe that the council could have been incited to oppose Edward Langley's future career on such frivolous grounds.

It is more probable that the real causes were Edward Langley's acknowledged talents, which they knew, and feared, as many of the members were either proprietors of rival establishments, for medical education, or deeply interested in them.

With some difficulty Edward Langley obtained his recognition as a lecturer from the college; but this once procured, he proceeded to deliver his course of lectures.

His name had preceded him, his class was soon crowded with students, who listened with pleasure to his eloquent lectures. Already were his hopes realized, his object obtained, his ambition gratified.

But, no! envy sat brooding at the council board of the college, and Thomas Stutely and his colleagues determined to crush their rival, if possible.

To accomplish this, they possessed more power than may be supposed.

The first evidence of the hostility of his rivals, was afforded him on the election of a surgeon, to one of the neighbouring hospitals.

Edward Langley became a candidate,—but, notwithstanding the reputation which he enjoyed, and the exertions of himself and friends, his success was more than doubtful; they found an under current had set in against him; one governor, when applied to for his vote said, “he would consider of it,” another, that “he should not vote at the ensuing election;” a few only gave him their support.

Notwithstanding, as three candidates were in the field, he still had reason to hope for success. Of this, he would be assured, if he could prevail on His Royal Highness, the Duke of—— to give him his support.

Fortunately, he was enabled to obtain a favourable introduction to His Royal Highness, who received him in the most gracious manner, and stated that he should be most happy to support him, but should wish first to consult Sir William Bennett, then senior surgeon to the hospital, vice president of the college, and part proprietor of the St. John's Medical School.

Need we tell the result? The day of election arrived, the Duke of—— took the chair at the election, and at an early hour, voted against Edward Langley.

Of his two rival candidates, one withdrew on the morning of election in favour of the other, having received an assurance that he should be elected at the next vacancy.

Those who are unacquainted with the details of hospital elections in London, will scarcely credit these statements; those who are, will not question them for a moment.

Edward Langley was rejected! his rival, a man of most inferior talent was elected!

In a few months after, he received another proof of the enmity of his rivals. He offered himself as a member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, and was here rejected also. Thomas Stutely was at the time President of the Society.

Edward Langley was possessed of acute sensibility, and felt more hurt at the latter, than at his former rejection; the hospital appointment was one from which emolument was to be derived; the latter was honorary. He could understand the exertions of his opponents to exclude him from the hospital, as the result would be profitable to their friend, but the latter rejection was all but inexplicable. What had he done to deserve this hostility? He knew not! Could Thomas Stutely, his former fellow student, and apparent friend, be his secret enemy? Could he have perverted the powers of his public offices, to the destruction of a rival?

But the hostility of his enemies on the court of the college became more apparent; they began to assail him in the management of the school to which he was attached, they took every favourable opportunity of injuring its character, and "whispering away" its reputation. Their mode of doing this was rather indirect, than otherwise: "we do not approve of the school," "we would recommend you to attend elsewhere," was the language of some; others were more careful, and merely "hemmed," or shook their heads, when Edward Langley's school was a subject of discussion.

The hirelings of the college were more active, and more daring; they openly stated "that school does not stand well with the court." "Mr. Langley is not liked by the council."

These hints were successful; many students, afraid of incurring the displeasure of their future examiners, avoided Edward Langley's school, and entered to the establishments, which were the property of his traducers.

Edward Langley endeavoured to ascertain the cause of the hostility displayed against him, but in vain. He could obtain no information of such a nature as to take hold of it, and try the question with his calumniators. Its true cause was his success—his ability;—the former they envied,—the latter they feared, as they knew and felt he was the equal of any—superior to most of his rivals; by the exercise of their abilities they could accomplish nothing effectual against him, but by the abuse of the public authority with which they were invested, and by the voice of calumny, they might succeed in their object—the extinction of a rival school, conducted in an able and efficient manner.

Notwithstanding the opposition which he thus met with, Edward Langley continued to be rewarded with the approval of his class, and the most flattering success. His theatre was crowded with attentive, respectful students.

As the hostility of his rivals increased, he redoubled his exertions, and devoted most of his time to the instruction of his pupils, who thus derived from him a much greater amount of information than they could obtain elsewhere.

But the health-destroying avocations in which he was engaged and the incessant labour to which he was exposed began to undermine his strength, and impair his health.

Towards the close of one winter season he found himself unable to continue his lectures, and was compelled to retire to the country to recruit his strength.

As the next lecture season approached, he found himself better, but still unable to attend his duties as formerly, and as the opposition of his rivals rendered necessary.

As his strength failed, that of his opponents increased, even his illness became to them a source of power, and was commented upon by them, on all favourable opportunities.

During three winter sessions, did Edward Langley thus toil through his labours, until his strength became exhausted, and his constitution seriously impaired.

His classes, too, diminished gradually in number, until the entries of pupils were scarcely sufficient to discharge the expenses of his establishment.

Edward Langley felt bitterly the difficulties of his position; he had laboured to deserve success, and when this was all but in his grasp, his health gave way. The triumph was not his now, but that of his enemies!

To add to his difficulties, and increase the anguish of his mind, he sustained a heavy pecuniary loss at this time, and his affairs became much embarrassed.

But hope still sustained him—he should—he would triumph yet.

Another session began, and Edward Langley commenced his lectures, with impaired health and strength, but still full of confidence.

About this time, he applied to me to assist him in the management of his school. Particular engagements prevented me from embracing his offer. He left me in good spirits, and apparently but little disappointed at my refusal. Had I anticipated that which so soon occurred, Edward Langley should not have have applied to me in vain; but the future is not ours!

About six weeks after our interview, I was engaged one morning in seeing my patients at home, when a loud knocking and ringing were heard at the door, it was immediately opened, and a messenger from Edward Langley entered hastily, and was shown into my room.

Edward Langley had attempted, if not committed suicide; he had opened his femoral* artery.

I was overpowered by the announcement, and for some moments, was unable to rise from my chair.

* The large artery of the thigh.

"Gracious heaven ! Edward Langley, my friend ! my companion ; my all, but brother."

The patients in waiting were requested to attend on the following morning, and I hastened to the house of my friend, I was shown to his room, I stood by his bed side, his face was deadly pale, his features were sunk, his lips bloodless, his eyes were closed, he still breathed. Fortunately his attendants, aided by a neighbouring surgeon, had succeeded in arresting the bleeding, by wrapping several cloths around the limb, but not until much blood had been lost.

I took him gently by the hand to feel his pulse ; it was cold as ice. I could with difficulty distinguish the beating of his heart. Alas ! he was past all human aid.

Edward Langley opened his eyes and recognized me ; he faintly smiled, and gently pressed my hand in his.

"Ah ! they have conquered me at last ! they have broken my heart ! they drove me mad ! I could have endured anything, everything ; but, at last, to be dragged to a prison—I could not."

"Do not my dear Edward, think of these things now ; they will unnerve you, and waste that strength which is so essential to you at the present moment."

"William, I can think only of my wrongs ; speak, only of them, they are foremost in my thoughts, they are buried in my heart of hearts ; write them on my tomb, when I am no more, you will find them engraven on my heart, record them at some future time, when I shall be forgotten ; do me justice, wipe the stain from off my name, cleanse my ashes from the spot ! That I, of all men should—but, no—it was not I, it was some demon ; I was mad ! Oh God ! when I remember the dawning of my life, of success, of triumph, the scenes at the *Hotel Dieu*, *Lempiere Adolphe, mon amie, mon cher amie, triomphe.*"

"My poor friend began to wander to the scenes of his triumph in Paris. His lips continued to move for a few moments, but articulated nothing distinctly, he then closed his eyes."

He remained for a few moments silent, and then opening his eyes, continued,

"I have been wandering, I fear. How I have been treated ! Why follow me to the death ! could not years of hostility satiate their appetite, and appease their enmity."

"My dear Edward, you will exhaust yourself, we must forgive our enemies."

"I do forgive them, may God forgive them; but can such things be rewarded on earth, and not punished in Heaven? No! God is just, as well as merciful! I am the victim, they are the executioners; such things cannot endure long—for ever! I shall be heard from my tomb—my ashes will speak, my blood shall cry aloud! I shall not have suffered—have died in vain!"

Edward Langley gently pressed my hand—a faint smile played upon his lips—his eyes closed; he gave a deep sigh, and passed away for ever!

I felt his pulse stop, his fingers relaxed, his hand fell from my grasp.

His promise has been realized, he has spoken from his tomb, he has not suffered, he has not died in vain! *

THE DRAMA AND PAINTING.—NO. II

An improvement in propriety of scenery is visible at the Olympic Theatre; for, in the production of Richard III., (not Shakspeare's) but the acting version, the architectural design of scenery was for the most part sufficiently near what it should be, not to be complained of. The effect, however, would be much improved if the artist to whom this department is confided would introduce deeper tones of colour, the whitening as the medium, of light is too apparent and gives a cold, comfortless effect to the scenes; with a little more richness of colour the scenery here would be good. The artist in getting up the scenery for this play had evidently paid attention to the labours of his brethren—the illustrations on a small scale—consequently the views in old London were satisfactory in respect of propriety.

The Tower, St. Paul's, and the street scenes deserve com-

* The principal incidents of this tale having occurred within the last ten years. I trust that the friends of the deceased will consider the justice I have done to his memory, as the best apology I can offer for thus recording circumstances, the recollection of which, even at this distant period, must be painful to them.

mendation. We speak of the whole effect as it *might* be, for fortunately for the management, we were, at a quarter of an hour before the performance commenced unable to obtain a better place—not a seat—than a box over the proscinium, so that everything was foreshortened and presented to our critical vision in a “bird’s-eye prospect.” The boxes and stalls were crammed, the pit was crammed, and the gallery jammed full to suffocation, and an immense reception was given to Mr. G. V. Brooke, whose representation of Richard agreeably disappointed us. Not a sentence escaped his lips but was stamped with meaning, and in some places he gave terrific import to the words; his acting was not so full of transition as we had before observed, and this new character, the crook-backed tyrant, has most unquestionably placed him upon an eminence as a great actor. Of his readings it is not our province to judge; but of his conception of Gloster, it occurred to us that his first scenes partook too much of low villainy, although in the latter part of the play the character rose in grandeur. Gloster, though a villain, stained with murder, hypocrisy, and treachery, is still of royal blood—a bold, ambitious, daring villain. Mr. Brookes’ last scenes were very great, and of terrific force. The story of the dissatisfied painter of antiquity, who in despair of painting the foam coming from the dog’s mouth, in a fit of rage threw his sponge at the picture, and happening to hit the dog’s mouth, by this accident produced the effect he had been wishing for, was brought to our remembrance by an accident which befel Mr. Brooke, while fighting with Richmond; his coal-black theatrical wig fell off, and with it the stage trickery; his own hair—long—thrown wildly about his visage by the violent action of the combat, presented us with the reality of a desperate man, raging like a lion—determined upon conquest or death; his glancing eye and determined desperation of expression was beyond any thing we have ever witnessed in our previous Theatrical experience; the combat was fierce, and amazingly real; his attitudes, expression, and death, brought down, as it richly deserved, a perfect storm of applause.

With such powers as Mr. Brooke possesses, both natural and acquired, vivid conceptions, originality of reading, and of acting, we cannot but regret that he should have rejected, or perhaps not have considered propriety of costume. From Hogarth’s picture of “Garrick as Richard the 3rd.” through

the portraits of G. F. Cooke, John Kemble, and Kean, we have the same ridiculous costume for Richard—a hash belonging strictly to no period,—a mere fancy ball dress. Why in the present age of advancement in these subjects of propriety of scene and costume Mr. Brooke should have neglected that aid which would have gone far to stamp originality on his representation of Richard, we cannot conceive, unless indeed his admiration for Edmund Kean's Richard's dress induced him to adopt it; we being informed, that the dress Mr. Brooke appears in was the Kean's: that may be very well in its way; and that Edmund Kean both dressed and acted like a consummate master of his art, is not to be denied; but, we doubt the policy of provoking comparisons between Kean and Mr. Brooke, and moreover, since the commencement of Kean's career, great aids both to actor and artist have been offered. The dress of Richard according to Kean's mode, was effective, and especially the crimson velvet tunic, richly trimmed with ermine, white hose, yellow boots, gamettes, black flowing wig, and a sort of hat and diadem united:—these were, doubtless the results of a perfect appreciation of what “tells” on the stage.

The principles of effect upon which this good arrangement is formed, might be as effectively and as easily carried out, even if a costume of a different date were adopted.

Although Shakespere's Richard, and the Richard of the antiquaries differ in some particulars, yet, there are certain peculiarities of Richard's recorded, which, without interfering with a strict adherence to the great poet's delineation of Richard could help an artist in his designs, or an actor in his attitudes and bye-play; for instance, it is stated by Polidore Virgil, that Richard had a knack of fidgetting with his dagger, half drawing it and sheathing it again while in conversation. There is also a picture which represents him drawing off his ring from the finger, which supports the idea given of his restless, nervous, impatient manner. This would give an artist a valuable hint while settling what should be the action of the figure he intended for Gloster, and by the actor might be most efficiently introduced.

Both Richard, and Buckingham, his parasite, were inordinately fond of finery, and an order sent by Richard when at York, to the keeper of his wardrobe, for many costly habits, shews this passion for dress. It must also be remembered that Richard was royally descended; created Duke of Glou-

ester; appointed Lord High Admiral; a warden of the Scottish Marches; had high military authority, and was distinguished for valour. These points will authorise us in adopting a rich civil costume for the early part of the play; magnificent regal robes for the middle part; and a suit of armour, richly chased and decorated for the latter part of the tragedy. Richard writes for his short gowns of crimson cloth of gold; doublets of purple and tawney satin; and also his long gown on purple cloth of gold; wrought with *garters and roses*, and, lined with white damask: long hose, or stockings, were worn, tied up by points to the doublet, which was sometimes open in front; over this might be worn a long or a short gown the former hanging loose, the latter fully plaited before or behind, and girdled about the waist; the sleeves were various slashed in front or cut open at the elbow behind, showing the sleeve of the doublet or of the shirt, small caps trimmed with fur, carrying a jewelled feather were also worn. High boots reaching to the thigh, with long spurs and long toes, or shoes with long toes; this costume, with sword, gypsire, dagger, and collar decoration, would be found a very effective dress, and proper for the civil dress of Glo'ster and the nobility. Regal robes are generally made so as to approach the authorities for such matters, amplitude is one essential to a good effect. In the battle Richard might have his armour very splendid; plate armour with *tuillettes* on the thighs, fan-shaped knee and elbow pieces, and long toes and spurs; he might wear a tabard, emblazoned with the royal arms, a *salade* or helmet, light drapery flowing behind, surmounted by a diadem and feathers; a similar style of armour might be worn by Richmond and the nobles on either side. It is not our object to give the details of the whole dressing of the play, because ample authorities exist, and should be in the possession of managers and actors; but a theatrical costumier, who has not these works for his guidance, might as well attempt to write an epistle without a knowledge of the Alphabet. The property man can make his helmets, shields, banners, hangings, crosses, spears, axes, and charge them with the right bearings, by scanning into heraldic books, which are easily accessible.

The dresses worn by the ladies who played the Queen, Lady Ann, and the Duchess of York, were not so much out, as to be absolutely detrimental to the general effect; but ladies have a great horror of being made "frights," of, by

adopting the ancient costume ; this, we beg to observe, depends entirely upon the taste of the dresser and the wearers ; why do the strange stuff dresses of the lace and powder period charm us in the works of Reynolds, and early portraits by Lawrence, disgust us in pictures by inferior artists, while the same dresses are now constantly painted in those beautiful pictures by Maclise, Frith, Egg, Gilbert, and other artists ; why do Madame Vestris, Mrs. Nisbet, Mrs. Stirling, and other actresses produce charming effects in such dresses ? The answer is, it is simply a question of taste in the artist or the actress.

The ladies' costume in Richard the Third might be very rich, made of velvets, cloth of gold, damasked or embroidered stuffs, tight sleeves with deep ermine cuffs, and turn-over collar, the hair in ringlets or bands, with a cap of cloth of gold or richly embroidered stuffs, and a large, thin veil, stiffened out and hanging down the back ; this costume with gypsive and jewels would add much to the effect of the play, without making "frights" of the ladies.

It is due to the management to state, that with the exception of a fashionable scroll couch which was evident, even under the drapery—and a chair of the time of William III. ; there was not much to find fault with in the "*mise en scene*," the intention had been unquestionably to have what new dresses were required, made up with an attention to propriety. Credit is also due for the effect of the funeral procession, the heralds in their tabards, pages, &c. The tent scene was quite artistic in its arrangement, the lights gave great effect ; the group of armour and banners at the side, were all well placed, so well, as to produce a round of applause. Battles, Romans, Peruvians and Knights, are always ticklish affairs at minor houses, with a short allowance of ill-disciplined "supers," who are so excessively comic, in trying to be fierce ; they poke their spears about so awkwardly, and when opposing armies, meet, the ten or fifteen warriors on each side, engaged in a hand to hand combat, cause such a hideous clatter of wood and tin, that the audience cannot resist the temptation to laugh. Unless great care is bestowed upon the discipline of theatrical troops, and great expense incurred by filling a deep stage with men in accoutrements, which fit them handling proper weapons in a proper manner, and arranging them upon different planes, such as Macready did, and Phelps does, the effect cannot be good, and, as such, had better not be attempted ;

our audiences are too well educated in Theatrical warfare, to see such attempts without laughing. Clashing of swords, shouting, beating of drums, and the trumpets heard above the confusion of sound, with a single combat—or a double combat—perhaps, with two handed swords, and the combatants just driven across the stage—all occupying but a short time before the business of the scene commenced, would, we believe, impress the audience with a better idea of a battle, than a few fellows collected in one corner, and pretending to poke their tin spears at another ten, or a dozen in another corner; this kind of battling in Richard III., produced a disposition, on part of the audience to quiz the whole affair, and marred the effect; it required a man of talent like Mr. Brooke to repress such *mal-a-propos* merriment; but his name is a “tower of strength.” Now the management has been fortunate enough to turn up so great a card, it is to be hoped that the popular plays of Shakspeare, and our other dramatists will be acted at the Olympic; and a little attention to the subjects here mentioned, would enable the management to place on this stage at a small outlay, plays entire in text, effect, scenery, costume and properties; but to do this, all engaged, must agree to adopt the prescribed costume, under such regularity, as Mr. Macready and Mr. Phelps have found to be necessary; otherwise, absurdities must take place. Tunics and cloaks of Elizabethan date with shoes of Henry IV., dresses of Henry VIII., fall down collars of Charles I., mailed knights of the crusades, mixed up with the legitimate costume of the “Blood Red Knight,” and all the wicked barons’ retainers in red leggings and russet boots; this ludicrous *melange* must take place, where no restriction obtains to adhere to the costume of a particular date.

Were we in the least treasonably inclined, a stage villain is about the last man we should take into our confidence; as a class, they are so exceedingly indiscreet—they care neither for time nor place, but bawl out their inmost thoughts, and profoundest secrets; their own, as well as the plans and intentions of others by whom they are entrusted. This, we conceive, is a rule of conduct found only on the stage, and utterly at variance, either with the experience of “High or Low Life;” certainly, the exact reverse of the conduct pursued by all men who hold office of any trust. A downright real villain works in secret, keeps his thoughts and views quiet, and is extremely cautious whom he entrusts with plans; which, if

discovered, would involve an acquaintance with the Secretary of State, or one of our worthy sitting magistrates, betray his confidence, and then he will turn upon his betrayer, perhaps poison or murder him. Wm. Richard is a villain working in secret towards the crown,—he smooths his ugly aspect into lone smiles—flatters and cajoles his parasites; and by these quiet means, aided by a few murders, obtains the regal prize—proud and impatient of the least control; he may sometimes be carried by ungovernable rage, and a certainty of being secure in his secrets, into a loud and passionate fit, ending in the murder of Henry VI., in the Tower. Again, when a menial, or a halberdier ventures to dispute his will, when he turns upon his cautious tool, the Duke of Buckingham, and shews his cringing sycophant, that Richard's is a daring villainry, we cannot either be surprised at a loud burst, when the ladies are railing at him. These views lead us to think that Mr. Brook's representation of Richard would be greatly improved by being subdued in the confidential passages, the soliloquies and side speeches. In a theatre so small as the Olympic, the same largeness of style and action which would be suitable for one of the patent theatres, would be found overcharged; and as Mr. Brook has been used to a larger field for his exertions, and it was the first time he had played the part in London; it is most likely that a drama to make a "hit," led him into a somewhat over energetic style. The result, however, was that the audience expressed their enthusiastic approbation of his efforts.

Mr. Hall played the fighting part of Richmond, in a stage crusader's suit of armour, laid aside nearly two hundred years before Richard's the Third's time; he fought bravely for the crown, and kept his antagonist in full play. We think, that more and effective business might be arranged for the last scene, by a closer adherence to the historical accounts of the battle. As this part of the action is now done on the stage, Richard and Richmond appear to have agreed to settle the affair, by having a duel in a private road. Old Hall, the Chronicler states, that Richard rode out of the range of battle, and that Richmond imitated his example, King Richard overthrew the earl's standard, and slew Sir William Brandon, the standard bearer; and than encountering Sir John Cheyne, made his way to Richmond, who kept him at bay, until Richard being deserted by his men, was slain fighting manfully in the midst of his enemies.

While the battle was raging, this occurrence is stated to have taken place, just a little in advance of the thick strife of man with man. Richard's impetuosity caused him to overthrow all who were in his path towards Richmond; and while columns were charging across the stage, this new business might be done without interfering or changing the speeches. The present stage business appears inconsistent, for Richard and Richmond, meet most unaccountably alone, and fight it out; the soldiers and officers just coming in at the death. These are all points which would be considered by an artist about to delineate the battle of Bosworth Field; and might be, perhaps, adopted with advantage by the artist to whom stage arrangements are entrusted.

We have been induced to extend our remarks somewhat at length upon the subject of costume, as we hope in due time to have the pleasure of witnessing Mr. Brooke's impersonations of Macbeth, Lear, Coriolanus, Brutus, Hamlet, Virginus, Lucius Junius Brutus, &c.; with all the support that so much talent demands.

Reviews, Notices, &c.

History of Servia and the Servian Revolution, translated from the German of Leopold Ranke, by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, authoress of "Songs of Hope and Memory," &c.

8vo. London; John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1847.

An extract from Mrs. Kerr's preface, will convey to our readers, a better view of the nature of this work, than we can possibly give.

"The eminent position assigned to Professor Ranke among modern historians renders any tribute to his distinguished merits superfluous, and at the same time affords a sufficient guarantee for the authenticity of every production emanating from such high authority.

No subject elucidated by the researches of Ranke can be

otherwise than valuable ; and the Revolution of Servia is one of greater interest and importance than may at first sight appear.

The geographical position of Servia, between Turkey and Austria, and forming, with the neighbouring countries, Bosnia, Bulgaria, Wallachia, and Moldavia, a border-land between two great empires of opposite creeds, has made this country the seat of a protracted struggle between European civilization and Oriental despotism—between the Christian and Mahomedan religions.

In the midst of these conflicting forces, the Servians present the interesting spectacle of a brave, hardy, and simple people, contending for national independence and religious freedom. Christians in faith, and subjected to the cruel persecutions of their infidel oppressors, their efforts to throw off the Moslem yoke met with little encouragement from Christian nations ; except so far as they could be made instrumental in checking the encroachments, or counteracting the policy of other powers."

Mrs. Kerr has done ample justice to the author of the work ; the translation has lost nothing in her hands, and bears all the impress rather of an original work. It is well written, and in a style of vigour, and concentration, seldom witnessed in female productions. The work cannot fail to add considerably to Mrs. Kerr's literary reputation.

Mrs. Kerr's denunciations of Mahometan government are equally applicable to the Christian, whose acts will rival those of their opponents, in violence and rapacity. If we judge religions by the fruits produced on governments, it may be well questioned if the Heathen be not superior to the Christian. Certainly the ancient Roman and Grecian powers contrast most favourably with our more modern rulers. The efforts however, are not those of religion, but the absence of all religious feeling.

Sharpe's London Magazine, February, 1848.

This work continues its monthly claim on public favour and general patronage. In these days of cheap and good literature, it has few equals, no superior.

Caldwell's Musical Journal.

The seventh part, just published, contains "My native Bay," "Philemelon Walzer," "When morn is breaking," "The royal Highlander Quadrilles," "Oh Gin I had a bonnie lassie." The first of these, "My native Bay," the music by Robert Guylott, poetry by Robert Chambers Esq., is sufficient to recommend the work to general approbation.

New Music.—The Victoria and Albert Waltz, by Herr Kling. D'Almaine & Co. Soho Square.

A lively piece, evidently the production of a good musician, in which is introduced with considerable effect, our National Anthem. The composition is quite in the German style, and not unworthy of a place with the productions of many of his gifted countrymen.

The Theatres.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The season opened on Saturday last with its accustomed splendour, and, perhaps, something more than its usual amount of a first night's success. Although the theatre is clean and fresh in its appearance, we observed nothing new since last year. The orchestral powers have been very considerably augmented. Mr. Balfe has added more stringed instruments to his forces, and among the new names we now find those of Cooper, Collins, Jacquin, Kreutzer, Oury, Hughes, Boden, Calkin, &c. The wind instrument department has received augmentation.

The opera of *Ernani* was selected for the commencement. It is by far the greatest of Verdi's productions, but is not by any means a very first-rate and masterly work. The cast on the occasion was one of interest, as it comprised three new singers, Signora Cruvelli, Signor Belletti, and Signor Cuzzani. The

Lady is a native of Germany, with a face full of expressive intelligence, but too strongly marked by the Teutonic characteristic breath of countenance to allow it to be said for a moment that she has pretensions to remarkable beauty. She is of middle stature, and well formed. She has a high soprano voice, full of resonant freshness and impassioned intonations. Her dramatic delivery is excellent, and she possesses powers of brilliant execution that future opportunities will more strikingly display. Nothing could have more hopeful in a than her manner of rendering the cabaletta to the popular "*Ernani involumi*. Her style here exhibited all the volubility and glitter of the best Italian school. It was, however, in the "*Solingo errante*" that her powers were best to be appreciated. At this stage of the opera she had regained her confidence, and sang with an impassioned animation and taste that gave full effect to that charming *terzetto*. An encore was her reward. Her acting, too, is among her many striking qualities as an *artiste*. Signor Belletti is a baritone, coming to us, it is said, with high credentials from Jenny Lind herself. He has a good energetic and effective voice, a little too metallic in quality perhaps, but firm, true, and flexible. He played the part of *Don Silva* in so good a style, that his position may be said to be already fixed. Signor Cuzzani, the new tenor, is said to be suffering at present from the effects of influenza, and therefore, it may not be quite fair to canvass his capacities. He seems to us, however, to be the least successful of the three names we have mentioned. Towards the conclusion of the opera, he seemed to rally his capabilities; and at his scenic death, he certainly did not stand badly in the estimation of the public. We must not forget to mention that Signor Gardoni, our old favourite of last season, made his reappearance, and sung with all his former charm and effect. We here give the cast of the principal character of the opera; "*Ernani*, Signor Cuzzani, (first appearance); *Don Carloz*, the king, Signor Gardoni (the music being transposed to suit his voice); *Don Ruy Gomez*, Signor Belletti (first appearance.)

After the opera came a new ballet, the work of M. Paul Taglioni, seconded by the genius of Signor Pugni in the musical department, and Mr. C. Marshall in the scenic.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—The principal event at this theatre, during the month has been the appearance of

M. Hector Berlioz, before a London audience. His arrival excited very great interest in the musical circle of London. It was announced that he had come to this country for the express purpose of superintending the performance of some of his own compositions, which have heretofore been known in England only by their continental fame; but the report of that fame has been loud and widely spread; and the consequence was that his concert on Monday evening (the first of an intended series) drew a crowded auditory to Drury Lane Theatre. An immense orchestra was constructed on the stage, with seats for the chorus-singers in front the band and choir together including about three hundred persons. All the best instrumentalists in London were engaged; and the vocal performers were Miss Miran, Madame Dorus Gras, Messers. Reeves, Wiess, and Greg the first consisted of the "Overture to the Carnival of Rome;" romance, "The young Breton Herdsman," Miss Miran; symphony, "Harold in Italy," with solo on the tenor by Mr. Hill. The second part was composed of the first and seconds of the lyrical drama of "Faust." The third part, a cavatina from the opera "Benvenuto Cellini," sung by Madame Dorus Gras; Chorus of Souls in Purgatory, from a Requiem; the final of the triumphal Symphony, the solo part performed by Herr König on the alto trombone. The performers, both vocal and instrumental, exerted themselves most laudably to give effect to the works of a composer; and M. Berlioz has every reason to be gratified by the favourable impression he has produced in this his first appeal to the suffrages of the British public. The symphony of "Harold" a truly wonderful work, called forth from Paganini, when he heard it in Paris, the prophetic greeting, "Tu seras Beethoven!" which he addressed to the composer in a note enclosing a present of 20,000 francs.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The prospectus of this establishment has just been issued. The following are the most important particulars:—The theatre will open for the season on Tuesday, March 7, for the performance, it is stated, "of operas of the most eminent composers, without distinction of country." The company is powerful. Besides Madame Grisi, Madame Persiani, Madame Ronconi, Mlles. Steffanoni and Corbari, who were engaged last year, the list of principal soprani is strengthened by three additions—Madame Castellan, from her Majesty's Theatre; Mlle. Angiolina Zoja,

who has acquired considerable reputation in Italy ; and the celebrated Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, sister of Malibran. The only contralto announced is Mlle. Alboni, but she is a host in herself. The tenors will comprise Signori Mario, Salvi, and other favorites of last year, with Signor Luigi Mei, a new importation from the Scala at Milan, and M. Roger, the well-known *primo tenore* of the Opera Comique of Paris. The *bassi profondi* will consist of Signor Marini, a certain Signor Corradi-Setti, from the Scala, with Signors Tagliafico and Polonini, highly capable subordinates. Signors Tamburini and Ronconi will be among the barytones, and Signor Rovere continues to officiate as *basso comico*, although it must be evident that his voice is a decided barytone. For second tenors we are to have Lavia and Soldi (another new acquisition), and for *seconda donna* the evergreen Madame Bellini. It is enough to say of the band and chorus, that they will consist of the same performers as last year, with some additional reinforcements ; Mr. Costa of course remaining at the post he fills so admirably. A military band, under the direction of Mr. Godfrey, is also announced. Besides the operas which were most in vogue last season, the "Cenerentola," is to be produced for Alboni, the "Favorita" for Grisi, "Guillaume Tell" for Castellan, "La Figlia del Reggimento" for Zoja, "Haydee, ou le Secret," for Roger, and the "Huguenots" and "Fidelio" for Viardot Garcia. Auber and Meyerbeer are stated to be employed in arranging their respective works to suit the exigencies of the Italian stage. The "Huguenots" will (judiciously) be considerably abridged. The ballet arrangements may be shortly dismissed. Lucilee Grahn and Flora Fabbri are to be the principal female dancers, supported by Mlle. Leopoldine Brussi, a new star from Vienna, and a host of lesser lights. About the male dancers we have nothing to remark. M. M. Casati and Appiani will be the ballet-masters, and Mr. Alfred Mellon the leader. For the scenery it suffices to name Messrs. Grieve and Telbin.

HAYMARKET.—The great success which has attended Mr. Lovell's new play, of "The Wife's Secret," has rendered any change in the performance unnecessary. "The Wife's Secret" continues to attract crowded audiences and has been favoured with the presence of Her Majesty and the royal Consort.

Mr. Lovell in his new Play, has opened "a mine" of dra-

matic excellence in which he need fear no equal amongst living authors in the portraying of the domestic affections, and the exquisite feelings of human nature he possesses a power of great intensity. We trust he will "work his mine" to advantage.

OLYMPIC.—Since our last number, Mr. G. V. Brooke has appeared in two characters, namely, as *Sir Giles Overreach*, in "A new way to pay old Debts," and the *Duke of Gloster* in "Richard III.

Mr. Brooke's performance in Othello led his numerous admirers in that character, to form an opinion that he would be equally successful in that higher range of character, in which John Kemble was so distinguished, such as *Coriolanus*, *Hamlet*, *Brutus*, &c., They were therefore rather surprised at the announcement of his appearance as *Sir Giles Overreach*, and the crooked back'd tyrant and did not expect a favourable issue. The result has rather justified their expectation than otherwise, although Mr. Brooke's performance of both these characters was marked by an originality of conception and an ability in execution rarely met with. We anxiously look forward to his appearance as *Coriolanus*.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The performances at this theatre during the preceding month have been a diversified round of Shakesperian pieces, including both Comedy and Tragedy.—"Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," &c.

Mr. Phelps, Mr. Graham, Mr. Bennett, and Miss Laura Addison sustained the principal characters. Mr. Phelps as *Malvolio*, Mr. Bennett as *Sir Toby Belch*, Mr. Graham as *Horatio*, gave much satisfaction to crowded audiences. Mr. Graham promises well, and but for a constrained position which he thinks it necessary to adopt, would be a more pleasing performer.

The part of *Hamlet* is not so well suited to Mr. Phelps as some other characters in which he has appeared.

Miss Addison is a pleasing actress, but like most modern *artistes*, somewhat "o'ersteps the modesty of nature," in aiming at effect.



HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE TIMES; OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

A MODERN ESCULAPIUS.

Doctor Squill was one of those practitioners in medicine, which were frequently to be seen, and are still, occasionally met with at the west-end of town, and which form one of the numerous hangers-on of the nobility and gentry.

The honourable profession of which he was a member, gave him a title to a position in society, to which he had otherwise little claim, and which he supported rather by his general usefulness, than by his professional skill.

He had originally entered upon the pursuit of medicine, as an errand boy to a country surgeon; in which capacity he was engaged in delivering the medicines to his master's patients: by degrees he was transferred to the surgery, where he learned to compound drugs; after a little time he became assistant to his former master, and in the course of a few years, entered into business on his own account.

His education, as may be expected, was very deficient, and was nearly limited to the elementary principles; namely, those of reading and writing; he had acquired as much knowledge of Latin as enabled him to read and write prescriptions, and occasionally to introduce a few words amongst such of his patients as he considered were not particularly enlightened in the dead languages.

These scraps were of great service to him on many occasions, and served to release him from many difficulties, from which he would never have escaped in the usual manner.

If one of his patients pressed him, as to the slowness of his recovery, the doctor's reply was "*festina lente*," as Horace says.

If a friend asked him as to the probable recovery of a near and dear relative, Doctor Squill being in doubt on the subject, would reply in the most evasive terms, and would wind up a long address, which his enquirer did not comprehend, and he himself scarcely understood, by saying, "but '*dum spiro spero*' is my motto. I do not despair, provided a favourable change takes place in due time."

Although Doctor Squill was so generous of his Latin quotations amongst those of his patients who had not received a good education, he avoided his "favourite authors" as he did his own physic, amongst his more learned acquaintances. If any of these indulged in a quotation from the classics, the Doctor refrained from entering into the subject with the greatest perseverance. In vain were Horace, Virgil, Homer or Terence alluded to; Doctor Squill "cut his old acquaintances" as coolly and as unfeelingly as if he had never heard their names mentioned.

Doctor Squill's paper qualifications to practise amongst or upon his fellow-subjects, were nearly as limited as his real ones. Having been in practice before the year 1815, when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and the Apothecaries' Act passed, he was qualified as "a legal practitioner;" in addition to this, he possessed a degree of doctor, from one of the Scotch Universities, where his name appeared on the same list with a horse, which had received the appellation of doctor from the same body.

Notwithstanding, Doctor Squill was in "good practice," and was "doing at least fifteen-hundred a year." He kept a respectable establishment in Orchard-Street, Portman Square, including a Brougham and a pair of horses.

Doctor Squill's want of professional education was no impediment to his success; nay, it rather tended to his advancement, as learning had not imparted to him that refinement of mind which would have recoiled from degrading the professional character by tricks and artifices, which are too frequently practised, but are unworthy of an honourable mind.

These tricks, or artifices, were more numerous than might appear to those unacquainted with them, and consisted of almost every means whereby he could impress the public with an idea of the vast amount of his professional business, and

consequently of his professional abilities.

For example: at home, Doctor Squill was never to be seen in a shorter time than half an hour, or an hour; he was "particularly engaged," although, at the same time, his "particular engagement" was reading the newspaper, or discussing with Mrs. Squill the propriety of her last new purchase. His hours for consultation being from 9 to 12 o'clock, this system of delay was exceedingly beneficial, as his front parlour where his patients collected, frequently contained a number of persons, each of whom wondered at the extent of the Doctor's business, and supposed that every one else must be a patient, though he himself were not.

Doctor Squill encouraged this display of patients, as much as possible, by making as many appointments as he could for his consultation hours: all persons respectably dressed were requested to call at ten in the morning, although their business related to every thing but that of medicine. The result was, that these being allowed to wait till eleven, or past eleven, whilst the Doctor "was engaged," the number of his patients was, apparently, very great, and his fame was extended in equal proportion.

He was charitable too, and saw his gratuitous patients before ten o'clock, and prescribed for them without fee, but took good care to send his prescriptions to a neighbouring chemist, who allowed the benevolent doctor, a heavy per centage on the amount.

Doctor Squill was religious also; that is, he belonged to a particular sect, who contended that they were "the chosen," or "the elect," and who alone, although amounting to a few thousands, were hereafter to receive the mercy of a just Creator; whilst the many hundred millions of human beings on the earth, were doomed to eternal suffering. Doctor Squill was a distinguished member of this body, and frequently preached and taught in their church. At times too, he would, pray at the bedside of his patient, and give thanks in public for the great favour bestowed on *him* by Heaven, for permitting him to minister to his dear brother's recovery.

The doctor however did not forget all earthly matters on these occasions, and not unfrequently concluded his prayer and demanded his fee at the same moment.

Who could refuse such a good creature his fee? Many old maids were quite delighted with him, and talked of leaving him all their property.

Abroad, or "from home," Doctor Squill was equally attentive to appearances—his Brougham was of a peculiar shape and colour, so as to attract attention; his servant was dressed in a coat and hat many times too large for the wearer, and had orders to drive rapidly through the streets. Doctor Squill's carriage was thus well known at the west-end, and answered all the purposes of a peripatetic advertising van. The doctor himself was not idle on these occasions; whilst carried thus rapidly through the streets, he advertised himself by holding in his hands a large newspaper, or a copy of the 'Lancet,' which he pretended to read. This answered a double purpose: firstly, the paper caught the attention of the passers by, who either recognised Doctor Squill as an acquaintance, or the individual thus engaged, as a member of the medical profession, and exclaimed "there is Doctor Squill," or, "I wonder who that doctor is, he seems to be in great practice;" and, secondly, impressed the public with an idea that Doctor Squill was a man devoted to literature, pursuing in the midst of all difficulties the acquisition of learning, and even applying himself to it during the few moments he could spare, whilst passing from one patient to another.

Even reading the newspapers thus publicly in the streets was advantageous, as his patients conceived that this was the only period of time which he could devote to learning the passing news of the day, his time being so fully occupied in his professional avocations.

Doctor Squill was equally careful in his dress; that is, the clothing which he wore, answered the purpose of an advertisement. The gold-headed cane and large buckled shoes having been long since consigned to the "tomb of the Capulets," he adopted a costume which was sufficiently characteristic of his profession. He invariably dressed in black, wore a white neckerchief, and deep frills to the breast of his shirt, so that the most ignorant might pronounce him to be a "doctor." On some few occasions, this dress led to his being mistaken for an undertaker, as this class of persons dress in a somewhat similar manner, but these mistakes, although disagreeable, were not so frequent as to counterbalance the advantages which he derived from wearing a professional livery.

It was not Doctor Squill's fault, therefore, if he was not well known at the west-end.

Some may imagine, perhaps, that the doctor's carriage and

servant, such as described, would be rather injurious than otherwise to him, as being deficient in appearance, and less respectable than the other numerous equipages of the west-end; but this was not so. Doctor Squill, even in his servant's big coat, and large ill-shaped hat, showed his skill: they were professional, and indicated no desire on the part of the proprietor thereof, to tread on the heels of those "above" him; and this, let it be known, was an important element of his success, for the nobility and gentry are particularly careful, nay, jealous of a professional man who disdains to fill an inferior situation in society to that which he is justly entitled. This doubtless arises from our aristocracy being one of wealth, rather than of birth, and the comparative facility which this affords to the possessor of riches to enter its ranks.

Exclusiveness thus becomes more necessary, and is more strictly carried out. than if the right to aristocracy depended on means less easily acquired; it follows that the realiser of wealth is excluded from the circles, which are freely opened to his immediate descendants. This is one of the causes of that separation into classes, which form the characteristic of English society.

Doctor Squill carried out his grand principle to the minutest details; he was, indeed, a worshipper of the Spirit of the Age, and bowed down to the modern Idol.

Talk to him, indeed, of noble feelings—and generous minds—and exalted sentiments—one might as well propose to him one of his own black draughts. Doctor Squill watched the straw which floated on the stream of society, or the feather that the fashionable wind wafted on its depraved breath, and steered his course accordingly. He was one of the pack, and followed the foremost hound.

Doctor Squill was a man of principle, and of no principle: his principle was his interest; and to this he sacrificed all else beside—all around might perish, he heeded it not—so that he succeeded.

To do justice to the profession of which he was a member, it possesses many individuals, as different to Doctor Squill as day is to night—men who are toiling through evil and through good report, to minister to the wants, and relieve the sufferings of their fellow creatures. Who are they? What is their reward? What will be their fate? What tablet records their philanthropic exertions? The newspaper page, which solicits the hand of charity to shelter their bereaved widows and sorrowing orphans.

Doctor Squill's general exertions were fully equal to, and as profitable as his professional labours. He was, indeed, a most useful man to his first-class patients: his time, his talents, his Brougham, were at their service. He transacted private business for them, obtained information when required, and executed a hundred services which could not be so well performed by others.

To the Countess Millars, whom he had just visited, he was invaluable, as may well be conceived: he brought her most valuable information, from time to time, of the fluctuations which daily took place in the fashionable, as well as the money market; indeed, but for Doctor Squill, it may be doubted if she could have maintained that position in the fashionable world which she held, as his intercourse with the higher classes, placed much information within his reach, which he could not otherwise have attained.

Doctor Squill was not, however, the paid agent of the Countess Millars; he only prescribed for her, her family, and domestics, and charged for his professional attendance, but to suppose that one-half of his medicines were ever taken by the inhabitants of the mansion occupied by the Countess Millars, would be preposterous, unless the residents therein were to devote themselves to such occupation exclusively, and engage in no other pursuit whatever. As the disposal of his medicines was not taken into account when his bill was discharged, this was a matter of little consequence.

Doctor Squill's visit to the Countess Millars was most opportune, as the Countess required some additional assistance in subduing her daughters to her wishes, and of Doctor Squill's services she was quite assured.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPECULATION.

THE firm of Scott, Pilcher & Co. was one of the best known, and most respectable in the city, as solicitors of character and enterprise, at a time when the world, as the term is, was busily engaged in the forming of companies for the construction of railways in almost every quarter of the globe. The peaceful hamlet of England, the vineyards of La Belle France, the

mountains of Spain, the prairies of the American forest, and the burning tracts of Asia, bore testimony to their capabilities.

Railways appeared to proceed from their ingenious laboratories, as Minerva issued from the head of Jupiter, ready made; the prospectus appeared to-day, the company was formed in a few days after, and the line surveyed and laid out on paper within a few weeks. The shares were taken more rapidly than they could be prepared by the engraver, and the money poured in as if it were of no value whatever.

The public had confidence in Messrs. Scott, Pilcher & Co., and that was sufficient; they were well known on 'Change; had formed several companies, to which they were solicitors; and stood well at the Bank. Their name was sufficient, and good for one hundred thousand pounds at the least.

And yet to what this confidence was to be attributed, it would be difficult to say; they had no real property, their name was "out" to a large amount, and but a few years had elapsed since the partners were but clerks in a solicitor's office at the west-end.

The heads of the house were indebted solely to their address, cleverness, and tact, for their success. Mr. Scott, the senior partner, who represented the in-door business, was the beau-ideal of the steady respectable solicitor; whilst Mr. Pilcher, the junior, who conducted the out-door business, was equally distinguished, as a man of activity and intelligence.

Although engaged in so many public companies, neither ever appeared to be pressed for time; their business was conducted like clock-work, each person was in his place, and no one was permitted to interfere with another.

The offices of the firm were situated in Moorgate-Street, within a short distance of the Bank, and were distinguished by their general neatness and adaptation to the purposes for which they were intended.

Three outer offices contained a number of clerks, some of whom were engaged in the general business of a counting-house, whilst others were engaged in sketching a variety of scenes of surpassing splendour, among which were stations of exceeding grandeur, villas, embankments, bridges, viaducts, and tunnels, which as yet existed only in the imagination of man, but were intended to be called into existence by the magic wand of Scott, Pilcher & Co., if that great director of events, Time, would lend his favourable aid to this "happy consummation" of events.

The inner offices were two in number, and were occupied by the partners of the firm, one by Mr. Scott, the other by Mr. Pilcher. In addition to these, were the board-room, and waiting-room ; the former for the assemblage of the directors of the various companies, the other for applicants on business.

Messrs. Scott, Pilcher & Co. had just started another railway company, it was the West-end Junction and Scarborough Railway, intended to form a junction between the west-end of London and the town of Scarborough, once so celebrated as a fashionable watering place.

The enterprising firm had more difficulty in establishing this company than they expected, or experienced in the formation of any other company. The line did not "take" so well with the public. They had some difficulty too, in filling up their list of directors, as no one of noble name and large fortune, as yet, appeared in their prospectus. It is true they had their standing men, whom they could use on all occasions, as for example—Sir Adolphus Thimbleton, Sir Peter Shuffle, Alderman Longfellow, the Marquis of Skylark, Lord Alfred Laggett, and a few others, but these had all been already so frequently before the public, that their names were but of little use amongst those who really thought upon such matters. Messrs. Scott, Pilcher & Co. were therefore much in need of a few good new names, and had been busily engaged for some days past in endeavouring to obtain some for the occasion. These once obtained, the company would be formed, as far as they required ; their bark would be launched, and if the storm should shatter it at any future period, the solicitors, and original projectors would be safe from the consequences.

They had turned their attention to the Earl of Wiltram, as a man suited to their purposes ; his name was good, he had not as yet speculated deeply, although he had given his name to two or three of the companies already ushered into existence.

But Lord Wiltram had the character of being a cautious man, who would not lend his name lightly, and was, therefore, not so easily to be obtained ; he was, however, as they knew, a man desirous of "increasing his store," and thus might be induced to join the West-end Junction and Scarborough Railway Company, especially if his interest were promoted by his doing so.

This might be accomplished without much difficulty : the shares of the railway were as yet at par only, but a little management on the part of the company would cause them to

rise in the market, when a bonus of five hundred shares might operate favourably on Lord Wiltram.

This was the position of affairs at the time spoken of. What was the result ?

The West-end Junction and Scarborough Railway was superintended by a board of directors, as most public companies are ; this consisted of a few noble names, one or two aldermen, some retired officers of the army and navy, and a certain number of other parties who are usually met with in such companies.

The board met thrice a week, at the offices of the company, in Moorgate Street, for the dispatch of business ; on which occasions although there was a great appearance of business there was but little of the reality. The real business of the company was carried on by what was termed the select committee.

The select committee was formed at the commencement of the company, by the solicitors, and was composed of their own particular supporters, who did as they were desired. The select committee was, however, nominally appointed by the general board, and thus had their sanction for all their proceedings. They were appointed for the purpose of transacting the private business of the company, such as the examination of the various applications for shares, and the distribution of these, the appointment of the officers of the company, and the care of the shares of the company in the market. They had thus the whole of the company in their hands, and the general board, although apparently at their head, was really subservient to them.

It is difficult to believe that men will admit such proceedings in the management of public companies, but the "*auri sacra fames*" leads them on, and frequently to destruction.

The select committee of the West-end Junction and Scarborough Railway consisted of Sir Adolphus Thimbleton, Chairman ; Alderman Longfellow ; Lieutenant-colonel Bluster : Major Twigg ; James Chance ; George Forster ; and Frederick Sharpe, Esqrs.

A meeting of these was being held, Sir Adolphus Thimbleton in the chair.

" Well, Pilcher," exclaimed the chairman, " how is the market to-day."

" Looking up ;" replied Pilcher, " our private broker bought fifteen hundred shares yesterday, at one and a-half premium for the fifteenth."

"How many is that we have purchased?"

"Five thousand, some odds."

"Do you intend purchasing any more?"

"Oh, certainly, the same number every day, if we can get them, until we shall have purchased thirty thousand."

"How many will you issue?"

"I think about ten thousand; but in that we must be regulated by the market; we shall 'feed it' of course, to prevent suspicion, but I think if we issue ten thousand, and purchase thirty thousand, that will answer all purposes."

"Will you do anything through Rowley?" enquired Major Twigg.

"Oh, certainly; but not for a few days more. I purpose instructing him to purchase five hundred on the 12th, at £3. premium, and the same number daily, at as high a premium as he can venture upon."

"What will you work them up to?"

"To £10. premium at the least, before the 15th."

"How many have you got, Thimbleton?" enquired Longfellow.

"Only a thousand," replied the honourable baronet. "Have you got your share?"

"Oh yes. I have seven hundred and fifty, have I not Pilcher?"

"Certainly. Each of the select committee receives seven hundred and fifty, the chairman a thousand, each member of the board two hundred and fifty."

"Then I shall clear five thousand pounds?" enquired the chairman.

"At the least," responded Pilcher.

"Has Lord Wiltram joined yet?" enquired George Forster.

"I believe not, but Chance promised to look after him."

"I think we have him," interrupted Chance. "I met him yesterday evening at Crockford's, and I have no doubt of his joining in a day or two, but I promised him five hundred."

"He is worth that remarked Sharpe."

"I should not object to a thousand, if they were necessary to secure him."

"I think we shall get him for the five hundred, but if not, we must let him have the thousand." said Chance.

"Oh by all means," remarked Pilcher. "His name would raise the shares £5. at the least; I hope we shall get him before the 15th."

"I shall look after him again to-night."

"How is he off for cash," enquired Longfellow. "Hard up?"

"By no means," said Chance. "He has five thousand pounds at his banker's this moment, and seldom has less; he banks at Brookes & Jones's, Pall Mall, and I know the cashier; if he wanted money I should have him immediately."

"I fear we sha'n't get him," observed Sir Adolphus. "Men of rank and character don't like joining us."

"I think we shall," said Chance. "He is one of the Utilitarians, and upholds the doctrines of modern philosophy. Did you read his speech in the House last night?"

"No, what was it about?"

"In favour of encouraging private enterprise, and commercial speculation."

Those who are not in the secret of commercial speculation, will doubtless be much surprised to learn, that the shares, of which the West-end Junction and Scarborough Railway were speaking, and which they were both buying and selling in the market, at the same time, were those of their own company.

As soon as the company was established, that is, as soon as a list of directors, secretary, and other officers was completed, a select committee of confidential men were appointed to conduct the private affairs of the company, amongst which the raising of the shares to a premium, was the most important. For this purpose, two brokers, or agents, were appointed unknown to each other, one for selling, the other for buying shares in the market. To some, it would appear the best mode to sell the shares at the best price possible; but this is not the case. No shares could be sold, unless buyers existed, and few could be found to purchase the shares of a new company, to any extent, especially at a premium; and besides, it was much more profitable to buy than to sell. In the railway market it was usual for parties to buy and sell for a certain day, generally for the 1st and 15th of each month, the same mode of buying and selling is adopted in other markets; on the settling day, the parties engaged in the purchase, seldom exchange shares; they ascertain the price of them in the market, and pay, or receive the difference, as the case may be. Thus, for example: if A. buys a thousand shares for the 15th, from B., at £1. premium, when this day arrives, the price may have advanced to £2. premium. B. is therefore obliged to pay A. £1000, or to hand him the

shares, which he must purchase at the advanced price ; or, if the price should fall to ten shillings premium, then A. pays B. the difference, namely, £500. In the greater number of instances, no exchange of shares takes place. The transaction is therefore, of a perfectly gambling character, although regarded as legitimate in trade. Buying and selling in the funds, is conducted on a similar principle, so that the London Exchange is as much a gambling arena as Crockford's, or any similar house has ever been.

From this, it will be seen, that if the select committee of the West-end Junction and Scarborough Railway could purchase thirty thousand shares in their company, for the 15th of the month, at a moderate premium, and then succeed in raising them to a higher value, they would receive the difference on the day of sale, and would thus realise many thousand pounds. This question was therefore under their consideration ; they had already bought upwards of five thousand shares for the approaching 15th, at one and a-half premium, and were engaged in raising the price of the shares ; this they could accomplish by directing their other agent to purchase a smaller number of shares for them, at an advanced rate, whenever the opportunity offered ; the price, by this means would be advanced, so that on the day of the 15th, the premium would be much greater than the price at which they purchased, and they would be entitled to receive the difference, amounting to several thousand pounds.

But it may occur to some, that on the 15th, a number of sellers might appear, who would dispose of their shares, at a loss, instead of a profit ; this could not be, as the select committee only issued a moderate number of shares, prior to the 15th, just sufficient to "feed the market," and keep up the appearance of legitimate business. As the buyer had the option of demanding the *real shares* or of accepting the difference, the market was in their own hands, and they profited accordingly.

This mode of proceeding was termed "rigging the market," and was adopted by most companies at the time.

In a few days after, Lord Wiltram joined the West-end Junction and Scarborough Railway, as a director, and received five hundred shares, at £10. premium.

He was not elected on the select committee, but knew of their existence, and also of the plan usually adopted by embryo railway companies. The plan was recognised as

legitimate in business, and was not therefore objected to by one of the nobility, although his honourable character was never questioned, it formed only a portion of the system of Modern Philosophy, and was the result of legislative indifference to interfere with that which will not be profitable to the legislators.

THE DESCENT OF VIRTUE FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH.

By M. W. H.

Softly blow the gentle Zephyrs !
Softly wafts the scented gale !
Hark ! the sound of heavenly music
Swells its notes, o'er hill and dale.

Now the sound ascends the mountain,
Now it sweeps along the plain,
Till smiling Nature, breathing gently,
Echoes back the notes again.

See ! the rose expands its blossoms,
The lily lifts its drooping head,
The mourning willow ceases weeping,
And smiling, leaves its wat'ry bed.

Behold, through yonder cloud appearing,
A goddess hither wends her way !
'Tis Virtue ! placid heav'nly maiden,
Tended by the god of day.

Dress'd in robes of snow-white pureness,
Her beauty veil'd from mortal eye,
She comes ! the broken heart to cherish,
To teach the mourner not to sigh.

There in her train behold the Graces,
Valour, and beside her, Honour!
Joy flies around the beauteous virgin.
Truth and Justice wait upon her.

Hope, too, and Charity are there,
Mirth, and Innocence, and Love,
Peace and Contentment sit beside her,
Children of the realms above.

Now on earth's wild plain descending,
Softly steps the virgin fair,
Lo! from her presence flee the demons
Envy, Malice, Fraud, and Care.

Bacchus and his wild companions,
Cease their mirth while yet she's near,
They hide from her in clouds of darkness,
They cannot love—they hate—yet fear.

Age bows before the youthful virgin,
And trembling owns her sovereign sway;
The sand of Time now ceases flowing;
Death casts his broken spear away;

Come then, thou never-dying virgin,
Deign to dwell on earth with man,
Hearts beat, still pure as thou'st dwelt in,
'Ere yet the reign of Vice began.

Thine is the love that lasts for ever,
Thine the joys that ne'er decay;
Wealth can alone command the pleasures
Which flatter first, and then betray.

On Britain's favoured land alighting,
Happier make each happy scene,
Her palace opes to thee its portals,
Welcomed by thy sister Queen.

ON GOVERNMENT.

BY TRIBUNUS.

THE mighty changes which have lately taken place in Europe, and especially in France, and the further alteration which a little time promises to effect, should form a lesson to those who are entrusted with the responsibility of governing their fellow-men.

It cannot be doubted that, whatever form governments may in the course of time assume, the original authority was given by the people, for the people. If we go back to the first constitution of society, we must arrive at a period when it consisted of but a few individuals. At first, each person protected himself and family, but as their number increased, a form of government became necessary, and was adopted; the majority agreeing to this, for the purposes of self-protection, and the preservation of the family circle, and of the property which each had acquired.

Every government has thus been in its infancy a republic; but as numbers increased, the power thus delegated became centred in a few, who have laid claim to its exclusive possession, and contended that they alone had the right to govern.

This may be regarded as the history of almost all nations, with the exception of some few, who retain the original republican form.

It is somewhat remarkable that the government of the most powerful nations has been either republican, or of so democratic a character as to differ little from it. Greece, Rome, Venice, Genoa, &c., afford examples of the fact. So long as public spirit continued to exist, the form of government underwent but little change, but as that became extinguished, the monarchical usurped its place. The Grecians were especially jealous of their popular power, and frequently banished their leading men in order to prevent them obtaining more power than was considered to be safe. The banishment of Aristides and other eminent men by the Athenians, was most probably the result of their apprehensions on this point.

The popular power possessed by the Romans, was equally great; the banishment of the Tarquins, the jealousy which they entertained towards their most eminent men, the death of Julius Cæsar, show that they too watched over their privileges with care.

Modern governments possess less of the democratic power in their constitution, than did the ancient. How trifling does the

power possessed by the people, in the various countries of Europe appear, when compared with that enjoyed by the ancient Romans and Greeks.

And yet it is difficult to imagine why such should be the case. We claim to be more intelligent, better educated, and more peacefully disposed, than our ancestors. If such be the fact, are we not entitled to equal authority with them?

Great Britain may be considered as the only powerful nation in Europe, which has possessed for some time, a democratic power in the State.

The tendency of modern intelligence is to the greater enjoyment of this power; it would be well for all governments to concede in time, and yield to the people that share in the constitution of the State, to which they are entitled, and which, the history of nations proves, may be conceded with advantage.

Happily the democratic elements existing in the British Constitution render the accomplishment of this easy, they require only to be extended; their introduction has long since been effected.

The encroachment on the democratic power in England has not proceeded from the monarch, but from a portion of the people, namely, the higher classes; they have limited it as far as they possibly could, and although the Reform Bill gained considerably for the popular cause, much still remains to be effected. The great mass of the people, the millions, have no share whatever in the legislative authority, their interests have therefore been too little considered. The Church, the Landed, Commercial, Banking, and other interests have usurped the attention of the powers of Parliament, to the exclusion of the popular cause. To this may be attributed much of the poverty and crime of the humbler classes, their want of education, and other moral and physical advantages which they should enjoy.

That the time has arrived for an extension of popular power is evident,—that it may be conceded with safety and advantage we believe,—that it may be withheld with equal safety is doubtful; there is a growing dissatisfaction in the country, which should awaken attention in time. A section of the aristocracy may object to such concessions, but they will be—we may say they are, behind the age. We do not apprehend a revolutionary feeling in England, but, should we wait till danger threatens and fear extorts that which justice admits? We think not.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ART AND ARTISTS CONTRASTED.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ART.

IN our January number it was stated that the spirit of Greek art had departed ages since, and therefore all attempts at the grand style of painting, or in fact any style at all, depending for its point upon faith in the Heathen Mythology must fail, being merely imitative, and relying for its interest upon fables which are so absurd, that the wonder is, how any man in his senses could have ever believed in them !

Here and there may be a profound Grecian, who, having passed a life in battling about the Digamma, routing out various readings of Greek authors, plunged over head in Grecian antiquities, able to quote the poets forwards or backwards, to whom Greek lyrics are as familiar, as the Negro melodies to our vulgar ear ; such a man, by poring over the remains of Greek art, may at length arrive at a tolerably vivid conception of the stimulants under which the poets sung, the philosophers discoursed, or the sculptors and painters of antiquity wrought but even with these helps towards a full appreciation of the subject, Faith will be wanting,—the more so as it is found that great Greek scholars are nourished almost exclusively in our schools of religion—the Universities.

Artists may rave as long as they please about Greek art, but who is there thoroughly to understand or appreciate their allegories, or mythological plagiarisms ? even on the supposition that the artist himself were able to comprehend in a small degree the ardour which urged a Phidias, or an Apelles.

Take an analagous example in the Drama.—The Antigone of Sophocles which was placed on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre a few years since, with as much attention to the details of Greek antiquities as our modern stage arrangements permitted. In the first place the audience was required to “get up” a sentiment of dread, or fear of the Gods against allowing a corpse to remain unburied, before they could understand the extent of religious interest which the Greeks attached to the subject of that magnificent tragedy, (for which the poet was rewarded by his admiring countrymen with the government of the

Island of Samos), and instead of a sacrifice (on the thymele), to the Gods taking place in the orchestra previous to the play, the nutcracking and orange-devouring audience had a sacrifice of Mendelssohn's music performed by the musicians in a slip of the pit, called orchestra by the moderns.

Finely however as Creon was played by Vandenhoff—who is both a scholar and a gentleman—Antigone by Miss Vandenhoff, and the other *dramatis personæ* well supported, (always excepting the truly ludicrous chorus), it failed to please; nobody cared for Jupiter, or the whole Olympian assembly of Gods,—it was voted dull, uninteresting, and only curious as an experiment.

Before concluding this slight view of Greek art, it must be observed that the grand or heroic style was not exclusively followed by the painters of those times, and had Pericles, or Alcibiades been presented with a ticket for the private view and dinner at the Royal Academy of Athens, they would have seen works *on the line* by the portrait painters, fruit, and still-life painters, as well as pictures of *genre*, of domestic and familiar subjects by the Rhyparographoi, Antiphilus, Calades, and Pyreicus.

The next important era of Art is that of its adoption by the early Christians, wherein it is curious to observe the transition state presented by the Greek Artists, who painted Christian symbols and personages with a feeling derived from a debased period of Greek art.

As would be naturally expected, from the outset of Christianity, even to the time of Constantine, but little use was made of so powerful a means of influencing the public mind, as that afforded by works of art. The necessary distinction to be drawn between the religious practices of the Pagan and the Christian, retarded for a considerable period the adoption of Art as an aid to religion, but, in the course of time, as the absurdities of the Greek and Roman faith gave way, before the invincible majesty of an omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent God, Art was gradually called in to aid the priestly office, and to impress upon the rude minds of the multitude the great and solemn truths of Theology and the mysteries of the Incarnation. .

The question whether Cimabue may be truly considered as the restorer of art, or no, has nothing pertinent to the subject before us, that may safely be left to the controversialists; it is sufficient for us to view the circumstances surrounding him,

and the occasions which fostered and developed his great talent for art. Born of a noble family, and studying letters at the Convent of Santa Maria Novella, he had the powers of applying his talent to the greatest advantage. Observing the wretched, dry, and meagre style of design employed by some Greek artists who came to adorn the Convent church with pictures, and fascinated by the art of painting, he abandoned his literary studies, became a pupil in art, and soon outstripped his masters.

The ardour of his disposition, his regularity of study, and his rank in life induced him to venture upon great deviations from the beaten track, and to reject the old conventionalities of form in use at that period. He saw nature, repudiated the cold lifeless forms and attitudes of the Greek type, and therefore determined to base his studies upon nature, and to infuse an air of life into the action of his figures, and the expression of his heads; these powers could not lie undiscovered, and accordingly he was honoured with commissions to paint the churches of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, and St. Francis at Assisi. His picture of a Madonna was considered so novel and splendid, that it was carried in grand procession to the church of Santa Maria Novella. Such multitudes of people, such festivity, and rejoicing accompanied Charles of Anjou to the church when he went to see the picture, that the name of the street was altered to the Borgo Allegri, or *Happy Borough*.

Art, after a period of obscurity, remained comparatively neglected, and only pursued by the merest dregs of the antique artists,—if even it deserves to be so honoured, having scarcely more alliance with Greek or Roman art than that of the Hindoo, or the art of the Savages in the Pacific ocean—was now claimed by its old supporters, the Hierarchy, and for the self same purpose,—that of influencing the people, but, this time in the way of Truth!

The period when it occurred was that of the revival of letters; Poetry, science, and philosophical enquiry, cultivated by the priesthood of the Romish church presented a juncture of circumstances, strongly resembling those of the era of high art in Greece: accordingly, we find the Catholic church sought the aid of painting for the adornment of her altars, her churches, and her convents; the subjects being then confined to scripture history, principally the New Testament and the legendary history of the Madonna.

Differences of opinion exist among artists, respecting the capabilities afforded for the exercise of artistic power by the subjects contained in the Heathen Mythology, compared with those offered by the Christian dispensation; but those persons who have maintained the argument in favor of the former, have based their opinions on a study of the art and literature of the classic ages, almost to the exclusion of a fair judgment on the works of the Christian period, especially of those before the admixture of classical allegory with Christian subjects. The discussion of this question is of sufficient moment to be undertaken by itself; nevertheless, a few remarks may not be useless to show that the combined resources of the Old and New Testaments, with the moral impersonations of the Christian religion, present sources of powerful interest, various and instructive to the people, and highly engaging to the artist.

The antique Jove, "the cloud compeller," whose ambrosial locks when nodding, shook many-peaked Olympus to its centre, is certainly a grand head,—perhaps the grandest aged head ever conceived by man; yet, its mental power must be taken upon trust, it thinks profoundly, beyond doubt,—but the spectator would look in vain for the powers bestowed on Jupiter, by his poetical biographers: the truth is, that art stops at a certain point of expression. Physically, the antique statues representing the Gods of the Greeks and Romans, are perfection;—the ponderous and powerful Hercules, the elegant and agile Apollo, the beautiful curves of the Venus, are all that form can produce, while the expression of the Jupiter, Apollos, and other deities, but more especially the Jupiter ascribed to Phidias is carried to the ultimate point of intense and majestic thinking, but still, far short of shaking even a house by his nod, much less many-peaked Olympus. However, this head is quite as good as Jupiter deserved, unless the scandalous chronicles of Olympus libelled him to please ox-eyed and white-armed Juno, who had a disposition to make his Heavenly fireside excessively uncomfortable.

We turn now from a deity of sadly mortal origin, to the contemplation of the God of the universe! whose immensity is incomprehensible—whose beginning—whose end is equally incomprehensible,—whose attributes by their mighty power baffle the human intellect.

This divine abstraction is utterly unapproachable by the art of mortals, and whether the Deity be presented by the pencil

of a Raffaele, or a Michael Angelo, or a Murillo, it is a presumptuous effort, and fails accordingly. In the person of the Saviour the artist has the advantage afforded him by the likeness of man, assumed by the Redeemer during his divine mission ; and, beautiful as the figures and the heads are of the Saviour, by Da Vinci, Raffaele, Guido, and other great artists, quite comparable to the Phidian Jupiter, still, the artist vainly endeavours to convey the fulness of divine thought, with which our meditations invest the countenance of the Redeemer.

Physical excellence can be employed by the artist in the forms of Adam and Eve, the ante-diluvian giants, the warriors, sages, heroines, monarchs, and the bash'ul retiring modesty of some of the scripture female personages. Mental excellence in the law-givers, prophets, patriarchs, apostles, evangelists, martyrs ; while the Deluge, the destruction of the city of Crime by fire, battles, processions, sacrifices, miracles of the Saviour, his Death, and Crucifixion, Resurrection, Ascension, and the last Judgment, supply abundant occasions for the most complicated or simple compositions that art can offer, requiring a display of the rude and of ideal beauty as much as the combat of the Centaurs, and Lapithæ, or the subjects of the antique marbles, pictures, or of any fabled scene of Greek or Roman authors. If monsters be required to balance the Minotaur, Cerberus, Briareus, Centaurs, or other mingled creations, we have Death, Sin, the Devil, Hell, and fiends, fallen Angels, good Angels, Seraphs, and those interesting little individuals compounded of little boys' heads and ducks' wings, endeared to us by the name of cherubs ; while the list may be simplified by impersonations of the Virtues and the Sins, without entering upon the extensive field afforded by the legendary tales of miracles cherished by monkish superstition. To this almost inexhaustible source of subjects may be added the many religious poems &c., especially that magnificent one "Paradise Lost."

We now find a gradual advance in the art of painting, through the labours of Cimabue, and Giotto. The latter was greatly honored and sought for by the princes and nobles of Italy ; pictures from his hand were required by all the great cities, and he was besides the first artist engaged to paint in the Vatican.

In his time the splendour required by the altar, continued the use of gilding introduced by the Greek artists. Giotto employed this decoration on the glories round the heads of saints, and in the borders of their vestments ; but after his

death the use of gold was extravagantly applied all over damasked robes, and on parts of armour. This practice more or less continued even to the time of Michael Angelo, who offended his patron Pope Julius, by making but a slight use of it in the paintings of the Sistine Chapel.

Massaccio succeeded a number of good artists whose works are highly esteemed by lovers of art, but Massaccio becomes of more interest to us as being the master whose works were especially studied by that giant in art Michael Angelo, and also by Raffaello, called the divine.

Of the origin and application of pictures to the adornment of the altars of Christian churches, it is stated that they first occurred by introducing small pictures upon the front of the platforms raised upon the table, on which is placed the holy chalice.

About the commencement of the fifteenth century, pictures were introduced divided by pilasters at the back of the table; by degrees the pictures were enlarged, the figures enlarged, the pilasters taken away, and ultimately the decoration became that peculiar application of the art of painting known by the name of altar pieces.

The Church was now the protector and encourager of Art, and Art in return lent its powerful aid in furthering the views of that Church.

About the middle of the fifteenth century the Medici exercising sovereign power in Florence, sought to add splendour and security to that power by extending their protection especially to art, literature and science; and truly they reckoned upon the result! for of all the names occurring in Italian history, that of the Medici is most the eminent.

Of the great powers possessed by Leonardo du Vinci, many works are the testimonies, and this extraordinary man attained the highest rank in his art—successfully cultivated those other arts which adorn human life, and the sciences which increase man's power, patronised by Pope Leo X., made director of an Academy of Art, by the Duke of Milan, he afterwards became the guest and friend of Francis the First of France, in whose arms Leonardo died.

The year 1474 is a remarkable one in the chronology of art, as having brought forth Michael Angelo Buonarrotti; he was of noble extraction, and possessed a mind of wonderful energy and compass, which was abundantly evidenced in his productions as a painter, a sculptor, an architect, a poet, and a

musician: upon whose merits the world of art down to the present moment has vied in heaping encomiums.

Lorenzo de Medici became the patron of Buonarotti, and under Julius II. and Paul III. the decorations of the Sistine Chapel, the wonder of ages, were produced. This chapel devoted by the highest spiritual authority on earth, (according to the belief of thousands), to the especial adoration of the Deity was confided to Michael Angelo for its adornment. His object was to display the system of the divine government of the world from its creation, with that also of the elements that surround and support it to its final destruction, including the fate of man as deduced from the sacred records, and understood by the Christian.

A truly inspiring subject! and as a series immeasurably superior to any one afforded by the Greek poets, on the ceiling Michael Angelo has painted the formation of the elements, and of the earth; the gift of animation to Man; the acknowledgement of human dependance on Divine goodness; the introduction of sin into the world, at the tree of knowledge; and condemnation of man to suffering and sorrow; the preservation of the worship of God by the only one faithful, in the sacrifice of Noah; his consequent preservation from the Deluge, and the relapse of man into sin by the conduct of Noah and his sons: hence arose the necessity of a Redeemer. The vaultings below the ceiling contain the greater Prophets who foretold the coming of the Saviour; together with those sibyls who (according to the legends of the Romish church), alluded to the same important event, and to the future exaltation or punishment of Man.

The triumph of David over Goliath, the execution of Haman, and the heroic act of Judith, show immediate acts of the power of God, who by the weak confounded the strong, and preserved the Race of Man; from whom proceeded the Saviour; whilst the elevation of the brazen serpent conveys a type of the healing nature of his sufferings.

The remaining subjects illustrate the virtues of Humanity; the union of the Old with the New Testament, till the whole is perfected in the tremendous picture of the Last Judgment, painted on the wall of the Sistine Chapel.

Such is the explanation of these wonderful works in Fresco, given by the late Mr. Phillips, who filled the chair of professor of painting at the Royal Academy for some years.

Michael Angelo lived beloved and esteemed by all the

sovereign princes of his time. He died at Rome, aged 90, and being disinterred by order of Cosmo de Medici, was buried with great pomp in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence, A.D. 1564.

The grandeur of style both in painting and sculpture displayed by Michael Angelo, gave strength to the conceptions of Raffaele, who, to his innate sense of grace and beauty, added a diligent study of the remains of Greek and Roman art, then recently discovered. The tenderness of his female forms are beyond the powers of any other artist, and his art appeals at once to our sympathies.

Raffaele was employed by Pope Julius II., to illustrate in the chambers of the Vatican, the establishment and maintenance of the Christian church. The subjects selected are, the dispute on the Sacrament; the school of Athens; the Parnassus; and the Jurisprudence; intended to convey the idea of the Church being founded on the strong basis of religion and philosophy, on the blessing of God and the cultivation of man. These are followed by the miracle of Bolsena; the Heliodorous; the Attila; St. Peter released from prison, and other pictures, illustrative of many important grants of Divine favour.

In the School of Theology, or the dispute of the Sacrament, the important doctrine of the Romish church, transubstantiation, is determined by the doctrines of the church.

In the School of Philosophy the great heathen philosophers are assembled, and discourse to numerous disciples, by which Raffaele intended to display the great support afforded to religion from the wisdom of man, and the influence of cultivation. In a similar train of reasoning the Parnassus expresses the refining influence of poetry upon the mind of man. The other subjects are illustrative of the events which increased and confirmed the growth of Christianity.

Raffaele's life was of short duration, but, brief as was his career it was one of glory in the utmost as an artist. His patronage was of the highest,—his associates nobles, cardinals, and popes. He died in 1520, in his 37th year, on the anniversary of his birth, namely, Good-Friday.

England is singularly fortunate in possessing the celebrated cartoons by Raffaele, even with the blemishes of restoration which disfigure the work of this highly gifted artist.

At this greatest period of Roman Catholic art, we shall easily be led to the conclusion that it vied in splendour and

extent with the greatest period of Greek art, but as sculpture alone remains to attest the supremacy of Greece, we must award the prize of sculpture to the Greeks, but that of painting necessarily belongs to the Italians.

The empire of Rome although reduced at times to the power of a petty state, nevertheless, continued to exercise its imperial sway,—but spiritually, instead of temporally,—over the greater part of the world; and although the triumphs of Roman generals and the pomp of ancient Rome had passed away, yet the Eternal City under various magnificent Pontificates amassed enormous treasures of art and literature; treasures which after the lapse of centuries still attract thousands of pilgrims to the shrine of art, and excite our wonder and admiration.

In the works of the early Italian masters,—now become objects of study more than heretofore,—we find an intensely religious feeling predominating, a purity of thought, which under the influence of a study of Greek and Roman antiquities, and in weaker hands than those of Raffaele and Michael Angelo, became contaminated by allusions and allegories introduced from the mythology and customs of the Greeks and Romans, and which gradually assumed power over Christian Art, until we find in the decline of art, profane painting became merely heathen allegory, cleverly executed, sometimes astonishing for its dexterity; while religious subjects were too frequently drawn from some obscure but local tradition of miracles wrought by Saint Something, and cherished in a monkish legend.

The question now arises, did Patronage produce the Artists, or the Artists produce the Patronage?

The talent possessed by the Greek painters, who were instrumental in producing the Revival of Art, was but humble; but in Cimabue a powerful and well regulated mind caused him to see, amend, and supply the errors and deficiencies into which his preceptors had fallen: in his hands therefore, art became an agent capable of influencing the popular mind, and the hierarchy of Rome perceiving this, determined to avail themselves of its power: hence arose the extraordinary patronage of art, superlatively demonstrated in St. Peter's church, at Rome.

Great occasions held forth inducements for men of vigorous thought to enter upon or continue their studies in art. Priests, cardinals, popes, princes, emperors, all contributed their aid to the furtherance of great occasions for the encouragement of art.

Patronage and knowledge in art grew with the powers of its professors, and Michael Angelo and Raffaele founded their art upon the labours of their predecessors, while the revival of learning, and the accumulated wealth of the Romish church, provided occasion for their employment. Had no place been prepared, nor the Sistine Chapel been built, Michael Angelo would in all probability have passed to the grave known only by a few pictures dispersed by war, or money over the civilized world.

The same remarks may be almost equally applied to Raffaele. Posterity owes to the Romish Church a large debt of gratitude, for the magnificent occasions given by the Roman hierarchy, for the development of the extraordinary and wonderful powers of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and other artists. Patronage was here afforded on a great scale, and works were accordingly produced, which have been, and continue to be, wonders, from that time down to the present moment.

ENIGMA.

I dwell in bowers where beauty sleepeth,
Where mirthful glee its vigils keepeth,
Fly with the bee to every flower,
Or seek repose in Cupid's bower ;
Yet with the eagle I mount on high
And skim in his flight through the lofty sky,
With the timid deer, o'er the plain I speed,
Or bound on earth, with the rapid steed ;
Do not fair reader, I pray thee laugh,
I aid the electric telegraph,
Nor think that I mock thy credulity
If I tell thee, my loved one, I rest with thee !

For explanation, see last page.

NOCTES DRAMATICÆ.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEEPS INTO SHAKSPEARE."

Continued from page 242.

FERREX AND PORREX.

THE progress of the Drama, till it attained the maturity of Comedy, was by regular gradations, which lead slowly but steadily onward to that result ;—each stage was a preparative for its successor, and every step added some new quality essential to the more perfect state ;—the advance was natural, almost necessary—the ball had been set in motion and roll it must—but the birth of Tragedy was instantaneous.—From its very nature it was incapable of progressive and easy induction, or those gentle transitions which marked the course of its more sunny sister.—It was the commencement of a new branch of composition in England—there were no stepping-stones, no beaten track to guide the feet of the adventurous author, but he assayed upon a trackless and untrodden wilderness.—Yet, we are not without indications of the source whence sprung the first suggestion of this novel flight. A very slight acquaintance with the history of literature in England will inform us that the classical authors were much studied amongst us in the sixteenth century. The writings of that period abound with allusions to them, and the very tragedies themselves are modelled in a great measure after those of Eschylus and Sophocles, having like them the chorus which formed the peculiar and distinguishing feature of the classical drama. We cannot wonder then, that as the age moved onward, and gathered strength, a desire should arise to imitate the noble tragedies of antiquity, and though the works soon lost all semblance of imitation, and indeed became most thoroughly national, we yet consider ourselves indebted to Greece for the first impulse which set the machine in motion.

The first tragedy which appeared in England, was entitled "Ferrex and Porrex." It was the joint production of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and Thomas Norton.

Opinion varies much as to the share of each in its composition, but an early edition of the play assigns the first three acts to Norton, and the remaining two only to Sackville, and as there is no internal evidence to the contrary, we see no reason to doubt its accuracy. Be this however, as it may, we greatly admire the old custom of an association of genius in one labour,—it bespeaks more love of the work, and less hankering after petty praise than we are accustomed to see now-a-days.

Ferrex and Porrex was first performed by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, at the celebration of Christmas, in 1560, and was repeated on the 18th January following before Queen Elizabeth, at Whitehall. Besides being the first English tragedy, it was also the first play wherein “jigging rhymes” were abandoned for the more noble and masculine march of blank verse. This in itself was no small stride, and were there no other grounds, would, alone, entitle it to no small consideration. It is a worthy proof of the elevating nature of tragedy, that, at its very outset it produced so decided an improvement in composition, and originated a style which so largely contributed to the grandeur and elegance of literature.

The innovation, however, by no means became general till many years after, but was confined to works written for representation before the court and the better educated of the community, the ears of the vulgar still requiring to be tickled by the alliterative “love” and “dove,” style of versification.—It is not to be expected that this first effort in a new field should present all those points of interest, and action, which later works of the same class attained.—The play itself bears evident marks that the authors were conscious of adventuring on a novel undertaking, with whose capabilities they were not fully acquainted. They had resolved to write a *Tragedy*—and having this set purpose in view, they could not have the same freedom as if they merely intended to dramatise a story which *happened to be tragic*. Hence the dialogue is heavy, and formal in the extreme, and everything which could have shed a single ray of brightness, or relieved the dreariness of the piece has been carefully excluded. They feared the introduction of anything which seemed akin to comedy, for they knew not yet the heightened effect which the judicious exercise of contrast can achieve. Neither could they emancipate themselves altogether from the trammels of custom, but permitted the influence of the former stage management to weigh with

them. Thus, they do not cause representations of death, or other fatalities to occur on the open scene, but the casualties are merely narrated by one of the characters. Before each act is introduced a dumb show, significant of the events about to take place, and in these they were by no means scrupulous of maintaining the unities, for they direct "a company of hargabusiers and of armed men all in order of battaile" to enter and *discharge their pieces*. Now considering that the *time* of the story is supposed to be about 600 years before Christ, this carries the use of gunpowder somewhat farther back than we have been accustomed to date it. At the close of each act, again, a chorus of four ancient sages of Britain come forward and recapitulate the events which have occurred during its progress, with reflections on their nature and tendency. In fact they were employed to deduce a moral from the several occurrences, and apply them practically to the audience. When Tragedy assumed its true character, this was no longer continued, and the lesson was imparted, not by verbal admonition, but by means of actual example, and the exhibition of cause and effect.

The plot of the play is briefly this:—Gorboduc an ancient King of Britain, desirous of repose in his old age, makes a partition of his kingdom, during his own lifetime, equally, between his two sons, Ferrex and Porrex. Ferrex, the elder, displeased at being thus deprived of one half of a kingdom, which at his father's death would have become his by right, raises an army and invades the portion of his younger brother, but the twain meeting, he is slain by the hand of Porrex. Videna, their mother, impelled by sorrow at the death of her favourite son, vows vengeance against Porrex, and stabs him with her own hand whilst he is sleeping. The people enraged at so atrocious and unnatural an act, rebel and kill both Videna, and Gorboduc, and a civil war ensues.

Although the language of the play is unaffected, and singularly free from the conceits which too often marred the writings of that age, there is never anything striking, and all the speeches are spun out to a most prosy extent,—indeed there is little which really deserves the name of *dialogue*, for every speaker seems to have considered himself bound to give a long discourse, so that the whole may be termed a series of orations.

The authors of Ferrex and Porrex also manifested their inexperience in the choice of their plot. Though to represent

one brother dying by the hand of another, and he in turn slain by his mother, whilst the category is made up by the subsequent death of both father and mother, was an idea most likely to occur to one in search of *Tragic* materials only—it was one which a more practised dramatist would avoid; for though it might excite strong emotion, it would be far more apt to create horror, and disgust, than pity or sorrow. We are accustomed to regard maternal love as too holy and engrossing an affection to associate with it those crimes which, apart even are sufficient to call forth execration and aversion; but when in addition to their own heinousness they thus shock one of the purest sympathies of our nature, the intended effect is lost, and repulsion ensues.

Although the authors had not a distinct perception of this fault, they seem in some measure to have felt the necessity of softening down the horror of her act, by enhancing the provocation, and almost endeavouring to enlist maternal affection by partiality against the offending son. Thus from the opening Videná is represented as engrossed with her fondness for Ferrex, to the exclusion of his brother, and to render this the more appropriate, Ferrex is endowed with nobler qualities. The slaughter of this favorite by Porrex, then, has the effect of spurring her on to the murder. In their desire however, to divide the sympathy betwixt the brothers, they counteract their former purpose, for by making the act of Porrex one of self-defence, for which, too, he afterwards expresses the utmost remorse, they destroy the incitement there might otherwise have been to her act. In a tragedy like this, the only means of lessening the horror of the catastrophe was to have concentrated the whole interest on the mother, and by the force of compassion, to have counterbalanced the repugnance for her crime.

As a fair specimen of the style of this tragedy, I will extract a small portion of the speech of Arostus, one of the counsellors of Gorboduc. He is approving of the King's intention to divide his kingdom, like a good courtier, and he proceeds,

I think in all, as erst your grace hath said :
First when you shall unload your aged mind
Of heavy care and troubles manifold,
And lay the same upon my lords your sons,
Whose growing years may bear the burden long,
And long I pray the Gods to grant it so :

And in your life while you shall so behold
 Their rule, their virtues, and their noble deeds,
 Such as their kind behighteth to us all,
 Great be the profits that shall grow thereof ;
 Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
 Your lasting age shall be their longer stay.
 For cares of kings, that rule as you have ruled,
 For public wealth, and not for private joy,
 Do waste man's life and hasten crooked age,
 With furrowed face, and with enfeebled limbs
 To draw on creeping death a swifter pace,
 They two yet young shall bear the parted reign
 With greater ease than one, now old, alone
 Can wield the whole, for whom much harder is
 With lessened strength the doubled weight to bear.

This is taken from Norton's portion of the play,—another from that assigned to Sackville, and we are done. The scene we are about to transcribe, is, in our opinion the best in the whole tragedy, and almost the only one wherein dramatic energy rises above the monotony and tedium of the set speeches. Marcella, a lady of the court recounts the murder of Porrex by his mother. Although she is not elsewhere introduced, we glean from her words that she was the lover of Porrex.

- MARC. O silly woman I ! why to this hour
 Have kind and fortune thus deferred my breath,
 That I should live to see this doleful day ?
 Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
 Could rest within the cruel mother's breast,
 With her own hand to slay her only son ?
 But out (alas) these hands behold the same,
 They saw the dreary sight and are become
 Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.
 Porrex (alas) is by his mother slain,
 And with her hand a woful thing to tell,
 While slumbring on his careful bed he rests
 His heart stabb'd in with knife is reft of life.
- GORB. O Gubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
 And pierce this heart with speed ! O hateful light,
 O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death,
 Dear Eubulus, work this we thee beseech !
- EUB. Patient your grace, perhaps he liveth yet,
 With wound received but not of certain death.
- GORB. O let us then repair into the place,
 And see if Porrex live or thus be slain.
- MARC. Alas he liveth not, it is too true,
 That with these eyes of him a peerless prince,
 Son to a king, and in the flow'r of youth,
 Even with a twink a senseless stock I saw.

* * * * *

O what a look,
 O what a rutheful stedfast eye methought
 He fix'd upon my face, which to my death,
 Will never part from me, when with a braid
 A deep set sigh he gave, and therewithal
 Clasp'ing his hands, to heaven he cast his sight,
 And straight pale death pressing within his face
 The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook.

* * * *

O queen of adamant, O marble breast,
 If not the favour of his comely face,
 If not his princely cheer and countenance,
 His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
 If not his fair and seemly personage,
 His noble limbs in such proportion cast,
 As would have rapt a silly woman's thought;
 If this might not have moved thy bloody heart,
 And that most cruel hand the wretched weapon
 Even to let fall, and kiss'd him in the face,
 With tears for ruth to reive such one by death;
 Should nature yet consent to slay her son?
 O mother, thou to murder thus thy child!
 Even Jove with justice must with lightning flames
 From heaven send down some strange revenge on thee.
 Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld
 Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
 Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
 And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy halm,
 And charge thy staff, to please thy lady's eye,
 That bow'd the head-piece of thy friendly foe!
 How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace,
 How oft in arms on foot to break the sword,
 Which never now these eyes may see again!

But it is high time now in all conscience to cry "Have patience good people," therefore "without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part" for the night.



AWAKE ! MY SONS, ARISE !

A PATRIOTIC SONG, SUGGESTED BY ALEXANDER DUMAS' CELEBRATED SONG OF "MOURIR POUR LA PATRIE," LATELY SUNG BY THE FRENCH PEOPLE IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

By M. W. H.

Hark the cannon's roar appals,
France, on her children calls,
And summons them to arms,
To battles dread alarms.

"Awake, my sons, arise !
For aid your mother cries."

"Mother for thee
On bended knee

We consecrate our breath,
To victory or death,
'Vive la Liberte.'"

Happy are they who die to free
Their native land from slavery.

Our brothers far away,
Shall not aid us in the fray,
To them we leave our homes,
Our altars and our tombs.

"Awake, my sons, arise !
For aid your mother cries."

"Mother we pray,
That on this day

Our blood shall rescue thee,
From the despot's tyranny,
'Vive la Liberte.'"

Thrice bless'd are they who die to free
Their native land from slavery.

THE SARACENIC EMPIRE.

BY W. COOKE STAFFORD.

Continued from page 230.

Of all those impostors who have, from time to time, appeared on the theatre of the world, Mahomet, or Mohammed, or Muhammed,—for the name is written in these three different ways,—is the most remarkable. He not only established a religion which still exists,—but an empire; and millions still believe in the faith which he promulgated. A biography of this eminent and celebrated man must precede the history of the empire of the Saracens.

Mohammed—(we adopt that orthography as the one now most commonly used), was born at Mecca; but the precise year of his birth is unknown. It has only been ascertained “from Oriental authors that he was born on a Monday,—the 10th Reby 1st., the third month of the Mohammedan year; the 40th or 42nd of Cosroes Nushirvan, King of Persia; the year 881 of the Seleucidan æra; the year 1316 of the æra of Nabonnassar.” This leaves the point undecided between the years 569, 570, 571,” of the Christian æra.

Of the tribe of Koreish, the noblest in the Mecca district, the Arab writers derive his descent in a direct line from Ishmael. His great-grandfather Hashem, was a great man in his day. He obtained the presidency over the Kaaba, and the government of Mecca; his descendants were called Hashemites;—and at present the chief magistrate at Mecca, and Medinah, who must be of the race of Mohammed, is called “the Prince of the Hashemites.” The father of Mohammed was named Abdallah; and his mother, (who was also of the tribe of Koreish), Amina; and the Arab authors relate many marvelous tales of wonder which attended his birth. His father died when he was an infant, (some writers say before his birth), and his mother when he was six years old, and he was ultimately brought up by his uncle, Abu Taleb, with whom he continued till he attained the age of twenty-five years, his principal employment being travelling with Abu Taleb’s caravans from Mecca to Damascus. At that age he became factor to a rich widow of Mecca, Kadija; to whom he was married in his 28th year. The Arabian writers, in their love of the

marvellous, tell us, that in the last journey Mohammed made before his marriage, many wondrous events befel him ; one of which was, that he was shielded from the intense heat of the sun, by a cloud suspended over his head, by the angel Gabriel. These things were related to Kadija, on their return, by some of the slaves who accompanied Mohammed, and first induced her to think of him as a husband. " But surely," as Ockley observes, " there was little need of a miracle, to induce a widow of 45, who had already buried two husbands, to take for a third, a young man of 28, possessed as Mohammed is said to have been, of a handsome person, and agreeable manner." We are told, that the nuptials of the prophet and his bride, were celebrated with great festivity, mirth, music, and dancing ; heaven is said to have been filled with unwonted joy, and the whole earth intoxicated with delight. Some Arab writers add, that a voice from the skies pronounced the union happy ; that the boys and girls of Paradise were let out on the joyous occasion, in their bridal robes ; that the hills and valleys opened for gladness at the sound of unearthly music, and that fragrance was breathed throughout all nature."

This marriage raised Mohammed to an equality with the first men of the city ; and probably gave him the first idea of aiming at the possession of its government ; which, in fact, would have been his by inheritance, had not his father and grandfather both died when he was a minor ; and it therefore fell to his uncle, Abu Taleb. We know however, very little of his conduct or pursuits for several years. Some writers fill up the vacuum with many marvellous stories, not worth repeating ; and legends in abundance, referring to it, are told by the Arabian authors. It is certain he continued to act for some time as a merchant ; but in his 38th year, we have the first symptoms of his pretended revelations from on high. It is conjectured, that, in his travels, having noticed the variety of sects, and the differences which existed on the score of religion, he conceived the design of promulgating a new faith, which should have something in common with the creed of all. At any rate, he then began to affect solitude ; and frequently retired to a cave, in Mount Hara, near Mecca, where he spent his time—so say his followers—in fasting, praying, and meditation ; and was rewarded by the mission from on high, which constituted him the Prophet of God. During these retirements, the Koran was written, being derived according to his account, from direct revelations from the

angel Gabriel ; but it is supposed, that a Persian Jew, named Abdia, well versed in the history and laws of his persuasion ; a Nestorian monk, named Bahira or Sergius ; and Waraka, a kinsman of Kadija, assisted him in its composition.

When Mohammed publicly took upon himself the character of a prophet, he was in his 40th year. His wife was his first disciple. She first embraced Islamism ; which, observes Mills, in his "History of Mohammedism," "is said by Prideaux, to signify the sowing of religion ; by Sale, resigning one's-self to God ; by Pocock, obedience to God and his prophet. It also means the Mohammedan world. It is therefore of the same acceptation among the Mohammedans, as the words Christianity, and Christendom, among Christians. Moslem, or Musulman, is a derivation from Eslam, or Islam, and is the common name of Mohammedans, without distinction of sect or opinion." But to return from this slight digression.

The progress of Mohammed in obtaining disciples was, at first, far from rapid ; his wife and eight others constituting all his followers. In three years, however, their number greatly increased ; and this drew down upon him and them the enmity of the Koreishites. On account of the persecution they had to endure, Mohammed gave such of his disciples as had no family to hinder it, leave to quit Mecca, and 83 men, and 18 women, with their children, fled to the King of Ethiopia,—to whom the Koreishites sent presents ; requesting him, at the same time, to cause the fugitives to return. Not only did the King refuse to accede to this request, but the Mohammedan writers tell us, that he embraced Islamism. Many of Mohammed's family also now embraced this new faith ; but his uncle, Abu Taleb, though he protected his nephew, refused to become a proselyte. But the progress of the "Prophet" was so great, that in the eighth year of his mission, the Koreishites entered into a written agreement not to intermarry with the Hashemites, or descendants of Hashem, Mohammed's great grandfather. One legend tells us, that a worm eat every word out of this deed, except the word God ; others, however, say, that it was the word God which was eaten out, wherever it appeared ; the supreme being was averse to the drawing of the instrument, and had everything relating to himself obliterated. Others again, say, that the notary's hand withered as soon as he had finished the deed ! In one thing, all agree however, that the Koreishites, for some cause or other, held a public meeting, and cancelled the agreement.

In the tenth year of his mission, Mohammed lost his uncle, Abu Taleb, who is said on his death-bed, to have repeated the profession of faith required of those who embraced Islamism. Shortly after, Kahija, to whom he was tenderly attached, also died. She was interred at Mecca; and Burckhardt tells us her tomb is still remaining,—being regularly visited by the pilgrims on Friday mornings. It is enclosed by a square wall, and presents no object of curiosity, except the tomb-stone, which has a fine inscription in Cufic characters, containing a passage from the Koran; from the chapter entitled '*Souret el Kursy*.' "Mohammed subsequently married three other wives; Ayesha, daughter of Abubeker; Sawda, daughter of Saura; and Hafsa, daughter of Omar;" but none seem to have been loved by him equal to Kahija. She bore him four sons, all of whom died in their infancy; and four daughters,—Fatima, Zainab, Rokaia, and Omar Coithum,—who attained the age of maturity, and were married, as we find stated by his biographers.

There was something very simple in the faith, as promulgated by Mohammed, when compared with the various creeds which were at that time taught by heretic Christians, or with the rabbinical doctrines of Judaism. He taught the unity of God; the resurrection; and a future state of reward and punishments, but he made the former consist wholly of sensual enjoyment. Islamism, he declared, says Ockley, was not a new religion, but a restoration to its original purity of the ancient religion taught and practised by the prophets, Adam, Abraham, Moses, David, and Jesus. He did indeed purge the religion of the Arabians, which in his time was rank idolatry, from some gross abuses, as Sabæism, or the worship of the host of heaven, the worship of idols, and divination. In order however, to make his new system more acceptable to his countrymen, he retained several of their old superstitious services, such as frequent washing, the pilgrimage to Mecca, with the absurd ceremonies appendant to it, of going seven times round the Kaaba, throwing stones to drive away the devil, &c. A very simple profession was required of his disciples; it was only to declare "there is but one God," and "Mohammed is his prophet." He told his followers the most marvellous tales, and they eagerly credited them. One of these related to an ascent into the highest heaven, where he said he was taken in one night on the back of a beautiful ass, called Al-borak, and accompanied by the angel Gabriel; and the most extravagant things are told us by the

Mohammedan writers, of what he saw and heard in this wonderful journey. When the story however was told to the people, which it was on the morning following the night when the ascent was alleged to have taken place, it was received with indignation and derision. Abubeker, Ayesha's father, however, vouched for its truth, and was named by Mohammed in consequence, Assadick, "the just man." Incredible as are the details; and contrary to reason and common sense as is the story of this visit to the blest abode of the Great Jehovah, it soon obtained credence, and is now implicitly believed by the followers of Islam.

In the thirteenth year of his mission, an important event took place. A number of the inhabitants of Yathreb, a town some distance from Mecca, embraced Islamism, swore fealty to Mohammed, and promised to defend him from his enemies as they would their wives or their children. This league, and the power—offensive and defensive—which it gave him, seems to have alarmed the Koreishites more than anything else which had yet occurred; and they determined to assassinate him. For the execution of this project, a man was to be chosen out of each of the confederated tribes; and each of these selected assassins was to have a blow at Mohammed with his sword, "in order to divide the guilt of the deed, and to baffle the vengeance of the Hashemites; as it was supposed," (we quote from Green's "Mohammed,") "that with their inferior strength they would not dare, in the face of this powerful union, to avenge their kinsman's blood. The prophet declared that the angel Gabriel revealed to him this atrocious conspiracy;" to avoid which, he fled from Mecca, accompanied only by Abubeker, and they hid themselves in a cave at no great distance from Mecca. Their pursuers passed this cave; but, say the Mohammedan writers, "during the three days they had lain hid there, a spider had spun its web over the mouth of the cave; and a pigeon laid two eggs near it:" but those who doubt the truth of the prophet's mission, suggest, that the pigeon's nest and the spider's web were placed there by the fugitives themselves, to induce a belief that the cave was empty. However this was, the pursuers thought that no one would be within the cave, and they passed on without searching it. Mohammed and his companion got safe to Yathreb, where they met with a kind reception. They resided with one Abu Ayub, till a house was erected for them; where Mohammed continued to reside during the remainder of his life. The town,

was from this time, called *Medinato 'l Nabi*, "the town of the prophet;" and at last "*Medina*," the town, by way of eminence. This event is called "*The Hejira*," or Flight; it is generally supposed to have taken place on the 16th of July, A.D. 622; and it is the æra from which the Mussulmans date all their transactions.

(To be continued.)

. It may be proper to observe, that, consulting Mills, Green, Prideaux, and other writers, Ockley's "*History of the Saracens*," forms the main authority for these papers.

FLORA MAY.

BY W. S. PASSMORE.

In years byegone there bloomed a maid,
 Some fairy bud was she;
 No sweeter flow'r adorned the glade,
 Or graced the laughing lea.
 I woo'd and won that heavenly prize
 And lived but to repay—
 The fondness of her beaming eyes,
 The smile of Flora May.

And thus we loving lived till, lo!
 Death's ruthless scythe drew near,
 And my fair flower was numbered now
 With those bright joys that were!
 Like blighted willow scathed and torn,
 To lightning's wrath a prey—
 So drops this sapless heart forlorn,
 Bereft of Flora May!

Brighton.

THE GOLDEN PASSION.

BY GEORGE HOOD.

THE extreme passion for money is perhaps the most singular that ever emanated from the breast of man. Other passions may be well defined, and reasonably accounted for; but who can explain, or account for, the miser's love for his gold? The ardour of the lover for his mistress,—expressed it may be in an amorous song or sonnet,—proceeds from a hope of mutual benefit. The Bibliopole, who never sees a new book without a desire to possess it,—who could, if it were possible, devour whole libraries at a glance, expects to receive wisdom and instruction from his volumes. In his love for time-worn manuscripts,—his passion for coins of an ancient mould and date, the antiquary frequently lights on a useful object;—his hoarded antiquities show the progressive improvements of the world. But the love of money, an avaricious love, we mean, hath this peculiarity, that it extends to an object which may neither benefit, or rejoice its possessor. The miser makes no use of his money. Day after day, and year after year, he accumulates vast sums heap upon heap, and figure added to figure; and yet he never knows its true value, he possesses, yet enjoys it not. These sums, it may be said, will surely become of use to some one, after his death, or otherwise. But this is a mere evasion.—Does the money thus hoarded profit or impart pleasure to its present possessor? No: it does not. He will not allow it to do so. His gold, which remains in his own keeping, neither feeds, warms, or clothes him. The true miser denies himself the comforts, nay the very necessities of life, that he may increase his stores. Enter his house,—it is neatly and carefully kept,—every article in its proper place, and yet, somehow, there is a want of comfort about it. The fire slumbers on the hearth, it is too expensive to disturb it, it may also damage the furniture.—The carpets are not laid down in certain rooms since they are seen to be worn.—The lights are reduced to the lowest ebb consistent with seeing. Mark the miser man himself,—his lean and meagre aspect,—his face clothed with a perpetual grin,—his cheeks yellow-hued like his gold, and his chuckle seemingly tuned to its clink. He is a walking spectre, the shadow of a man. Who ever heard of, or saw, a stout, goodly-conditioned and com-

plexioned miser? If such could be found, he would form a natural wonder, a genuine curiosity. To hear him give a hearty laugh, would upset at once our long formed and deeply cherished notions of the world. Charles Lamb, in his usual facetious way, represents the accumulation of money to be, "a grand attempt to keep poverty at a sublime distance." Not so, shade of Elia.—To the avaricious man, his riches are the chief source of his poverty. They steep him to the very lips in it. If he had not been so rich, he had not been so poor. The richer he grows, the poorer he becomes. He is rich, he has amassed large sums of money, and yet there is no man so utterly and wretchedly poor. Gold can accomplish many things in this world, and "Mammon wins its way where seraphs may despair." But for, or on behalf of the extreme miser, his riches,—the idol of his heart,—the centre of his hopes, fears, joys, loves, and thoughts, can absolutely do nothing.

The accumulation of money cannot even afford the miser decent, or unalloyed pleasure. He may be called upon at times to part with it, and he does so with exquisite pain. If, on such occasions the sighs and groans of his soul were audible, they would sound as deep and mournful as those he might utter during the amputation (chloroform not used, as too expensive) of a limb. Every guinea goes from him like a drop of his heart's best blood. "Who steals my purse," says Shakespeare, boldly, "steals trash." "Nay," cries the miser,—"he steals my all, rather let him take anything, everything else." His avarice becomes the fruitful motto of a brood of horrors. The fear of loss,—the depression of trade,—a panic among the stocks,—the midnight robber, the selfish friend,—the faithless servant,—the thoughts of these, with those also of grim, ghastly, unsparing death, stretch his mind on an imaginary tormenting rack. They haunt his night-visions causing him to see itching skeleton hands straining at his purse strings, or exploring his chests. Of all men living the miser is most miserable.

All men have their passions; and their weaknesses, some criminal, some trivial, and some which may be said to be respectable foibles. But avarice is not a gentlemanly or respectable foible. With some it becomes an insanity, a moral obliquity, a perversion of judgment and taste, a misapprehension of money, and its uses, a misbelief in God's providence and the destiny

of man. It is an insanity,—it was so in the following case.—

A person accustomed to support himself by begging, died some years ago, possessed of considerable sums of money. He was well known in several neighbourhoods, where he went his rounds. From some charitable persons he received scraps of provisions—from others pence, or halfpence. Of course he ate the scraps, but carefully preserved and secreted the pence. In course of time he inherited a goodly portion, but he made no use of it: he neither changed his garb, nor his profession. The seams and rents in his garments still grinned and gaped on each other as formerly; his hat was still his flag of distress, and his shoes in winter imbibed the streams. One day he was found dead by the wayside. On his person were found gold, silver, copper, and notes, amounting to several hundred pounds. Here was a man who gathered money merely for the sake of gathering. In what respect did his conduct differ from that of the idiot girl, who gathered her pebbles on the shore—who, day after day wandered to the beach, and returned with lapfuls of white stones, which she deposited in front of her house, piling them in heaps. Of what use was the money, or the stones, to the man, or the girl? None whatever. And this beggarly miser is but a type of his class.

We call avarice a moral obliquity, since the avaricious man has no correct sense of moral duty—a perversion of judgment and taste, because there are worthier objects claiming his attention—a misapprehension of money and its uses, because money was made to be circulated, not hoarded—and finally, a misbelief in God's providence, because the miser distrusts the care and goodness of God, and believes not that man's destiny is far higher than the destiny of any clay, yellow or otherwise.

He forgets too, what is very important, that he must render an account of the use he has made of that very wealth which he is so anxious to prevent himself or others from using.

Avarice begets and fosters selfishness. True it is, the gold-lover bestows little of his gains upon himself. In this respect he is a most disinterested man. With a devotion which in a better cause would be deemed heroic and noble, he sacrifices his love of self to his love of gold—his health to his wealth—his bodily clay to its kindred dust. Gold, indeed, becomes his proper self. But this very devotion makes him oblivious of the claims which his fellows have upon him. The miser is somewhat eccentric—neglecting the common rules of life,

shunning hospitality and social intercourse. He eats his scrimped meal by his scanty fire—alone.—No friendly face graces his board. Should a friend visit him he is freeze'd by his coldness, he is glad to escape and breathe a free air. For the poor, and especially for poor relations, he nourishes a continual hatred. He holds them, as the Turk holds a certain animal, in utter contempt. “What fools they were,” soliloquises he, “to be so soft—so honest—so over-scrupulous! My money,” he continues, with a shrug of shrewdness, “cost me pain and labour to acquire, and shall I bestow it on such never-do-well persons!” Charity begins at home—but, alas! the miser’s charity neither begins at home or abroad.—He cares not for the poor of his own blood, much less for those of that blood of which God hath made all nations of the earth. Let them perish—what is that to him. He is not his brother’s keeper—far from it, he is the keeper of his gold.

Some serious, diligent, industrious, and withal generous persons, are very anxious to find a middle path between avarice and waste. They seek for a golden medium. They would not choose to be accounted niggards, neither would they like to be looked upon as extravagant. The one evil is certainly as bad as the other. Extreme avarice and useless extravagance are equally blameable. Many good persons, by acts of kindness—by an over-profuse generosity, a waste of good nature draining their purse, have reduced themselves from a state of independence to comparative poverty. Their conduct is culpable, but infinitely superior to that of the avaricious man who never did a good action—whose mind is rendered totally incapable of its conception. Others in good situations for saving money, have neglected to do so, and reaching old age, have become burdens—very disagreeable and perplexing ones—to their friends. And yet the scatterling has frequently been reclaimed, but we seldom hear of a reformed miser. The heart of the latter becomes as hard, sealed, and unchangeable as his God.

The love of money in the avaricious man outlives all other loves :—

Gold, gold, gold,
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.

Gold did little for the miser in life, still less will it accomplish for him at death—it rather embitters his last moments.

Oh ! the sad thought that he is now to part with his long cherished treasure. The thought, too, which will occasionally intrude on his mind, that, in spite of all his gains—his hoarded wealth bought by the sacrifice of peace and honour, he has after all suffered an irrecoverable, an irreparable, a dead loss. That he, a rich son of time—rendered for ever bankrupt by death, is slowly, but surely going forward to meet an august eternity with a woefully deficient balance sheet, credited by much, very much, but debited with nothing. Even those who are not deficient in moral sense, or religious feeling, have experienced uncomfortable deaths from their unwillingness to part with their money, and their untimely delay in giving directions for its disposal. Some time ago, a lady possessing a goodly portion of wealth, which she had carefully preserved, possessed also of good sense and religious principles, lay on her deathbed. An intimate female friend visited her, when the following conversation ensued.—It was begun by the visitor enquiring—

“Have you, my dear friend, made your will and testament?”

“Oh no,” was the reply, “I hope there is plenty of time for doing that, yet.”

“Why you are—and it is needless for me as a friend to deny it—you are dying.”

“Dying!” she gasped with a voice that plainly showed how near she was to that event. “Dying! dying! the doctor never told me so.—Can nothing be done for me!”

“Aye:” rejoined her friend, “but any one may observe it, there is no time to lose. You ought to finish with earth, and look to Heaven.”

“How cruel,” she muttered “of the doctor, not to tell me I was dying, I’ll dismiss him.”

“Yes, you may with all safety,—send for a lawyer immediately, and get your affairs settled, remember your numerous relations.”

“True, true,” she whispered, “they are doubtless longing for my departure, and gaping for my money.”

With great reluctance she acceded to her friend’s wish, and sent for the legal man. On his arrival her first words were

“I am said to be dying. I have dismissed my doctor because he did not tell me so. Now, my business is with you. I never had to do with lawyers before, (a pity, thought

the man of briefs), do you think me dying?" said she suddenly starting up in her bed.

"We must all die some time or other, Madam," replied the solicitor.

"Aye," but do you think there is any hope for me, just now?"

"Really, Madam, I cannot tell, it is not in my way to determine whether persons are dying or not."

After a long and tedious conversation, she gave directions for the disposal of her money. When the lawyer was leaving her, to execute his commission, she said,

"Can you have the papers ready for signature in half-an-hour?"

"Nay, Madam, we do not write by steam yet, we employ the human power, and no mortal hand is able to write so long a paper in so short a period," said he as he bowed and retired.

There is no character more unbecoming, or repugnant, than that of a religious miser. It is very questionable, however, whether such a character exists, since it is the very tendency of avarice to convert all religion into a worship of money. At all events, no two principles are more irreconcilable than avarice and Christianity. The one is like the image of the Babylonish monarch, whose upper parts were golden, and its nether parts of clay. It is of the earth, and earthy. The other is an ethereal spirit, from Heaven, dwelling in an atmosphere of love, and breathing good will to all men—Its noblest precept is charity.

Holy writ informs us, that "money is the root of all evil." A poet says that it has formed the price of crime,—the root of theft, lying, and murder." To many it has been the devil's purchase-price, the barrier of Heaven.

It is necessary to have some regard for money in this world. To hoard it up,—to set our hearts on it alone,—to doat upon it, is essentially ignoble and unworthy. Each man possesses within himself what no money can redeem, or purchase,—a mind,—a heart. Against such a treasure a gold globe would weigh lightly. Those who possess not riches, who have no prospect of possessing them, whose weekly wages is exhausted by their weekly wants, have no reason to envy their richer neighbours. A heavy purse frequently weighs heavier on the heart than a light one. The poor in wealth may possess nobler riches,—acquire more endearing treasures. They may, if

they choose, become rich in faith, heirs of a kingdom, and inheritors of peace, joy, hope, and happiness. With these they may be the richest, noblest, and wisest men in the world. No amount of money whatever, can supply the want of these invaluable blessings.

SYMPATHY.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

TO THE REV. ———

When fervour glistens in thy suppliant eye,
And holy aspirations softly sigh
Their way to thrones of grace beyond the sky,
Oh! then I ask of thee blest

Sympathy.

When it is well with thee in pious joy,
Pleasure, unsullied by the world's alloy,
Rapture, that power of sin cannot destroy,
Ah! let me share with thee blest

Sympathy.

Should sadness veil the hopes for which I sigh,
Or sickness press the couch on which I lie,
May I then find thee even kindly nigh
To soothe me with blest

Sympathy.

And when I reach the dark and narrow strand
Which I must pass to gain "The better Land"—
Oh! gently guide me with thy fostering hand,
And say thou too wilt join "The happy Band"
Of heavenly

Sympathy.

THE BODY-SNATCHER.

A TALE OF OTHER TIMES.

BY ALFRED ROBINSON.

It is within the memory of most middle-aged persons of the present day, who have, during the last thirty years, kept an eye on the social and political changes which this country has experienced during that time, that among many other abuses which cried loudly for amendment, those connected with the medical profession—its government and the proper education of its members—caused a great sensation in the public mind generally, as well as in the profession.

If there were one circumstance more than another which, from its direct appeal to the feelings of the multitude, interested the public in medical matters generally, it was the custom which then prevailed of violating the sanctity of the sepulchre, by the appropriation of its ghostly tenants to the purposes of science. Science—indeed the common welfare of mankind,—pointed out to the surgeon that the only way by which he could become sufficiently well acquainted with his profession, was, by the study of the dead body; the law demanded that he should produce proofs that his studies had comprehended all the advantages of dissection; but by a singular incongruity, which seems enormous, the law had neglected to provide him with the means of prosecuting the important science of Anatomy in the way which was set down by itself, for the guidance of the profession.

What was the result? As a matter of course, it became necessary to disregard the absurd and insufficient provisions of the legislature; and the consequence was, the introduction of the revolting practice of "*body-snatching*," by way of providing students and professors with the only means of learning and teaching the important sciences of Anatomy and Surgery. It was the detection of this horrible custom—which disturbed even the quietude of the grave—and which at length led to the still more horrible crime of murder,—that brought the public mind into such a state of excitement as to effect a speedy alteration of the law, which happily exists up to the present time.

But these salutary changes were not effected for some considerable time after the discovery of these practices. The enormous price which the scarcity of subjects for dissection kept up, made the temptation to rifle the grave very great; and, as we have before hinted, when the vigilance of friends prevented in a great degree the depredations of the "resurrectionists," they were loth to stop short when a large reward stared them in the face, and sooner than lose the golden opportunity, the crime of murder was added to the fearful list of enormities.

From the very remotest ages down to the present time, there seems to have been a peculiar sort of feeling—a compound of reverence and awe—with which almost all nations—civilised and barbarous—are in the habit of regarding their dead. The most daring plunderer—the most hardened impostor on the benevolence of the charitable—fears death, and feels terror-stricken when in its presence, by some unaccountable agency which his reason refuses to explain. Thus the particularly revolting character of the employment of which we speak, rendered it somewhat *select*—if such a term be admissible—there being comparatively few daring enough to carry out this dreadful calling in all its bearings.

The risk, not only of punishment if detected, but also of life and limb incurred in plundering the burial-grounds in and near the metropolis in consequence of the strict watch set upon the dead by friends who were generally armed, rendered the vocation of the body-snatcher anything but agreeable; and as may be supposed he was generally a sturdy villain who could trample on all the better feelings of the heart, and treat with sacrilegious levity all that even the most untaught minds regard with sacred reverence.

The common custom which prevailed, of watching the burial-grounds until the work of decomposition had rendered the dead unfit for the purpose of the anatomist, when it was clearly proved that the grave-yards were habitually plundered of their contents, rendered it necessary for the greatest skill to be displayed by the body-snatcher in effecting his horrible purpose. Their operations were chiefly performed at night, and that too when the weather was bad, or the moon was down, in order that their movements might be unperceived.

John Westwood was in appearance the very man to be a body-snatcher. In height he was nearly six feet; his large frame was covered with powerful muscles, and there was a de-

gree of firmness in his step, and an expression of decision upon his swarthy countenance which told you plainly that his employments were of no ordinary kind. Although there was nothing either in the countenance or general appearance of the man that enlisted the beholder in his favor, at times, when his brow was not wrinkled with care, and his mind not actively engaged in thought, there was something in John Westwood's face, which might be mistaken for intelligence.

In age John Westwood could not have been less than forty-five,—he looked every day of it—for his black bushy whiskers were freely interspersed with grey bristles; his cheeks had worn themselves into long furrows; a crow's foot was firmly planted in the corner of each eye; whilst Dame Nature in a freakish humour, had, in furnishing his chin, neglected to supply her ordinary amount of adornment to the crown of his head, which was perfectly bald. John had been what the world calls an unfortunate man. Nothing that he undertook seemed to prosper. In early life he married, and one daughter was the result of his union; and with the view to procure an honest livelihood for his wife and child, he opened a general shop, for the supply of provisions to the poorer classes,—a calling which in the time of war, was considered profitable if properly conducted. But his constant contact with the most degraded of his race, was too much for him,—the temptation to drink and gamble was more than John Westwood's slender philosophy could withstand; and the death of his wife, which occurred soon after, was construed into an excuse for his indulging in vicious company and habits as a means of diverting his mind from his misfortunes. Ruin soon followed.—John's friends were not disposed to help him, since he showed no disposition to help himself. But what of the gentle Amy? Not forgetting the sound principles of truth and honesty inculcated by her mother on her dying bed, Amy Westwood, although in years but a mere child, imbibed a proper view of her own position, and the dreadful example set by her father, only served to impress upon her young mind the value of what she had learned. At the death of her mother she fell into the hands of an aunt, who by bribery and entreaty managed to prevail upon John Westwood to allow his daughter to remain under her care.

Years rolled on. So long as his wife's sister could out of her hard earnings afford him the means of vicious indulgence, John Westwood did not interfere with his daughter. Mean-

while, Amy gradually grew up to womanhood. Her aunt had imparted to her what little instruction her own capacities would admit of, and having been blest by nature with a due share of intelligence, the gentle girl had managed to obtain a precarious subsistence by assisting her aunt in a small day-school for the instruction of the children of the lower classes.

But though circumstances separated them, Amy Westwood loved her father tenderly. Her own inexperience led her to excuse his vice, on the ground of the bereavement he had sustained in the loss of her mother. Her own remembrance of her deceased parent convinced her of her worthiness, and she could forgive what seemed to her but an attempt to dissipate the grief which so great a loss might well occasion. And notwithstanding the depravity into which John Westwood had plunged himself, there were moments when he felt himself ashamed—ashamed that it should be from the lips of a guileless girl that reproof should fall, reproof that his conscience told him was well deserved. And to do John Westwood justice, he felt that the admonitions which fell from Amy's lips were the result of the tenderest feelings of affection, and he regarded her black and brilliant eye, and her raven locks of glossy brightness, with all the pride of a father's heart.

At the time of which we write, John Westwood's acquaintances numbered among them an individual who had found a lucrative employment in supplying the anatomist with the means of prosecuting his scientific researches. He wanted help, and the tempting offer was willingly accepted, John Westwood became a body-snatcher. His physical strength eminently adapted him for this vocation, whilst his habits of indulging freely in stimulating drink, supplied him with a certain amount of mock courage, which habit soon changed to indifference to his disgusting calling. Jem Woodcock was a hardened villain at his trade,—having been among its earliest followers. Jem's eye was keen to business; and but few church-bells in or near the metropolis could toll without his knowledge. He had had his arm broken twice, and the sight of his left eye irreparably lost in an affray with the watch; but had hitherto escaped detection, although, many had been the occasion on which he had been obliged to leave his dreadful business half finished, in order to avoid capture.

Having enlisted under Jem Woodcock's banners, John Westwood dared not intrude himself upon the gentle Amy; he saw her but seldom, and that only when driven by want of

means to apply to her for assistance.

She knew not of his new vocation,—it was well she did not.

The discovery of the extent to which body-snatching was carried, induced great vigilance on the part of survivors who had been bereft of relatives or friends; so that the body-snatcher was frequently foibled in his enterprises, and the supply of subjects was not equal to the demand. Jem Woodcock was no man to stand upon trifles; and the crime of murder was soon added to his list of enormities, in order to effect his mercenary purposes. But here John Westwood was no helpmate. Although persuaded by an easy conscience that it was no crime to rob the grave, he would not allow himself to be involved in murder; albeit, if his companion took upon himself to accomplish the act, John might be prevailed upon to assist in the disposal of the body, and the appropriation of the emolument it produced.

It happened that Professor——, had applied for a subject which was to be obtained and carried to the Professor's residence on a certain night. Jem Woodcock and John Westwood were at a loss how to effect this, as they had only received their order the morning previously.

"What's to be done Jem?" said John, as they sat together in the parlor of the public-house they were in the habit of frequenting.

Jem slowly raised the drinking-pot to his mouth, and placed it empty upon the table, before he answered John's question.

Rising from his chair, he cautiously walked to the door, and having ascertained that it was closed, he resumed his seat.

"We must have a plant to night John," said Jem, eyeing his companion eagerly. "It must be done."

There was a dead silence.

"I have no tack to go upon, you know, Jem," said John Westwood after a pause of some moments, "business has been dreadfully slack of late."

"The Doctor must have one to-night," said Jem, thrusting his short pipe between the bars of the grate with a view to lighting it; "he says he must have one anyhow. But people are so devilish sharp now-a-day, they wont give a poor fellow a chance. He added with an ironical laugh, "Joe and I were at Highbury last night.. The fever's broke out there you know, so we thought we might pick up something, but

it was no go."

"There is but one way," said John, "and that is"—

"To plaster 'em up for life, John," said Jem, with a wink, "it must be done in the way of business!"

John Westwood silently gazed at the fire. He perfectly understood the dark insinuation of his companion.

But Jem was not disposed to give his compeer time to reflect upon his suggestion.

"I have it," he exclaimed suddenly. I have a plant John,—what do you say to it,—a plump girl of eighteen? I don't know much about her, but I'm told she's no father or mother, so they won't miss her much—eh?"

"No, *they* won't miss her much," said John, in reply to the observation, "but is there any body who will?"

"No, she hasn't any friends, I believe," said Jem, "and lives in a back parlor, and works at her needle."

"But how would you get hold of her?" inquired John.

"Oh that's easy enough, she goes to Chapel of an evening, I believe,—but Joe knows all about that, he'll put me up to it," replied Jem Woodcock; "at all events, we'll try it,—the Doctor told me he *must* be supplied to-night."

The necessity which seemed to exist for obtaining the desired prize without further delay, put all scruples aside. John Westwood had not yet sunk so far beyond all hope as to take away life, although his companion could not lay claim to the same exemption; upon Jem therefore undertaking to commit the murder, John consented to assist in conveying the body to the anatomists. Having made their arrangements as to time, they separated.

Being somewhat doubtful as to the success of the enterprise, John Westwood—as was his custom when low in the funds—sauntered toward the residence of Amy, for the purpose of recruiting his finances at her expense. The reader is already aware that she lived with an aunt (the sister of her late mother), whom she assisted in prosecuting her calling of schoolmistress and needlewoman. In those days the needle was a more profitable means of subsistence than it is now; so that by the cultivation of habits of thrift and industry, she was enabled to support herself comfortably, and carry a respectable appearance before the world; and her father was not long in finding this out. Upon his occasional visits to Amy, she was always busy, always neat in her dress, and cheerful in her countenance and manner.

By the time John Westwood had arrived at Amy's dwelling, though not late in the afternoon, it was quite dark. The thick and heavy fog of a November day, had been hanging over the house-tops all day, as if afraid to venture nearer the busy haunts of men; and at last, taking courage at the approach of twilight, it descended into the streets, entering the very houses of those whose doors were opened even for a moment, and forthwith taking possession of the premises, filling the rooms, the passages, and the staircases, and even the very closets; and making the lamps burn brown and smoky, as if they were stifled; it would even get into people's throats as they walked along or sate quietly at home, making them cough and splutter as if it would choke them. In the smaller streets and thoroughfares it was unusually thick, as if it delighted to cram itself into courts and alleys, for the sake of producing as much discomfort as possible, seeing that they were for the most part the most thickly populated.

John Westwood slowly wended his way from Blackfriars, up Ludgate Hill, through St. Paul's church-yard, and over old London-Bridge into the Borough. He was moody,—and indeed did not relish the business that would devolve upon him that evening. But need impelled him onwards. A week of debauchery had left him penniless; and he now determined to apply to his daughter for money, which, if afforded him, would enable him to evade the terrible business to be performed that night. One of the most tempting circumstances in connection with body-snatching, was the readiness with which the large sums were usually paid, secrecy being a great object to be attained.

Turning down a bye street from the main road, John Westwood rapped at the door of a small but neat looking house, which, bore all the evident marks of the handiwork of Time. On being admitted, he made his way towards a back room on the ground-floor. Knocking gently at the door, it was opened by a slender girl of about eighteen, who seemed startled on discovering who was her visitor. It was Amy Westwood.

She was sitting at work by the dim light of a candle, whose yellow rays seemed unable to penetrate the foggy atmosphere with which the room was filled. The entrance of her father produced only a temporary interruption to Amy's employments, and having handed him a chair, she again resumed her needle.

"Oh, it's you father," she said when John Westwood had seated himself. "I hav'nt seen you for a long time. You'll take something father," she continued, relinquishing her work, and hastening to a cupboard, from which she fetched some provisions.

"Thank you my lass, thank you," said John, in reply, when Amy had placed what fare her cupboard afforded before him. "I hav'nt been this way for some time." Whereupon he fell to, as if it had been some time since he had had a meal.

Amy Westwood well knew the object of her father's visit. He only came to her when need—which is said to make the naked man run—compelled him. Imposing on his daughter by misrepresentations as to the state of trade, he would manage to make her eke out her scanty savings, which in an hour of thrift she had laid by.

"I hope business is better than it was, father?" said Amy, smiling as she spoke.

"Indeed girl you're mistaken," replied her father. "I can't get anything to do."

"I'm sorry I hav'nt any money for you, father," said Amy, not attempting to raise her eyes from her work, "but aunt's gone out,"—

"Did I ask you for any?" interrupted her father angrily.

In a moment Amy was at her father's side, and seating herself affectionately on his knee, and casting her arm round his neck, she strove to quell what seemed to be a rising storm.

John Westwood's heart quailed within him. As he cast his eye round the room and saw how scantily it was provided even with the common necessities for comfort, he felt sure that Amy's plea of poverty was no false one. There were but two articles of any value in the apartment, and those were, a small bible and hymn-book,—Amy's constant companions when visiting her chapel, which she attended regularly three times a-week.

Finding that there was no chance of his purpose being answered, he took up his hat, and having tenderly kissed his daughter—for his paternal feelings overwhelmed him for the moment as he gazed on the intelligent countenance of the black-eyed Amy—hurried away. For the time, he almost cursed the stars that made him what he was, he felt himself one of the most degraded of his race, and unfit even to hold converse

with so fair a creature as the black-haired girl before him.

Again emerging into the mist which had even increased in density so that the street-lamps were but small spots of yellow light, John Westwood hurried back to Blackfriars.

It was then seven o'clock.

Having possessed himself of a horse-pistol—the priming of which he previously examined,—and placed a large clasp-knife and some cord in his pocket, and a dark lantern which he lighted, he muffled his face in a large shawl, for the double purpose of warmth and concealment, and sallied forth to the place of appointment. In a few minutes he was at the place of meeting agreed upon, which was under an archway in Bank-side, hard by the parish church of St. Saviour. This spot was selected as being a convenient one for seclusion as well as offering a means by which they could cross the water with their burden unobserved. The archway led straight down to the water-side, being used as a kind of wharf for barges to load and unload at occasionally, but had not been applied to these purposes for some time; the surrounding buildings having been pronounced unsafe. A boat had been already secured at the bottom of the wharf, and was now riding on the tide, which was rising rapidly. In the boat was a large hamper, which was intended for the more effectual concealment of the body.

The night was fearfully dark and cold, and the fog seemed as if it had become condensed, for everything exposed to its influence became soaked with moisture. At that time the principal thoroughfares of London were lighted with oil-lamps, whilst the bye streets and lanes were not lighted at all, never being frequented after dark by any persons that could possibly avoid so doing. It was so at the place we speak of, there being no lamps below old London-bridge, along the river side.

John Westwood anxiously waited the arrival of his companions. He heard the solemn sound of St. Saviour's clock, strike another and another hour—still they came not. He was beginning to indulge in divers fears touching their safety; and was much relieved on hearing the low whistle of Jem Woodcock at a little distance,—the well-known signal that all was right so far. In a few moments they had deposited their load beneath the archway, and paused to get breath, while the hamper and straw were got ready, for the safer disposal of the dead body.

"All right John," said Jem Woodcock in a low voice.

"But how come you to be so late?" inquired John.

"Oh—the jade was gone to chapel, as I told you," replied Jem in an ironical tone, "so of course we had to wait till she came out;—but make haste—here heave a hand John,—bless her little heart she's quite warm now," This was uttered with a laugh, that made even John Westwood's blood curdle.

The senseless corpse—the limbs being yet warm and pliant—was soon crammed into the hamper, which was put into the boat; and with a view of seeing that all was properly secured preparatory to putting on the lid, John turned the flare of his dark lantern on the body,—when—Heavens what a sight met his straining eye-balls!—the ghastly features of Amy Westwood were disclosed to view! The lantern fell from his hand, and with a leap he sprung on the unsuspecting Jem, whom he pinned in a moment to the ground. But Jem Woodcock speedily recovered himself. The grip of his opponent relaxed but an instant,—when he seemed to regain his position. Not a word was spoken. Jem's assistant in the murder was standing by, but was unable to see what was going on. Indeed there was but little time. The struggle was short and fearful. John Westwood, with all the fierceness of a chained lion felt himself—after the first moment—almost powerless. He drew his pistol,—click—it flashed in the pan. Dashing it from him, he pulled forth his clasp-knife;—one deadly thrust and it was buried to the hilt in Woodcock's body. Jem fell with a piercing shriek. Attempting to recover himself, John staggered to the boat, and with a leap was safe on board. Jem's companion, who now saw how matters stood, flew after him with an oath; but Westwood was out of his reach; for in leaning over to send the boat adrift, he cut the rope, but lost his balance, and in an instant was immersed in the water. One terrible splash—the boat rocked as if it were on the sea, until it gradually recovered its former motion; it drifted slowly into the stream, leaving the water undisturbed as it flowed over the body of John Westwood.

Some days afterwards, a boat was found near Windsor, with a hamper in it, containing the dead body of a full-grown female about eighteen years of age. An inquest on the body threw but little light on the mystery, and a verdict was returned "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

TO SPRING.

Hail joyous spring !
 Once more thy footsteps steal
 O'er earth and through the air,
 And all things living feel
 Thine influence fair.

Winter dismayed
 Unfolds his icy arms,
 And from thy presence flies,
 See, vanquish'd by thy charms
 The tyrant dies.

Thy balmy breath
 Calls forth to life and light,
 Creation's slumb'ring host ;
 And countless legions bright,
 Thy glory boast.

The snow-drop pale
 Has faded, fled, and now
 Gay flowers of golden hue,
 Vie with the milder glow
 Of violets blue.

Behold the earth
 Puts on her mantle green,
 Bestrewed with fragrant gems,
 Whose radiance mocks the sheen
 Of diadems.

Hark from the trees,
 Sweet sounds of music ring,
 And fill the genial gale ;
 Thus all things join, O Spring,
 To bid thee hail.

The murmuring sea
Joins in the chorus grand,
And wafts from shore to shore,
The gladness of the land,
For ever more.

And shall not man
Lift up his grateful voice ?
To Him whose bounteous care,
Thus bids all things rejoice,
In earth and air.

Yes, unto Him,
In whom we live and move,
Unceasing praise ascend,
Our duty and our love,
World without end.

AMEN !

March, 1848.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

BY PHILO-SKIFFY.

"For my part," exclaimed Mrs. Douglas, who had just completed the second round of tea to her boarders, and the third cup to her only visitor, Mr. Skiffy, "I prefer *black* currants, they make such excellent *jam*."

Mrs. Douglas laid particular emphasis on the words *black*, and *jam*, because she thereby gave most decided proofs of her skill in housekeeping, and especially, in the jam department thereof—had she omitted the proper emphasis, her hearers might possibly have regarded her observation as of trifling consequence, and such as might be made by one less learned in the mystic art of jam-making—her delivery of the emphatic terms alluded to, at once settled the matter, and showed that she, at least, was not one to prefer white, or red, to black currants.

Let it be recollected that Mrs. Douglas prided herself on her housekeeping, and took every opportunity of exhibiting the extent of her knowledge of the art. She had kept a boarding house for twenty years in the neighbourhood of Walworth, had given satisfaction to her numerous boarders for one pound per week each, had supported herself, and paid her way "like an honest woman."

Some may perhaps sneer at Mrs. Douglas's pride, and call it unbecoming, contemptible, mean, unworthy, &c., &c., and point to the higher and nobler pursuits of life, as alone worthy of our respect. To such Mrs. Douglas would reply, "Let them try to do as I have done."

We re-echo the sentiment, and support her in her appeal to practical proof. Let any one of our great philosophers, statesmen, railway directors, or members of parliament, try to keep a lodging house at Walworth for twenty years, at one pound per week each boarder, give satisfaction, support themselves, and pay their way. We feel confident of the result, and would back Mrs. Douglas at any reasonable odds. We hate speculation, and entertain no respect for anything but sound practical views, on practical subjects.

Few would expect that such an explanation as that we have recorded, as falling from Mrs. Douglas, would have caused any peculiar sensation amongst her hearers; yet there was one, on whom the awful words operated, as the electric spark on the telegraphic wires, or the galvanic battery on the limbs of a frog. That one was Mr. Skiffy. Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet—had an earthquake rocked him in his chair—or the ghost of Hamlet challenged him forth "upon the battlements," it may well be questioned whether the effect would have been equally powerful.

Mr. Skiffy, on hearing the last words, "excellent jam," drop from Mrs. Douglas, threw himself back in his chair, the very picture of despair, and heaving a sigh, which came from the bottom of his heart, exclaimed (mentally)

"That it should come to this."

It was fortunate that Mrs. Douglas did not see Mr. Skiffy's desperate posture, or hear the profound sigh, which so unconsciously escaped him; as otherwise, his days, or rather his nights, that is his night, at Mrs. Douglas's were numbered, this being the last of the numerical catalogue. To what fortunate combination of circumstances Mr. Skiffy was indebted for his escape on the present occasion, it is difficult to decide,

as it may have been to the presence of the tea-urn, which still poured forth its song, and interposed between him and Mrs. Douglas—or it may have been to the circumstance of Mrs. Douglas's attention not being directed towards him—or to the deep abstraction into which Mrs. Douglas, most probably, had fallen upon contemplating her favourite pursuit. Whatever the cause may have been, history does not say, and it is now impossible to decide; the effects were evidently of the character described.

Had Mrs. Douglas perceived the reception which Mr. Skiffy had given to her practical maxim in the jam department of housekeeping, the consequences would have been of a most serious description, not less than the forbiddal of the house to Mr. Skiffy's future visitations.

This would have been truly calamitous, as it would have involved nay sacrificed a very large proportion of that domestic happiness which had been allotted by Fate to Mr. Skiffy in this sublunary hemisphere.

And would not this be serious—would it not be calamitous—to Mr. Skiffy?—where should Mr. Skiffy then spend his evenings?—where get a cup of tea, and an occasional muffin, gratis!—where find hearers for his discourses on the payment of the National Debt, the Bank Monopoly, the Paper Circulation, the Currency Question, and the other branches of politico-commercial economy on which he delighted to descant?

Alas we know not: deprived of *entree* to Mrs. Douglas's establishment, Mr. Skiffy's sun were set, and all his prospects blighted.

Those who have not seen Mr. Skiffy in Mrs. Douglas's back parlour, with a cup of tea in one hand, and a muffin in the other, and have not heard him, whilst so engaged, deliver one of his discourses on some of his favourite subjects, can form no idea of the happy moments thus passed by Mr. Skiffy, and cannot therefore conceive the heavy blow, which an interdiction on the part of Mrs. Douglas would inflict upon him.

It was in one of his happiest moments, when he had just completed a splendid discourse—as he thought—most satisfactory to himself—when he had succeeded—as he conceived—in enlightening his auditory on a subject which he himself did not quite understand—and had made an impression—as he imagined—as to his talents and capabilities as a statesman—it was at this moment when he had just concluded his discourse on the all-absorbing topic of the day, “*the Cur-*

rency Question”—closing his observations with the remark, “the country is ruined unless we have a more unlimited currency”—it was at this very moment when he expected the plaudits of the company, the approval of the assembled party it was at this very moment, that Mrs. Douglas, hearing but the last word of his argument, rushed upon him with her remarks in support of the superiority of black currants.

Need we say more; it is not in human nature to bear so dreadful a blow unmoved—It was not possible to Mr. Skiffy—he threw himself back in his chair and gave a deep sigh.

The crown of laurel was torn from his brow, the smile of triumph banished from his lips, the cup of happiness dashed from his hand—need we wonder at the effects produced on Mr. Skiffy.

But for this unexpected blow, Mr. Skiffy would have proceeded, as is usual with him, to pay off the National Debt, although, as is not unusual with him, he would have disposed one half of his hearers to a state of repose on this subject, and subjects in general, which indicated a perfect freedom of alarm from any fear as to the solvency of the country.

But Mr. Skiffy was overpowered, his spirit was broken, and his tongue silenced—for one evening. He waited only for a favourable opportunity to retire, after having disposed of Mrs. Douglas’s last cup of tea, and muffin, and then betook himself to his cell in the Walworth Road, namely, a top front attic in the house of Mrs. Spicey, the grocer, which he usually dignified by the appellation of his “chambers.”

I have heard it insinuated in the neighbourhood, and positively asserted by one individual, that Mr. Skiffy previously to retiring to rest repaired to the parlour of the White Stag, and there, by means of sundry libations to the jolly god, and various sacrifices to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, dissipated the recollection of Mrs. Douglas’s “*heavy blow and great discouragement.*”

But this is a calumny, I cannot, will not believe, especially as I have been able to trace it to its author, Mr. Brisky the parish schoolmaster and who I know envies Mr. Skiffy’s celebrity in the neighbourhood of Walworth, and is desirous of supplanting him in the affections of the Walworthians, in order that he may bring forward before the public his own plan of paying off, or as he says, liquidating the National Debt, a plan which I have no hesitation in saying is perfectly absurd, and no more to be compared to that advocated by the immortal

Skiffy, than the lucubrations of Murphy are to the principles of Sir Isaac Newton!

I publicly assert this, and will maintain my assertion before any competent tribunal.

As the public will doubtless feel interested in the matter, I have great pleasure in stating that the effect of Mrs. Douglas's remarks on Mr. Skiffy has not been permanent, and that he again feels all that enthusiastic ardour, so natural to him; but a few evenings since, he cleared a whole coffee house whilst discoursing on his favourite topics, with the exception of one individual who pertinaciously remained to the last moment. Mr. Skiffy was not to be defeated, he pursued the discourse with enthusiastic ardour, notwithstanding that the old gentleman dropped the newspaper from his hand and fell into a profound sleep.

Mr. Skiffy's mode of relieving the money market is extremely simple, it consists in the issue of Bank of England notes to the amount of the National Debt, which being thus thrown into general circulation would have the effect of making money abundant. There is great boldness in this scheme, as it disregards those contingent circumstances, which might possibly embarrass less daring individuals.

Some persons will perhaps assert, that the praiseworthy Skiffy is an interested party, but I assure them that such is not the case. I know that he possesses no property whatsoever, in the funds; his suggestions are the result of an overflowing heart, which desires to see the affairs of his native country conducted in a statesmanlike manner, and trade and commerce flourish throughout the length and breadth of the land.

It has been suggested by some of his admirers, who assemble in the parlour of the White Stag, that some public remuneration should be presented to him in return for his exertions in the public cause; but I regret to say that the benevolent man has his enemies, as well as his friends. I trust, however, he will one day reap the reward which his labour deserves, and that his name shall not be added to the list of noble-minded men, whom their ungrateful country has forgotten to remember.

GUIDO D'AREZZI.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

By G. W. LOVELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE WIFE'S SECRET," "PROVOST OF BRUGES" &c.

Continued from page 224.

IN the fifth act, our author discovers all the constructive skill for which his works are so justly celebrated. Plot and counterplot are at work; and they work well. The reader remembers that Viotto is found murdered, and his brother, Leonte, being found with the body, is accused at once of the crime, and put under arrest to await his trial. Leonte being in custody, and Viotto no more, the old Duke Guido at once resumes the reins of government; and his first act is, to summon a council to decide the fate of the prisoner—whom he believes to be his cousin and rival, Andrea, in consequence of some communication being made to him to that effect by Andrea's order.

The character of the Duke Andrea, is well sustained throughout the play;—the craft of a vicious and designing knave determined to sacrifice all to his filthy lusts and revengeful passions, peeping out in every word and action of this monster. Having conceived a violent passion for Angelo,—he makes her promise to become his wife, on condition that he shall place beyond doubt the innocence of her mother, whose inconsistency, it will be remembered is the main incident of action in the plot. Although entertaining the most repulsive feelings towards Andrea, Angelo hails with joy the prospect of holding up the memory of her deceased mother to respect, instead of the disgust to which the representations of Andrea have exposed it, she consents, and the first scene ends.

It would not be doing justice to the genius of the author not to describe the scene that follows, as it is replete with fine feelings, most dramatically expressed, which we shall present to the reader as we find them:—

[Council Chamber, Guido on the throne surrounded by Guiseppe and other Councillors.]

GUIDO.

My noble lords and trusty councillors,
For such I will believe you—though indeed
I scarce can understand the changed aspect
Of this assembly since I met it last,
I find so many unfamiliar faces,
So many that were once my opposites
And of my old and trusted friends so few
Or rather none—but I'll not pause for that
We meet as strangers—and the cause is strange
That calls me to this unaccustomed seat.—
He to whose hand I yielded up my power
Is dead—'tis said by violence—and you
Are met to search the truth—There is a prisoner
Whom it is fit you see—not in belief
To find him guilty of the deed—but rather
That some suspicion resting on him now
Your general voice may, after meet enquiry,
Pronounce him innocent, and give him back
His honor unimpaired.—Let him be brought!

[Enter Guards with Leonte.]

What's this? Leonte! (*descending from the throne*)
Thou! where's Andrea?

ANDREA (*entering.*)

Here! (*Guido stands looking from one to the other*)
My lord, you stand amazed.—

GUIDO.

What juggle's this?
Release my son—upon the instant, knaves!
Who has done this? My lords here, which of you
Has dared offend the honor of my blood
With such a jest as this?—Release him fellows!

ANDREA.

Hold; not till I give order—thou old man (*to Guido*)
I first would speak with thee alone (*drawing him aside.*)

GUIDO.

What would'st thou?
My spirit is not wont to quail, yet now

I know not why I scarcely dare encounter
That look of triumph—There is something ill—
What dost thou seek?

ANDREA.

To look upon thee Guido !
To look upon my foe before I crush him !
From his high place the eagle so looks down
Upon his destined quarry—revels so
In fancy gloating o'er his victim's throes
Before the swoop is made.—Art thou prepared ?
Thy triumph has been long—my turn is now—
And it shall be complete—Guido D'Arezzi
Look on the men around thee—they are called
By thee, to sit in judgment on thy son !
I knew thy hate would take an eager course
Were I to be the victim—I deceived thee !

GUIDO.

Villain !

ANDREA.

Thou would'st secure a partial court—
Thou hast thy will—these round thee have been called
By thine own signet's warrant—Trust me, sir,
More partial friends to *me* are not in Parma !

GUIDO.

Just ! Heaven is just ! I have no power to pray.
Go on ! What more ?—I think I have the strength
To bear it all !

ANDREA.

Then listen ! Oh ! the rapture
Of this one hour is worth a life of pain !
Listen ! Of all thy wealth—thy state—thy power—
Friends—children—kinsmen—all the ties of life
That make life precious—there remains not one !
No ! not the shadow of one fond possession
But now is in my grasp—Viotto's dead—
Leonte's hours are numbered, and with him
For I will have no parties left to vex me—
I have the sickly Leonora turned
Accomplice in his guilt—but thou hast yet

Another child—a daughter—she is mine—
My wedded wife !

GUIDO.

Stop ! hold ! I know thou liest !
And it is folly I should be so moved ;
But yet I would these trembling hands were strong,
That I might tear the falsehood from thy throat !

In this scene we have some fine sentiments naturally expressed, and at the same time wrapped up in smooth and flowing language :—

ANDREA.

I am what thou hast made me—
Remember that !—While thou dost sink and writhe
Beneath the Andrea of to-day—remember
The Andrea of former years was turned
To what he is, by thine own practices.
There *was* a corner in my youthful heart,
Where virtue might have flourished—and thus kept
By one who was as virtue's chosen handmaid—
Beneath her guiding care my youthful errors
Might have been curbed—the yet unfolded bud
Of goodness that lay slumbering have been cherished
Into fair flowers and fruit—and I have grown
Another man.—But thou didst rob me of her,
Didst tear the guardian angel from my hearth,
And leave my soul without one virtuous joy :
And then amid that wreck of ruined peace
I swore exhaustless vengeance—In that thought
I lived, planned, triumphed—Go, then ! ask thy heart
Who sowed the bitter crop thou reapest now ?

GUIDO.

Again it falls on me !—Shall our youth's sins
Sleep thus for years, and never die, but rise
In our last moments, to avenge themselves
On our gray hairs ?—But I'm not conquered yet
I'll weather even this, I know I can—
But then I must be calm—to lose myself
Is to lose all—One sorrow at a time
I'll struggle with, and beat them yet.—I will !
And thus I shall be conqueror.

ANDREA (*who has been watching him with triumph.*)

Enough!

Our private conference is ended.—Now
My lords, I speak to all—and first to thee
Guido D'Arezzi, who now standest here
A simple noble like the rest—no more—
The state which did descend upon thy birth
Thou hast put by, to let it pass on
To the next heir—nor now can thy caprice
Cause the descending stream to mount again
With backward course to suit thy changed desire;
It must flow downwards in its lawful channel.
The Duke Viotto's dead—from him the crown
Devolves upon Leonte—but he stands
Arraigned a traitor and a murderer,
Which bars his right till he shall be absolved.
I, then, the next of blood, in his abeyance
Lay claim to this vacated chair—and here
I stand upon my title. Lords! your voices!

SEVERAL NOBLES.

Duke Andrea!

GUIDO.

Slaves! What not one voice for Guido?
But do not fear (*To Leonte*) they shall not harm thee boy,
Thy father will protect thee still.

LEONTE.

Oh father;
Let them go on—my blood will satisfy them,
And shall be freely shed; I will not grudge it,
No! not its latest drop. (*aside*) Father! I charge thee
By all the memory of unbroken love
That knit our hearts till now—by all thy hopes
To meet thy son again in happier climes,
And as thou wouldst secure the time to make
Peace with offended heaven—by these I charge thee
Forbid them not to work their will on me;
But save thyself!

As yet Guido remains unconvinced of the innocence of his wife, and consequently of the legitimacy of the murdered

Viotto. But it is reserved for Andrea to produce the damning proofs that Guido has been the slave of a false conviction, and acting throughout on mistaken evidence of her guilt. Finding that Leonte is likely to suffer for the murder, Guido boldly avows himself the criminal to the astonishment and delight of Andrea, who forthwith proceeds to show the horror-stricken Guido that he has been the murderer of his own lawful son :—

ANDREA.

He *was* thy son ! I marked him for my purpose,
 I knew him weak, suspicious, and I then
 Was at the very foot of fortune's wheel,
 Without a friend, or means, or hope to stay me :
 Desperate men have desperate expedients,
 And I sought mine in that confiding letter
 She wrote to me in our fond days of love.
 With this my copy, I contrived the other
 Pretending her confession ; and I bore them
 Together to Viotto, claiming him
 To be my child. He trusted to the tale,
 As thou didst afterward—Oh ! well did both
 Deserve the punishment for being wrought
 To doubt the purity of such a woman !
 I prospered, and he lavished on me all
 My fancied claim required.

GUIDO, (*gasping.*)

The proof ! the proof !
 Thou canst not give me proof—thy word is nothing !

ANDREA.

Behold the first rough sketch of the forged paper
 A bungling work—then this—a better copy—
 This better still—although not perfect, yet
 In part so like, you'd almost swear it her's.
 With prudent care, I thought these might be useful
 In case my work should ever need undoing
 And kept them jealously.

[*Guido drops the papers from his hands and sinks into his*
 Art thou content [*seat.*

Now art thou happier than Andrea?
 Thou my successful rival—thou on whom
 Fortune has poured her gifts yet not enough,
 Till thou hadst also robbed my little store—
 Thou had'st her!—Thou didst triumph and she left thee
 The precious gifts formed in her own sweet mould—
 Look how it strove with thee that rich bequest—
 Look what a wretched thing thou droopest there
 Thou murderer of thy child!

GUIDO. (*faintly.*)

I yield—I yield!
 I feel it coming—Death be quick! yes here
 Children—Viotto—come—I pardon thee—
 There 'tis forgotten—I perhaps was harsh
 And thou ungentle—but 'tis pardoned now!
 There—there—Leonte too and Angela.
 That's well—all friends—and yet I cannot pray,
 That's strange too is it not? But you'll pray for me
 Viotto too you'll join them! there! that's kind,
 And it is happier to be kind is't not?
 So! sweet after such sorrow! (*gradually sinking*)

ANDREA.

Come my bride
 We'll tarry now no longer. Angela—
 Let us be gone.

GUIDO. (*starting.*)

Ha! that was Andrea's voice!
 The world's come back again,—stay, there's a thing
 I'd left undone with you Lord Andrea.
 I have some small strength left, (*rising*) and that is wanting
 To fill your triumph—but there—not to these,
 This way, they'll hear us. (*drawing him forwards.*) You
 shall tell them then
 When I am gone of all your cunning practise,
 How I was tricked—'twill make them laugh or weep
 I know not rightly which. Hush! more this way,
 Look, how they watch us! You shall tell them too
 What wreck you made of me,—how you did sweep,
 How you did sweep

My children from the earth, and then how proudly
 You trampled on my head,—nearer I say,
 Their eyes are on us—and you then shall add—
 How I repaid it (*stabbing him*) ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
 Look there (*pointing*) the conqueror! look! look! ha! ha!
[Dies.]

Throughout the whole of this tragedy, the genius of the author whether in the constructiveness of his plot or the tone of poetical feeling which pervades the dialogues, is manifestly displayed; and we observe no flagging of the interest in the whole course of the play. There is no weakness in the style that would indicate that the writer had in any way “overshot himself,” but a certain amount of firmness in the developement of the characters, which shows the perfect ease with which the author brings out the points of character it is his purpose to pourtray.

There may be some little objection to some of the incidents in a moral point of view, but of these we have spoken.

“Guido D’Arezzi” can detract nothing from the flourishing laurels of its talented author, who, as one of our living dramatists need yield the palm to none. His style of writing comprehends all that the mind can take an interest in, whether it be the tenderness of Love, the ardour of Devotion, the outbursts of Anger, the hatred of Jealousy, or the ravings of Remorse; and in the developement of each he is equally successful. Should Mr. Lovell put this play upon the stage, with some little pruning there cannot be a doubt of its complete success.

In closing our criticisms on this beautiful production, we cannot conclude without expressing our thanks for the kindness with which we have been favored in being allowed the perusal of this tragedy, which is as yet unpublished—save what has from time to time appeared in the columns of this journal.

A. R.

FINE ARTS.

SINCE the last month's number, there is but little to report in this department of our magazine, although the profession of artists in all branches of the Fine Arts is more busily engaged at this period of the year than at any other time, in preparing works for the forthcoming exhibitions at the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-Street; the Free Exhibition of Modern Art, (late the Chinese Gallery), Hyde Park Corner; the Royal Academy; and the two Societies of Painters in Water colours.

Of these several exhibitions, with one exception, there is no certainty that an artist who is a non-member of any of them, can have his works exhibited. At the two Water colour Societies, none but members, and a very limited number of artists, called associates, are permitted to exhibit. At the Royal Academy it is sufficiently notorious that a wretchedly limited space obliges that body to reject annually as many works as would suffice to make another exhibition; while the hanging committee, with their whims and prejudices, and the operatives who screw the pictures on the walls, having *their* knowledge of symmetry, cause the selections of particular works for particular places,—not by merit,—but by a much more easy method of judging, namely, a two-foot rule. The consequence of this uncertainty is, to confine artists to painting pictures of a small size, and with as little work as possible; so that they may undergo their fate with as little damage as need be to themselves; for the innocent aspirant who is led into the executing of a large picture, is almost sure to find it stigmatized by rejection.

The Society of British Artists, have, by injudicious proceedings, thrown so many obstacles in the way of their brother artists who would have supported their gallery, by imposing a registration fee of five shillings for each exhibitor; and then hanging in bad places all the works sent by non-members; by the ridiculous affectation of rejecting talented artists as members, with a view to keep the sales to the Art-Union prize-holders limited to the smallest number of their own members possible; these with the recent circumstances which have been publicly disclosed, have given rise to a large association of artists who wish to bring their works fairly and

certainly before the public, without suing and begging for accomodation on the walls of Royalty, dealt out by the Academicians ; or on walls maintained at the cost of their brother artists, as at Suffolk-Street.

They have therefore entered into arrangements so as to hold an Exhibition of Pictures at the fine rooms so many years known as the Chinese Gallery, Hyde Park corner. The wall is divided, and let at so much per foot, to any artist of merit who may wish to profit by this excellent opportunity of placing his own pictures on the line, and thus reduce the heart-breaking chances at other exhibitions, to a certainty in this. It is in fact paying a little more rent, to extend the walls of his own studio.

We are informed that a large number of talented artists have taken space, and with an active committee, we have no doubt that it will produce a great benefit to artists. One circumstance will tell much for this exhibition. It is, that the council of the Art-Union of London, have signified their intention of placing the new exhibition upon the list of places from whence Art-Union prize-holders may select works. We understand this exhibition will open on the 24th of April, and from its situation, near the Palace, Belgrave Square, and the localities where the nobility and gentry reside, we are inclined to think it will be found a good one for the purpose ; added to which, the room is well known, and as the committee intend to open the exhibition free to the public for six weeks, it is fair to infer that an artist's works will be seen by the patrons of art, both in high and low ranks of society.

By the prospectus it appears also, that after the close of the exhibition of Fine Arts, the gallery will be opened with an exposition of Industrial Arts and Manufactures ;—certainly this noble gallery affords an opportunity for an exhibition of this sort, superior to any other place in London. We most cordially wish these propositions every success that the liberality of the plans deserve.

Pictures are to be sent to the Royal Academy on the first Monday and Tuesday in April, and the exhibition will open on the first Monday in May. We hear that great exertions are being made, and it is stated that the coming exhibition will be above the average of talent.

The New Water Colour exhibition in Pall Mall has lost some of its strength, by the withdrawal of four members of that body, whose works were large, and attractive in the gal-

lery. It is to be lamented, that circumstances (of whatever nature they may be,) should have induced these gentlemen to withdraw from an institution where they made and established their reputation. It is, however, not so serious as it might have been some years ago—there being still plenty of talent left in that institution. We are informed three of these artists have been elected into the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours.

A *conversazione*, being one of a series, was held at the Institute of the Fine Arts, Great Marlborough Street, on Saturday evening; to which a considerable number of fine pictures by our greatest artists were contributed, by the kindness of their proprietors; also a large collection of sketches, and studies from nature, by different artists. The rooms were exceedingly crowded, in consequence of the large attendance of distinguished visitors, and the members of the institute. The collection of fine works appeared to give great satisfaction to the company, and the *soiree* was considered to be as interesting as any of those preceding it.

The pictures sent this year for exhibition to the Society of British Artists, have been very numerous; far beyond the accomodation which their rooms afford. This, we apprehend, is in consequence of the removal of the odious tax of five shillings upon each exhibitor, and also from the adoption of some plans of a more liberal character than those adopted by this body for the last few years. The exhibition will open early in April.

A WORD WITH JOHN BULL.

MY DEAR JOHN—

I am an Englishman, and have never been ashamed of owning it till now; when, I confess, your conduct has made me rather ashamed of my country. It has always been a boast of yours, you know, John, that yours was a *free* country. By this, we suppose you mean that people may come to or go from these islands without molestation; and that the moment they step upon your shores

—whatever they may have been before—they are “free.” Very good! Apparently from this view of the case, you have just received a visit from a continental neighbour, who, having so grievously misbehaved himself in his own country, that the people would not tolerate his presence, has sought your “hospitable shores,” and (if the morning papers are to be trusted to) blessed his stars when he got there. Some time ago, you recollect having to receive this very same individual under very different circumstances; and to do you justice, John, you have made very little difference in your mode of receiving this individual, whether he comes to you with a crowned head, or a crownless hat. On both occasions—it certainly must be put to your credit, John, as a Christian—you have held open your arms to this Frenchman, whether he comes to you in the ermine and ruffles of royalty, or the plain pea-coat of John Smith. Beyond a doubt, my dear John, this proves that your heart is in its right place; and it redounds much to your honour, that you have not allowed circumstances to alter your regard for the man: “*Toujours le meme*,” seems to have been your motto on this occasion.

But you know, John, there are two ways of doing everything—a right and a wrong; and, whilst there is not a doubt that you were perfectly correct in your reception of your sovereign’s royal guest some months back, it may very reasonably be doubted whether you were right in harbouring a disgraced runaway, who is only making a tool of you for his own purposes. Time will prove, John, time will prove. It’s all very well talking about the respect which one should have for fallen greatness, and all that sort of thing; and it’s all right enough to show a proper degree of respect for the unfortunate who have seen better days; but, for my part, before I take a lodger I always require a reference—and you should do the same, John, if you mean to keep the place respectable.

But notwithstanding your unsuspecting openness in spreading forth your arms to receive and succour this distressed and needy Frenchman, between ourselves John, you cannot fail to observe that he has played his cards well, and somehow or other has made you turn up trumps. We all know how simple hearted you are, and that in order to produce an effect upon your gullible mind—pardon me John, I mean no offence,—it was only necessary for him to throw up his hands and eyes towards the stars, and, in a sort of dramatic “*aside*” —which is said loud enough for everybody to hear,—to exclaim

"thank Heaven I'm on English ground." And what is the result? The compliment is more than you can stand,—the tears come into your eyes, and you are obliged to bring your bandanna to the rescue. But we will revert to what happened on a late occasion.

"John Smith" betakes himself to the nearest Inn, where it seems the first thing he does, is to wash himself. But before he has had time to scrape the lather from his chin, Jones arrives to have a gape at the "fallen" monarch. "On sending in his card," says one of the local prints, "Mr. Jones was immediately summoned to the presence of his Majesty, whom he found partly undressed, enjoying a refreshing toilet after his voyage." We are not told whether Jones concluded the fallen monarch's toilet or not, but no doubt he assisted in the matter, as it is not likely that John Smith would sit without his clothes all the time. Well, Jones having bowed himself out, up comes Tomkins. After Tomkins comes Popkins, and so on, till all the snobs of the place have had a grip from the fist of John Smith. Another comes, the Reverend Doctor Dumpus, with all the letters of the alphabet behind his name. He is followed by a tribe of "ladies and gentlemen" all crazy to stare at the unfortunate John Smith, who cannot even smoke his pipe quietly after a somewhat unpleasant journey.

Now, John, don't you feel rather ashamed of all this? Don't you think there is something essentially snobbish in making such a fuss about nothing? For who, after all, is this John Smith, that all the tinkers and tailors—and no offence to these gentlemen—within twenty miles of him, should rush to grasp his greasy hand? it being so great an honour to condole with dethroned royalty.

I am an Englishman as well as you, John; and I feel that our national character is involved in this matter, and I am afraid that we have done nothing to elevate it, by welcoming to our hospitable shores an individual whose own actions have deprived him of that protection from his own countrymen which he claims from us. There is no objection that I can see to his coming here; but I certainly do think that the fact is no great occasion for joyfulness, and that all this fuss and hubbub which has been made over this renegade monarch, is snobbish, untimely, and misplaced. Let John Smith, or John Jenkins come to England, if they choose to conduct themselves properly, and stop as long as they like, provided they pay their

way ; but, for Heaven's sake, don't run after every runaway who has disgraced himself elsewhere. It looks as if there were some fellow-feeling existing between you, of no very creditable nature. John Smith built his own nest, remember, John, and he must lie in it.

Hoping that you will take these few hints in all pleasant good-nature, as a friendly guide to your better management in future, I remain, my dear John,

Your faithful friend and fellow-countryman,
FUSBOS.

THE EXILE'S HOME.

BY W. S. PASSMORE.

When fickle Fate in wrath decrees,
As o'er some realm he bounds,
Yon legioned monarch falls and flees
With scarce the life he owns.
The star that cheers the wand'rer's eyes
Amidst the low'ring gloom,
Bears o'er the British strand where lies
The weary exile's home.

As doth the petrel midst the storm
The friendly light-house hail,
So in rebellion's wild alarm,
When despots shun the gale—
Or patriots fly, whose wrongs have lashed
Their passions into foam ;
And freedom's sword in vain hath flashed,
How sweet the exile's home.

What swelling ardour, pride sublime,
Doth o'er each bosom play ;
To witness crowds from ev'ry clime,
Their silent homage pay—
To British honour, bright, and pure,
As Heaven's southern dome—
To British faith that guards secure,
The weary Exile's home.

Brighton.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

CHRONOLOGICALLY AND BIOGRAPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY W. COOKE STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 259.)

IN the season 1776-7 we find Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Gallini, a celebrated dancing-master, the *impresario* of the opera. Gabrielli having seceded, Signora Pozzi, (a young lady, with a brilliant clear voice, but totally unformed), was engaged. This vocalist failed on her first appearance; and Miss Davies was re-engaged as second woman. Pozzi afterwards became a favourite. Rauzzini,* who left the opera house, was succeeded by Francesco Roncaglia, of the Bologna school, where he had studied under Bernacchi. He had "an elegant face and figure; a sweet-toned voice; a chaste and well-disciplined style of singing," and was always in tune: he was, however, greatly inferior to his predecessor. Signor Savoi was the second singer; and during the season, Mademoiselle Danzi, (subsequently Madame Le Brun), was engaged. She was a German, possessed of a "voice well in tune, a good shake, great execution, prodigious compass, and great knowledge of music, with youth, and a face and figure far from disagreeable." Still, she was not popular, and her singing afforded but little pleasure. Signora Galli, a lady with a large and masculine figure, and contralto voice, filled the *role* of second man. Two new comic singers also appeared in Paesiello's burletta of "*Le due Contesse*,"—Jermoli, a tenor, and Signora Todi, a soprano. Neither surpassed mediocrity, and they were thought very little of,—although Todi afterwards was extremely popular in France, Spain, Russia, and Germany.

The opera house continued under the management of Gallini till the season of 1784. He introduced Signors Pacchierotti, Ademberger, (a German tenor), Rovedino and Tasca, (basses, the latter an excellent singer), Ansani, (a very clever vocalist) Mouzoletto, (good as second man), Crescentini, (who had a very feeble and uncertain voice, and was soon superseded), with Signoras Bernasconi, Prudom, (who had a sweet voice and sang very sweetly), Morigo, Lusani, (both very feeble

* Rauzzini died at Bath, in 1810.

vocalists), Maccherini, (wife to Ansani), and La Ferrarese del Bene to the public, in the *opera seria*; Signoras Le Brun, and Pozzi, Signors Tenducci, and Roncaglia, being also engaged. Of these singers, the most celebrated was Pacchierotti, the greatest singer of the 18th century,—with the exception perhaps of Farinelli. He was born in the Roman territory, about the year 1750, and began his musical career at Palermo, in 1770. When he came to England in 1778, public expectation was raised to a considerable height, but he quite realized the anticipations entertained of his excellence. He made his first appearance in “*Demofoonte*,” a pasticcio, “in which,” (says Lord Mount Edgumbe in his “*Reminiscences of the Opera*”) he “sung four songs in different styles, by as many different composers, which showed his versatile powers to the greatest advantage, and at once established his reputation.” His voice was a soprano, full, sweet, and of great compass; and he was a thorough musician. He was also a good actor, and the nobleman we have just mentioned, deemed him the most perfect singer, it was ever his good fortune to hear. He quitted England in 1779; returned in 1780, and remained here till 1784; when he finally quitted this country, having performed in the Commemoration of Handel, in that year. He spent the close of his life in retirement at Padua. He was accompanied to England in 1778, by Ferdinando Bertoni, of Salò, a little island in the neighbourhood of Venice,—a dramatic composer of note in his own country, having composed for all the principal theatres in Italy. Sacchini’s popularity prevented him from being very well received in England, where however, his opera of “*Quinto Fabio*” was performed twelve times.

The season of 1780, (when Pacchierotti returned) was the best Lord Mount Edgumbe ever remembered. The company was capital, and its success proportioned to its merits. In subsequent years the support of the public greatly declined; and the losses of the manager were very considerable. “The comic opera at that time was very respectably supported. Sestini, a handsome, sprightly, and good actress, was first woman for many years; the first buffo was Trebbo, a moderately good performer; and the other characters were chiefly supplied from performers in the serious opera. Jermoli, Viganoni, and Allegrante, were also engaged; the last was universally admired.* “The principal operas performed during

* History of Music in “Constable’s Miscellany.”

the period over which we have taken a rapid glance, were "*Rinaldo*," (Sacchini); "*L'Olimpiade*," and "*Exio*," (pasticcios); "*Quinto Fabio*," (Bertoni); "*L'Eroe Cinese*" and "*La Regina di Golconda*," (Rauzzini), who, in 1785, re-appeared in the latter; and "*La Buono*," by Piccini.

In 1784, Bertoni, and Sacchini, and in 1785, Anfossi, quitted England. In the latter year, the manager became bankrupt, and the performances were suspended.

Many difficulties had to be overcome, before the opera house could be re-opened: at length, however, Mr. Gallini was again, in the words of Burney, "invested with the power of ruining himself;" and he opened the theatre, in January, 1786, with the "*Didone Abbandonata*," a serious pasticcio—which met with considerable success, from the splendid singing of Madame Mara, a native of Cassel, where she was born in 1750, who came to London in the spring of 1784—being engaged to sing six nights at the Pantheon, Oxford-Street; where concerts were regularly given in the musical season. At the close of the year, she sang in Westminster Abbey, at the commemoration of Handel, and fully established herself as one of the finest vocalists of the day. When she appeared at the opera house, "she was so superior to all other performers in the troop, that she seemed a divinity among mortals." Matteo Babbini was the tenor; and La Ferrarese *prima buffa*: neither were very effective, and the former was soon superseded by Rubinelli, and the latter by Sestini.

Rubinelli had sung at several cities in Germany, and all the principal theatres in Italy, previous to his arrival in London. He "possessed a contralto voice of fine quality, but limited compass. It was full, round, firm, and steady, in slow movements, but he had little agility, nor did he attempt to do more than he could execute perfectly." His style was grand, and truly dramatic. He appeared on the 4th of May, in "*Virginia*," a pasticcio; his own part, however, being chiefly composed by Angiola Tacchi, a young Neapolitan, then just rising into fame. On the 25th of May, Rubinelli and Mara sang together in "*Armida*," composed by Mortellari, a native of Palestro, and of the Neapolitan school. These two operas, with now and then, a comic opera, were performed alternately till the end of the season, July 12th.

The season of 1776-77 commenced on the 23rd of December, with "*Alceste*," a new opera, composed by M. Gresnich, a German composer of the Italian school. Cherubini, (a native

of Florence, where he was born in 1760,) a young composer of great genius, whose name has since become celebrated throughout Europe, was engaged this year, as nominal composer; and many songs composed by him, were introduced into the comic opera, "*Giannina e Bernardoni*," (Cimarosa); his opera of "*Guilio Sabino*," was also produced, but it "was murdered in its birth, for want of the necessary support of capital singers in the principal parts." Rauzzini's "*La Vestale*," and "*Guilio Cesare*," a pasticcio from Handel's Italian operas, were produced this season; the latter to induce the King to visit the theatre, which his Majesty did, two or three times, to listen to the music of his favourite composer. For the comic opera, Anna Storace, a young Englishwoman, who had been engaged as *prima donna* at Vienna, and Signor Morelli, an admirable bass singer and actor, superior in all respects to every *buffo caricato*, since Morigi's engagement in 1766, were engaged, and appeared in April, in "*Gli Schiavi per Amore*," by Paesiello. They were much admired,—and were supported by Signori Benini and Mengozzi. Paesiello's opera ran till the close of the season.

The season 1787-8 opened on the 8th of December; and the engagements of Rubinelli and Mara having terminated, it opened with comic operas, in which Storace took the lead; and Benucci was the first *buffo*. Paesiello's "*Il Re Teodora*" was the first opera performed; and on the 3rd of January, Cimarosa's "*L' Italiana in Londra*," under the title of "*La Locandiera*," was represented,—the scene being laid in Holland, instead of London. It had been quite the rage on the continent; but Dr. Burney "was much disappointed in its effect."—The ballet had gradually, during the few previous seasons, been advancing in popularity,—indeed, almost supplanting the opera in public estimation. On the last night of "*La Locandiera*," says Dr. Burney, "A new dance, composed by the celebrated M. Noverre, with his usual ingenuity and resources, called "*Cupid and Psyche*," was exhibited. The effect of this ballet was very extraordinary; for so great was the pleasure it afforded the spectators, that Noverre was unanimously called for on the stage, to receive the applause and acclamations due to his merits. He was led on by M. Vestris and Hilligsberg, who had so admirably performed the parts of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, and crowned with laurel on the stage, not only by them, and the other principal dancers, Messrs. Chevalier, Didelot, and the Coulon, but by all the

figuranti employed. This, though common in France, was a new mark of approbation in England.*

The serious opera was not attempted till the arrival of Signor Luigi Marchesi, whose talents had been the praise and admiration of every great theatre in Europe. He first appeared at Rome, in 1774, in a female character; and at Milan, in 1775, he was engaged as second man, with Pacchierotti, and at Venice with Millico; and the same year he was advanced to the post of first man at Treviso. In 1776 and 1777, he sang as first man at Munich and Padua; at 1778 he worked his way to the great San Carlos at Naples; and was also engaged at Turin, during the carnival. From that city, he came to London, where he made his appearance, on the 5th of April, 1778, in Sarti's opera of "*Giulio Sabino*." His singing was elegant and refined, and often grand and full of dignity. Lord Mount Edgumbe says, "His execution was very considerable, and he was rather too fond of displaying it, nor was his cantabile singing equal to his bravura. In recitative, and scenes of energy and passion, he was incomparable." His lordship classes Pacchierotti, Rubinelli, and Marchesi together as "the three finest sopranos Italy ever had produced:" and they certainly stood, in the foremost rank of their profession. Dr. Burney, who had heard all three; thus classifies their style of singing:—"Pacchierotti's voice was naturally sweet and touching; he had a fine shake, an exquisite taste, great fancy, and a divine expression in pathetic songs. Rubinelli's voice was full, majestic, and steady; and besides the accuracy of his intonations, he was parsimonious and judicious in his graces. Marchesi's voice was elegant and flexible; he was grand in recitative, and unbounded in fancy and embellishments." As actors: "Pacchierotti seemed in earnest on the stage, and consequently interested the spectator. Rubinelli had great dignity in his deportment, though he discovered but little sensibility by his gesture or tone of voice. Marchesi, with an elegant figure and pleasing countenance," was "at once graceful and intelligent in his demeanour and action."—This season, Signora Guiliani was the first woman; and Forlivesi was the tenor; the former had a thin weak voice; and the latter was not so good as his predecessor.

The season of 1788-9 opened with the same singers as the preceding one closed with.—The performances went on, with-

* A nephew of Mr. Noverre now resides in Norwich, where he is celebrated as a professor in the art and science of dancing; standing at the head of the profession in that district.

out exciting much attention, or interest, till the 18th of June, when the opera house was destroyed by fire. It broke out about nine p. m., while the dancers were practising a new ballet, and was discovered by sparks of fire descending from the ceiling. The flames made such a rapid progress, that the performers had great difficulty in escaping, in their rehearsing costume; and, in less than two hours, this noble edifice, erected by Sir John Vanburgh, in 1705, was utterly destroyed,—with the exception of the beautiful and unique staircase, leading to the galleries. There were suspicions of incendiarism; and a man supposed to be the guilty party, soon after committed suicide. The remaining representations of the season were given at Covent Garden theatre.

The re-building of the theatre was commenced in 1790, by Novosielski; and the operatic performances were carried on during its erection, at the little theatre, Haymarket, under, a Mr. O'Reilly, who obtained a license through the then Duke of Bedford. Marchesi remained; and Mara replaced Giuliani,—a change every way for the better. The *buffa* company was weak; Storace was the principal woman; and Sestini second.—Pacchierotti returned to London this year; and sang at a series of concerts given at the Pantheon. He and Marchesi also sang together at a private concert, given by Lord Buckingham; and it was difficult to say which bore away the palm.

A gentleman named Waters, this year came forward as a speculator in operatic matters; and having converted the Pantheon into a comfortable and elegant little theatre, Mr. O'Reilly took his company there in 1791. It comprised Signors Pacchierotti and Lazzarini, (a very pleasing singer; with a sweet tenor voice), and Madame Mara, for the serious opera; with Signora Casentini, (a pretty woman and a genteel artist), Morelli and Cipriani, for the comic,—Lazzarini being the tenor. Pacchierotti and Mara performed together in "*Armida*," (with which the theatre opened on the 17th of February), and "*Rinaldo*," (Sacchini), and "*Quinto Fabio*," (Bertoni), which were revivals; also in a charming new opera, "*Idalide, ou la Vergine de Sole*," (Sarti.) The duets of the two eminent vocalists in these pieces, were the most perfect specimens of vocalization ever heard.—The best comic operas performed were "*La Molinari*," and "*La Laconda*," (Paesiello); and "*La bella Pescatrice*," (Gulielmo.)

The new opera house had progressed rapidly, and a Mr. Taylor united with Sir John Gallini, in the management.

It was completed early in 1791,—the architect being said to have ruined himself in the undertaking. On the 18th of February, it was publicly announced, that the new house had been surveyed, and was fit for the reception of the most crowded audience. The first public rehearsal was announced for the following Wednesday; but, in the mean time, disputes arose between the parties connected with the theatre, rival and adverse claims were made, by various individuals; and so inauspicious did the prospects of an adjustment appear, that the Lord Chamberlain deemed it advisable to withhold his license for operas.

Mr. Taylor opened the theatre, however, on Saturday, the 20th of March, with an “Entertainment of Music and Dancing;” which was repeated on the opera nights, till the beginning of July. Signor David, who had been a splendid tenor,—but was now somewhat *passee*, and Signora Sestini were the principal singers. The *corps du ballet*, however, far excelled that at the other house. On the 11th of July, an advertisement appeared, informing the subscribers, that the engagements of the performers had terminated, and it was impossible to complete the stipulated number of representations: a proposal was made to deliver a proportionate number of extra tickets next season.—David left England in the summer, and Mara in the December of 1791; Pacchierotti had also left England. He resided at Venice, and a most creditable anecdote is recorded of him. “He sent, without ostentation, and with the greatest humility, a purse of an hundred sequins to an English lady, of whose distress he accidentally heard, as a small token of gratitude to a nation, by whom he had been treated with kindness and liberality.”*

Mr. O'Reilly again opened the Pantheon, on the 12th of December, 1791, with Guglielmi's *opera buffa* of “*La Pastorella Nobile*.” Mazzinghi was engaged as musical director, and the singers were Casentini, Lazzarini, and Cipriani, (an excellent *buffo*, just arrived from Milan.) The dancers were Mons. Laborie, Mademoiselles Simouet, Theodore, and D'Auberval.—The performance of comic operas was continued—(there being no performers, except Lazzarini for the serious opera)—till Saturday, the 14th of January, 1792; on which night the calamity that had visited the opera house fell on Pantheon. This edifice, which had been the admiration of all who saw it, for its architectural beauty, and which rivalled

* Burgh's Anecdotes of Music, iii., 336.

the finest works of antiquity, was destroyed by fire,—no part being left, but the elegant entrance in Oxford-Street, which still remains,—a noble monument of taste and genius, amid the motley styles of domestic architecture by which it is surrounded.

TO A GOLDFINCH.

BY ALFRED ROBINSON.

Sweet bird of crimson head and golden wing !
 They tell me I am cruel to detain
 Thy little self a pris'ner—pretty thing,
 That oft delight'st me with thy merry strain !
 They say that every modulated note
 Thou usherest forth to greet the ambient air
 Is but for liberty : thy little throat
 Bemoans thy freedom—lost to thee for e'er.

Are thine the wretched tones of sad despair ?
 Does misery make thy voice so loud and clear ?
 Or does thy little sprightly voice declare
 That thou art cruelly imprisoned here.
 Ah no ! sweet songster ! thine are tones of joy
 To find that thou art sheltered from the storm ;
 And when thou seest the cold snow drifting by,
 Thou'rt glad to find thyself secure and warm.

The snow has gathered thickly on the ground—
 The cold sharp winds of winter bleakly blow,—
 Each leafless tree with silvery frost is crowned—
 Nor is one spot emcrested by the snow ;
 Thy rival, Redbreast, pinched by hunger, flies
 To mortals' kind administering hand
 For food which winter cruelly denies,
 For earth seems spell-bound by his icy wand.

No cares hast thou for necessary food—
 No useless sorrows thy light heart engage—
 No fears upon thy cheerfulness intrude—
 Abounding plenty decks thy pretty cage ;
 The livelong day thy sprightly carols rise,
 Thy song so blythe, yet chaste, enchants the ear—
 Thy notes to Heaven in gratitude arise
 For all the bounties thou enjoyest here !

THE DRAMA AND PAINTING. No. III.

On Monday evening last, Mrs. Mowatt, the celebrated American authoress and actress, made her appearance at the Olympic theatre, in "The Lady of Lyons," with Mr. Davenport as the Claude Melnotte.

From the unexpected production of this play of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's, instead of "Virginius," in which Mr. G. V. Brooke appears to have made a great impression, and from the fact that Mr. Brooke is announced to appear at the Haymarket theatre on Monday evening, April the 4th, it may be inferred that some misunderstanding has occurred between the management at the Olympic, and Mr. Brooke.

Mrs. Mowatt sustained the difficult part of Pauline Deschappelles in a manner entirely satisfactory,—we say difficult, because, the part may be read as a school-room miss would read it, and pass off tolerably well; or, it may be acted, as Mrs. Mowatt's talents enable her to play it, when the character becomes one of great difficulty. Mrs. Mowatt's figure is small, but well proportioned; her features full of expression; and her voice has great sweetness.

The scene between her and Claude Melnotte in his cottage, where she discovers the fraud which has been practised on her, was played with great force, and truth of expression. The struggle between pride, and growing love for the man whose wife she was, in spite of her being so cruelly duped, was exceedingly well acted, and well supported on the part of Mr. Davenport. Her hysterical, sarcastic quoting of the Prince of Corne's love-speech, the taunting manner in which the humble cottage is contrasted with the pseudo prince's halls, was very effective; as was also the scene between the paltry scoundrel Beauseuret and Pauline, in which the acting appeared to us in attitude, expression, and elocution, to be as close to nature as possible.

In the last scene, the confidential dialogue between Beauseuret first, then with the General Damas, where Pauline vainly endeavours to avert the fatal blow to her affections, and

persuade Beauseunt to resign his pretensions to her hand, was, we think, given in a tone somewhat too loud ; for side speeches lose their intention and effect, when delivered in a scale above an audible whisper. Mrs. Mowatt's attitudes are well chosen, judiciously contrasted ; and her expressions natural ; although the part was not correct, in costume, it was not glaringly defective in this respect. Mrs. Mowatt was, as she deserves to be, well received,—called for after the conclusion of the play, and bouquets sufficient to fill a large basket showered upon the stage.

Mr. Davenport's Claude Melnotte, was a very clever representation of the enthusiastic gardener's son ; and we think he is perfectly right in leaving the audience to form their own ideas of what his excellence in portrait painting may be, "obscurity is the source of the sublime," therefore his recollection of the features of his adored mistress may be all that love and art combined could possibly effect ; and by not allowing his efforts to be seen, the audience grant him every power on art which may be desired.—Now Mr. Phelps at Sadlers Wells, lets the audience into the secret, and the representation of Pauline by Claude, (or the scene painter for him), goes very far to raise a laugh at the expense of poor Melnotte, who really cannot afford it at that particular time. Mr. Davenport's attitudes are good ; some of them studied after Macready ; and his head is capable of great expression ; his physique ample for the character ; his acting all through the play was careful, finished, and subdued evidently by judgment. However, we think too much of the business of the play was done—as is too commonly the case—by the actors standing upright, and delivering set speeches,—one on the prompter's side, and the other on the opposite side,—arising from grave rules for balancing the stage arrangement : to a certain extent this is necessary ; but when figures cross over, and change places with no other reason than that of mere change, the means are too palpable, and the trick is seen. In the garden scene, Mr. Phelps, as Claude Melnotte, very judiciously delivers the long speeches descriptive of his palace and fountains at Corno, while sitting on a garden-bench ; the groups formed by Claude, and Pauline Deschappelles, is very well arranged, and varied, so as not to tire the audience ; while, at the same time, the quiet thus afforded by the absence of action

on the stage, gives the author every advantage, and the audience time to appreciate the beautiful writing of this part of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's play.

Mr. Davenport plays this scene while standing in front of the proscenium, and the effect is therefore rather tedious.

The scenes where Claude's conscience reproaches him with his vile fraud upon Pauline, were given with great truth, and consequently told upon the feelings of the audience. Claude's first dress, was that of a peasant of the present date, and his last, that of a cavalry officer, under the French emperor,—not that of the Revolution.

Mr. Lee, who played Beauseant, spoke English with a French accent, a departure from the text by no means necessary. His dress was a strange medley of dates, varying from 1748, to 1848.

Mr. Holl also played Glavis, a somewhat silly gentleman, in a similar mixture of fashions. The part of Glavis, is not suited to Mr. Holl's style of acting.

The determined old bachelor, Colonel Damas, was played by Mr. W. Davidge. This part is a very good one for an actor of old man. The Colonel is always a great favourite with the audience, and seems to have been a pet of the author's, for the character has all the good points of stage old men, without the ridiculous and sometimes very objectionable passages found in those characters. We should have preferred to have seen the Colonel dressed with more care, after one of the numerous portraits to be met with everywhere of the old Revolutionary officers. The Colonel is a gentleman by rank, education, and feeling. The part produces its comic effect purely by its writing, and does not require the actor's aid by dress or action to become a foil to the more serious parts of the play. Should the play be often repeated at this theatre, it would be a point worthy of Mr. Davidge's consideration, to dress this part better, and by giving more dignity to the colonel, make the most of so good an opportunity for the display of his talent in this line of acting.

Mr. Perkins was as heavy as the heavy part of old Deschappelles requires.

Before concluding our notice of the acting of this play, we must not omit to mention Mrs. Brougham's clever acting, as Madame Deschappelles. It was lady-like; very pleasing,

and well dressed.

We have no doubt that "The Lady Lyons," has been suddenly put on the stage to supply a gap created by some disorder in the arrangements for the week; and therefore the want of a consistency of costume is not to be wondered at; otherwise we feel assured that the management if it were at all likely the play would have a run, would have bestowed the same attention to its production, as we have witnessed on other occasions.

After the play, the management displayed its capabilities in a very satisfactory manner, by the care and expense bestowed upon a ballet, originally in four tableaux, but judiciously curtailed to two scenes, as ballets are rather ambiguous with respect to the precise shade of meaning attached to particular actions, we give the authors own description, condensed for our pages:—The scene represents the harbour and city of Corinth—the magnificent temples of Jupiter, Venus, and Mars; the Acrocorinthus or citadel; and the beautiful aqueduct, adorned with silver statues, and surmounting the celebrated fountain of Pirene. An innumerable assemblage await the arrival of the victorious armament. In the foreground, upon the terrace adjoining the temple of Neptune, the king (Mr. Almar) is in the act of awarding prizes to the several victors in the Olympic games, which have just terminated; and, after a joyous dance of Greek maidens, the graceful daughter of the king (Miss Laidlaw) in compliance with the solicitations of the Greek damsels, performs a Greek pas seul. The prince of the isles, (Mons. Georges Martin) having obtained a triumphant victory over the foes of Greece, returns, with his companions in arms, in a gorgeous galley: on his disembarkation he is warmly welcomed by the king, who offers the hand of his beloved daughter in marriage. The altar is prepared and the priests summoned, when the prince, although greatly admiring the loveliness and attractions of the princess, and fully conscious that she is already enamoured of him, will not, for a moment, entertain the idea of uniting himself with her; he becomes suddenly absorbed, and all attempts to rouse him prove ineffectual.

The king indignantly demands an explanation of the cause of his hesitation and refusal of his daughter's hand, when the prince entreats all to sympathise with him, and listen to the

avowal of his adoration of another—a beautiful young being, who had been his constant companion in childhood, and who, though lost to him perhaps for ever, still retains possession of his heart; he has vowed eternally to love her, and he would suffer death a thousand times rather than break that vow, by entertaining for a moment the thought of another—even the king's lovely daughter. To revenge the insult, the king threatens to slay him with his own hand, unless he will point out the residence of this idol of his affections, so that she may be destroyed.

At this moment, Kalops, a fisherman, (Mr. Buxton) enters and announces that he and his companions have taken in their net a large and beautiful shell, which they convey into the presence of the king, and upon its being opened, to the inexpressible joy of the prince, it contains his lost Coquillia, (Madlle. Melanie Duval). The rapture of each is indescribable, while the broken-hearted princess still endeavours to fascinate him, and a grand pas de jalousie is executed by Mlle. Duval, Miss Laidlaw, and Mons. Georges Martin. Unable to withstand the allurements of Coquillia, the prince is enticed to another part of the island; the princess is conducted by her attendants to the temple, and the king summons his kinsmen, warriors, and attendants, to aid him in the pursuit of the prince.

We then find the love-sick, and dancing sprig of royalty, gone off fairly with the bewitching Coquillia, having left the King's daughter to practise her steps by herself; but she finding this very dull work, transfers the "jalousie," from her heels to her head, and jealous to the last degree of her aquatic rival, she takes a cold bath, and thus by plunging head foremost into the ocean, pursues the faithless Prince, and his coquettish Coquilla to her sub-marine coral palace, in the kingdom of shells.

The second scene represents the sub-marine coral palace of Coquillia, in the kingdom of shells. The repose of the shell-spirits, and return of Coquillia with the prince, pursued by the princess who has become a shell-spirit. Diversions of the nymphs. Lotus and coral dance, by the whole of the corps de ballet. Grand pas seul, by Mademoiselle Melanie Duval and Mons. Georges Martin. Divertissement, by La Petite Ryan, and the juvenile corps. Ascent to earth of Coquillia with the prince to again become mortal. The princess, in despair at

the happiness of the lovers, on perceiving the ascent to earth of the prince, falls into a state of despondency, and grand finale tableau, by Mademoiselle Melanie Duval, Mademoiselle Huron, Miss Laidlaw, La Petite Ryan, Mons. Georges Martin, and the whole of the numerous corps de ballet.

The first scene, or tableaux, possesses great merit. The whole stage was thrown open, and a grand display of scenery extremely well painted, by Messrs. Laidlaw and Cooper, took place. The tints were very harmonious; the effect rich; and the lighting up of the scenery well managed. The stage was crowded with Soldiers, Priests, Bards, Spirits, &c., &c., richly dressed and arranged to aid the general effect; the dances prettily composed, and tolerably well executed.

Mademoiselle Melanie Duval exerted herself, and went through a number of graceful attitudes; also some most difficult dances, in which she was successfully emulated by Miss Laidlaw; Monsieur Georges Martin being a very good dancing medium between the two ladies.

The second scene, although not so difficult of execution, and partaking more of stage conventionalities than the first, was very effective, the whole stage being again displayed. The artists here had a good opportunity for contrasting tints in the sub-marine coral palace. Great credit is due to the scene-painting department, for the beautiful effects of colour in these tableaux.

In the sub-marine drawing-room, the shell spirits are all supposed to be fast asleep, and are arranged in groups with great care. This had a particularly pleasing effect; their slumbers are however disturbed by the faithless Prince, who just now arrives with the seductive nymph. The love of the Prince is however finally obtained by the Fairy, through the means of a "Pas de Fascination," which appeared to be one of no small difficulty; after which, the cellar flap opens, and a platform rises from beneath the stage, which being decorated in the peculiar fairy-like style of fancy vehicles, the nimble-footed Prince, accompanied by Mademoiselle Melanie Duval, (who has consented to become a mere mortal), commenced their ascent to earth. The forsaken young lady having put on shell spirituality, finally agrees to rest in a desponding manner, on the arms of her sister spirits, who form themselves in groups around her, and pirouette prettily, while green, blue,

and red fires, are successively lighted at the sides of the stage; being the "wind-up" of a very elegant ballet, highly creditable to the management.

We strongly advise all who delight in the freaks of fairies, to see "Coquilla, or the Shell Spirit."

The Theatres.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—During the past month the management of this theatre has been particularly active in bringing forward operas to gratify the public taste. Four have been already presented, three of these being by Verdi, a composer whose productions are highly popular abroad, although certainly not of the highest order of merit.

On Tuesday the 14th instant, Verdi's opera of "Attila" was performed for the first time in this country. This work was originally produced in 1846 at the Fenice, with La Luce, Guasco, and Marini in the principal parts. Tadolini afterwards appeared in it at Naples, and lastly Mdle. Cruvelli made her *debut* in it as Rovigo with great success.

"I Due Foscari" was played on Tuesday night, the 21st instant, by way of introduction for Coletti, who, it is well known, sustains the principal part with singular dignity, impressiveness, and tragic power. The opera itself may be ranked among the better efforts of the Verdi muse. It was originally produced at the Teatro Argentino at Rome, in 1844, with Achille de Bassini, Roppa, and Barbieri Nini, and has yearly increased in popularity.

The libretto of "I Due Foscari" is taken from Byron's celebrated drama, and affords many opportunities for musical effect. The characters are important and well contrasted, The old Doge is one of the most striking parts in the range

of the modern lyrical drama, and offers a most magnificent field for the display of histrionic as well as musical talent of the highest order. That of *Lucrezia* is almost equally important, and equally demands a similar union of powers. It may be remembered that it was in this opera that Coletti last year created so great a sensation at Her Majesty's Theatre; his *rentree*, therefore, on Tuesday evening was an event of great importance to the *habitués* of the first operatic establishment of the kingdom, and probably of the world, all things considered.

Signor Cuzzani improves upon acquaintance, as we thought he would. He sung and played very creditably in the part of Jacopo. He was frequently applauded in an encouraging manner. Signor Bouche gave due effect to the little part of Loredano. The opera was well received, and the principal performers called before the curtain at the conclusion.

On Saturday evening the 25th instant, "Nino" was performed, with two *debutantes*, the celebrated Signora Abbadia and a young and interesting novice, Signora Vera. Coletti performed the part of Nabucco; and, to complete the attraction, Belletti consented to appear as the High Priest.

ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—This magnificent theatre re-opened for the present season, on Thursday evening, the 16th instant. With the exception of one change, which is a very decided improvement, the house presented the same appearance as last year. In place of the two suffocating amphitheatres, which were so much complained of, there is only one, which looks roomy and comfortable, and considerably improves the whole aspect of the theatre. Rossini's exquisite opera seria, "Il Tancredi," was selected for the occasion, and the principal parts were cast as follows:—Tancredi, Madlle. Alboni; Amenaide, Madame Persiani; Argirio, Signor Luigi Mei, (his first appearance); Orbazzano, Signor Polonini. Exactly a quarter of a century ago, the *maestro* of Pesaro composed this opera, during the Venice Carnival, of 1813, and although not by any means his finest work, yet it possesses beauties of the highest order. Its chief faults are

its almost complete dependence on two female voices, the contralto, and the soprano, besides which, it wants variety, and those effective contrasts of light and shade which are so essential to composition, both in painting and music. The male parts are insignificant, and in the present stage version, more particularly so.

This opera was last performed in England in 1828, when Madame Pesta gave it with a degree of excellence, far above its intrinsic merits.

But on the other hand it is but common justice for us to add that much of the music of this early work of Rossini, is very beautiful, full of elegant melody, and sparkling with the most original brilliancy.

Its success, as we have just hinted, mainly depended on the performance of the hero, and consequently the highest expectations were formed of Mdlle. Alboni's appearance in the part, which has been fully realised.

On her entrance she was received with a burst of enthusiastic applause, which showed how fresh her triumphs were in the remembrance of the audience who witnessed her last season. She was gallantly attired, and looked the young hero very well, but her movements were very languid, her demeanour constrained and cold, and her singing was without force or energy.

Our old and unsurpassed favourite, Madame Persiani, on the contrary, delighted the audience by displaying all her precious gifts of voice and acting, and her very first air, "Come dolce all' alma mia," was a specimen of florid singing which we believe to be unrivalled and inimitable.

The part of Argario was performed by Signor Mei. He has a good tenor voice, and sings very chastely and smoothly.

Signor Poloni's bass voice was vigorously displayed in the part of Orbazzano.

The choruses were well given, and the performance of the orchestra drew forth the warmest commendations throughout the performance.

Of the new ballet, entitled "Follette, the Queen of the Fireflies," we can give but a meagre account. In our opinion it is much too long.

The house was very fully attended.

SURREY.—Mr. Ira Aldridge, who has acquired considerable provincial and some metropolitan renown, under the title of the African Roscius, appeared at this theatre on Monday evening, in the part of Zanga, in Young's tragedy of "The Revenge." The play is a bad one, and therefore its unnecessary to say a word about it here. The actor was the attraction of the night. Mr. Ira Aldridge is a *bona fide* African, of mulatto tint, with woolly hair; his features are capable of much expression, his action is unrestrained and picturesque, and his voice clear, full, and resonant. He is evidently in possession of histrionic abilities far above the average range, nor are we quite sure, in spite of the opinions of some of our contemporaries, that he may not even lay claim to some amount at least of actual stage genius. His powers of energetic declamation are very marked, and the whole of his acting appears impelled by a current of feeling of no inconsiderable weight, and vigour, yet controuled and guided in a manner that clearly shows the actor to be a person of much study and great stage experience.

At the conclusion of the tragedy he was complimented before the curtain by the audience, in return for which favour he spoke a short but neat address, expressive of his sincere gratitude.

The farce was "The Padlock," in which he sustained the part of Mungo with great comic humour, and sang some negro songs excellently.

OLYMPIC THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Brooke appeared during the last month in a greater number of characters than usual, and in all, although extremely diversified, displayed an ability which places him in a position equal to any, and superior to most living actors. His performance of Shylock is marked by that unaffected originality, vigour, and sound taste, which we have remarked in nearly all his acting. Perhaps his best scene was that in the third act, where he rails at his daughter and chuckles at the news of Antonio's losses.

On Wednesday the 15th instant Mr. Brooke appeared as Master Walter in the "Hunchback," and achieved a new and very decided success; thus proving the great range of his

histrionic talents. Carefully studied, classically read, and powerfully expressed, the character seemed as fresh to the audience as if the play were at its first performance.

The part of Julia, on the above evening, was performed by a Miss Duret, of "great provincial celebrity."

On Thursday evening the 23rd instant, Mr. Brooke played that which is, perhaps, after all, Mr. Macready's greatest character, Virginius, in Sheridan Knowles's popular tragedy of that name. We have not here space left for any detailed criticism, yet we feel bound to go the length of saying, that the part lost little of its popularity in his hands. After the tragedy a "new grand ballet" in four tableaux, was produced, the first work of Mr. Davidson and Mr. B. Barnett, entitled "Coquilla; or the Shell-Spirit." The programme comprised some very pretty dancing by Mdles. Melanie Duval, and Huron, and Miss Laidlaw, assisted by a numerous *corps de ballet*, many of them drafted from the late Drury-lane company. The house was fully attended.

Concerts.

MR. SLOPER'S CONCERT.—Among the musical meetings of the month, we must include the third piano-forte *soiree* of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, which took place at Willis's Rooms. This was the last of a series of three concerts given by this gentleman to his friends. It may be remembered that Mr. Lindsay Sloper was a favourite pupil of the celebrated Moscheles, who seems to have infused a good deal of his style into the play of his pupil. As it was specified on the bills, the entertainment consisted chiefly of piano-forte performances,—the monotony being varied by two songs, and a duet with violoncello. The first piece was a brilliant duet between two piano-fortes, Madame Dulcken and Mr. Lindsay Sloper being the *artistes*. It was well received. Of Mr. Lindsay Sloper's performance, nothing more need be said, save that it was creditable and displayed considerable acquirement; but the selection was faulty, and Mr. Sloper should have varied the entertainments more pleasingly. However, the thing went off well, and the audience was very numerous and fashionable.

THE PHILHARMONIC.—This society held its meeting on Monday night, the 27th. The assembly was composed of the “*elite*” of rank and fashion. Herr Molique was the star, and certainly a very brilliant one. This gentleman’s instrumentation is certainly very wonderful, and has the additional recommendation of being *pleasing*. Whether in drawing out the full deep tones of the fourth string, or running up to the harmonics *in alt* on the first, Herr Molique maintains the most perfect control over his instrument ; and whether in producing the most sublime tone in his *adagio*, or in the rapid variational passages of his *allegretto*, we have the most manifest evidence of great genius coupled with untiring diligence and perseverance. A more erudite criticism on so well-conducted a society as the Philharmonic would be no compliment.

M. THALBERG’S CONCERT.—Since our last number, M. Thalberg has treated the public to one of his grand performances, which, as usual, attracted an immense and fashionable audience to Exeter Hall. The band (led by Mr. Willy) was most efficient, and added greatly to the *eclat* of the evening, by the overtures and accompaniments. Among the vocalists were Miss Bassano, the Misses Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, With such *artistes* as these, with M. Thalberg at their head, it is difficult to conceive how such an entertainment could have been otherwise than delightful and satisfactory. M. Thalberg played three solos with his usual brilliancy, and was encored in each. Throughout, the entertainment was most rapturously received, and seemed to give complete satisfaction to all parties concerned.

Answer to Enigma, page 314,—The letter E.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE TIMES; OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX.

SOMETHING MORE THAN A SURFACE VIEW OF PASSING EVENTS.

“Your opinions, Lord Wiltram, do not altogether coincide with mine. I advocate as you do, the extension of commerce, the support of manufactures, and the encouragement of private enterprise; but I consider that all these are to be promoted in a legitimate manner, and to a legitimate extent: it is, above all things, essential that the masses of the population, the *People*, properly so called, should take share in the prosperity of the country, and that we should not present the anomaly of flourishing manufactures, extending commerce, and accumulating wealth, being co-existent with a depressed and distressed people.”

Such was the answer of Lord Morden, to an observation offered by Lord Wiltram; the nature of which may be easily understood, although not expressed.

Lord Morden was one of the old nobility of England, although forming a portion of what is termed the Young England party, and was distinguished for his endeavours to improve the moral condition and promote the social welfare of the people. Descended from one of the most ancient families which the country could boast of, he had, strange to say, retained the property, rank, titles, and principles of his ancestors; that the former should have been maintained is not so extraordinary as that he should have retained also the latter in conjunction with them: the world has many ways of retaining wealth and station, but few of preserving these in conjunction

with principle, during periods of internal disturbance and civil wars, such as have alike graced and stained the pages of England's history, during the last few centuries.

During these eventful periods, the great names which flourished in the times of our Edwards, and Henrys, with few exceptions, sunk almost into oblivion, and their places are now occupied by others, which are indebted to other claims than those of an ancient birth for their present position.

What those claims may have been, it is needless to state; and may be now well forgotten by all but those who have profited by them. To them, the recollection should be useful, and should produce fruits of a more beneficial character to themselves, and to those who have not participated equally in the transaction. They owe a large debt to their country, but like many other debtors they avail themselves of the statute of limitation, and do not acknowledge the claim. So far from this being the case, they seem to regard their country as indebted to them, and endeavour to wrest from its resources all that they are capable of affording, without making any reasonable return. This is frequently the case, that he who suffers an injury is more disposed to forgive than him who has inflicted it.

In the eventful periods alluded to, the ancestors of Lord Morden had passed comparatively unscathed, through the trials which had deprived so many of their wealth, and name, and all but their honour.

Doubtless, this was owing to that moderation of sentiment, as well as the liberality of opinion and conduct, which influenced their actions. Too many of their compeers, confident of the justice of their cause, and their good intentions, devoted to measures which if carried out faithfully, would have been productive of the best results, but which were unfortunately defeated by having been in the hands of men who were unfit and unworthy to execute them, fell a sacrifice to their principles, and a chivalrous defence of the "right," and are now to be found in the middle, and not a few amongst the humbler classes of society, in England.

They were unfortunately the upholders of a civil and sacerdotal despotism, opposed to the intelligence of the Age, and suffered accordingly. Their good intentions will not excuse, nor their bravery expiate their folly. Their history should afford a useful lesson to the present generation, in which a civil and sacerdotal despotism of a more obnoxious character is sought to be established.

Lord Morden, at the time of which we are speaking, occupied a distinguished position in the government of the country, being connected with the Home department thereof; he had thus an opportunity of carrying his principles into execution, not usually possessed, and availed himself of these opportunities to the fullest extent.

Besides the noble lords mentioned, there were present at the meeting, Lord John Busvell, and the Bishop of Lambeth; the former the head as already stated of the Whig party; the latter, the real but not the nominal head of the Established Church.

Lord John, although at the head of his party, was scarcely equal to his post, and would never have occupied so elevated a position, but for his connexion with one of the leading families in the country. Although possessed of sufficient abilities for an inferior post, he was unfitted by Nature for that which he occupied; and was especially deficient in that strength and firmness of mind, which is so necessary to that of Prime Minister. At the head of a professedly liberal administration, some of his measures were of a most despotic, and few of a truly liberal character. He retained his post on sufferance rather than by his talents, or capabilities, and was principally indebted to his want of firmness, usually so necessary to his elevated position; he was not unlike the tumbler on the tight rope, who preserves his balance by swinging his balance pole, alternately to one side or the other, with this difference, that he was the swayed, not the swaying party, the balance pole being thrown to the sides by the respective parties, who thus maintained their puppet in his place, although, as may be expected, frequently in positions of danger not much to be envied. He thus answered the purposes of both parties, and was supported by them "from want of a better," and from their apprehensions of another who might prove of "sterner stuff."

Lord John was especially eminent for the quality which always distinguishes the Whigs,—of half-doing everything, and therefore leaving everything undone. His measures were thus a strange medley of Whiggism and Toryism, of Liberality and Despotism, of Good and Evil.

He continued to keep his post by alternately giving to each party a little, who were thus gratified for the moment, but never satisfied. His position was not unlike the Australian

settler, who nightly appeased a hungry lion which visited him every night, by throwing to him one of his sheep, and who therefore numbered his days and his sheep at the same moment.

At a period of scarcity, when numbers were suffering from hunger, he postponed his remedial measures, until they were all but too late; the consequence of which was, that many perished, and millions were expended to alleviate sufferings which might have been averted by the timely sacrifice of thousands. He opened the ports for the importation of corn, when the foreign harbours were closed with ice, and when corn was not to be obtained; and repealed the navigation laws when the shipping was not to be procured. He was unwilling to interfere with private enterprise, and commercial speculation, which ultimately suffered more by his postponed measures, than they could have possibly endured by his timely adoption.

As may be supposed, Lord John was not a man of strong mind, who would search out the root of an evil, and thus remove both cause and effect at the same time; all his efforts were devoted to produce a smoothness of the surface, on effecting which, he doubtless thought himself wonderfully wise, and felt supremely happy. He skimmed the waters of the political world of the noxious weeds which covered their surface, but neglected the putrescent corse which lay at the bottom, engendering the pestilence, and spreading it forth over the waters of life.

He was the originator, and great supporter of the doctrine "that the poor should be thrown on their own resources," which led to more crime and misery than any other doctrine, that has ever yet been propounded by modern philosophers.

Had the poor been left their own resources, they might have been abandoned to them, but no one knew better, or at least had a better right to know, than the noble lord, that the resources of the poor had been long since appropriated to other channels. The history of his native land, in which he was well versed, must have informed him of this fact, and should have taught him a more charitable doctrine.

The Bishop of Lambeth, who formed the fourth person present at the convention, or discussion, a part of which has been given in the commencement of this chapter, was a dignitary of the Established Church. He was a man of ordinary appearance, about the middle height, and somewhat advanced

in age ; the upper part of his head was completely bald, and the sides covered only by a few scattered hairs, which Time had long since turned to a silvery gray. His forehead was broad, and phrenologically good, his other features regular, perhaps too much so for manly grace. His countenance was altogether inexpressive, and the most distinguished disciple of Lavater could hardly dare to decipher the man before him by his features. This is not unusual amongst sacerdotal characters, many of whom studiously avoid expressing in their countenance the workings of their mind, and thus give to their features a blandness, which is too often wholly artificial. It was so with the Bishop of Lambeth, who beneath a calm exterior concealed the man of strong feelings, and energetic intentions. The only parts of his face which revealed his character, were the nose, and lips, which presented that thin character, so indicative of a restless spirit ; the rest was—a blank.

The Bishop of Lambeth was the possessor of one of those princely incomes which fall to the lot of the dignitaries of the Established Church ; it amounted to many thousands per annum, and was considered by many to exceed the income of any other prelate in England, or perhaps in the world.

He was a man well suited to the times in which he lived, was well versed in the doctrines of modern philosophy, and equally well acquainted with the principles of the Utilitarians. His knowledge was fruitful, and produced in the dignity of the Church one of those characters which stand out in his country's page for weal or for woe.

Experience had taught him one lesson, which influenced many of his actions ; it was, that the association of the dissenters with the Church, was not likely to be profitable to the latter, as the former had shown symptoms of a desire to share in the good things which the Church enjoyed in such abundance, and had thrown out sundry hints of their claims to the educational, and other institutions, which their common ancestors had established.

Such dangerous doctrines were not to be entertained ; and accordingly, the Bishop of Lambeth embraced an early opportunity, and adopted efficient means to separate himself from his quondam associates. He began to entertain a dislike to their doctrines, and a devotion to certain peculiarities of church worship, which had long since fallen into disuse. This dislike as might be expected, ripened into abhorrence, and in due

time the Bishop of Lambeth and his party were as remote from their dissenting brethren as if they had never raised their voices together. The multitude wondered, inveighed against this change of doctrine and church discipline, and accused the Bishop and his party of idolatrous doctrines.

But the Bishop was not so disposed ; he accomplished the object he had in view, and secured to himself and friends their posts of value, free from the dissenters' claims, but never dreamed of going further than this:—He worshipped but one Idol,—the fine things of this world.

The world thought the affair was a matter of doctrine, and praised or condemned the Bishop, as they approved or disapproved of his new opinion ; but the world was sadly mistaken, and not for the first time :—the world had all the quarrelling, the Bishop and his friends all the profit.

Having so far secured himself and supporters, he proceeded to extend his authority, and increase his influence ; for this purpose he filled all vacant places which were at his disposal, with his own supporters ; and created new ones by the building of churches and other establishments, which were also occupied by his adherents. He thus obtained a degree of priestly authority, which had been unknown in this country for some centuries, and assumed a position of corresponding importance.

His power was great, and could only be endangered by indiscretion.

That it was possible he might act indiscreetly on some occasion or other, was believed by many ; as, like most religious ministers he had exhibited a despotic disposition, unworthy of his calling ; and which was not likely to practise that forbearance and moderation, which the doctrines of Christianity inculcate but which its teachers unhappily too seldom follow.

The views entertained by the Bishop of Lambeth were of a sectarian character, and unworthy of the faith which he preached.

Such a man was not unlikely to become obnoxious to the religious, if not the civil liberty of a nation. The past ages had succeeded in overthrowing sacerdotal despotism ; the present beheld a modern prelate, uprearing one of equal might, and busied themselves in discussing points of doctrine.

When shall common Christianity teach men common Charity ?

Why should abstract religious doctrines be scattered as the seeds of discord, to set man against man, and to exclude a portion of the subjects of the land, from an equal participation in the common birthright of all?

There is no reason for such conduct, unless that it may be desired by a portion of society, to enjoy, to the exclusion of others, the lion's share of the temporal benefits which have been derived from the benevolence of our ancestors.

Such however should first prove their right to this exclusive enjoyment, and adduce some good reason for withholding from the children of others, that, which their forefathers have left them.

The intelligence of mankind has long since established, that *Church* is *National* property, and should be applied to national, not sectarian purposes. The enormous revenues of the Established Church, if distributed to the education and maintenance of the poor, would be more beneficially expended, and more in accordance with the original donors of these revenues.

A wealthy church, and a despotic priesthood, have been long since established as amongst the greatest evils of society; the present Age think so, and will seek a remedy,

Men have been too long the dupes of those who inculcate doctrines which tend to dissever rather than unite them in one common brotherhood;—doctrines propounded by those who reap the benefit of the discord which they create; whilst they doubtless laugh at the fools who are so influenced by them.

CHAPTER X.

THE MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

Doctor Squill's *entree* to the drawing-room of the Countess Millars, his salutation of his grand patroness, and her reception of her *protegé*, were characteristic of the man, and of the estimation in which he was held by every member of the family.

Thomas, the footman, who announced him, opened the door

only to that moderate extent, which he regarded as sufficient for the purpose, and corresponding to the claims of the doctor, and his own especial dignity. He would have thrown the door wide open for other visitors, but he disdained to commit so gross an outrage on his dignity as to act thus for Doctor Squill, and so compromised the matter of his attendance on such a personage, by opening the door to about three-fourths of its extent.

But the feelings of Thomas towards the worthy doctor, were not altogether the result of that moderate acquaintance which he might have been supposed to have formed with so frequent a visitor to his mistress. Rumour had spread abroad, that Doctor Squill was particular in having his bill paid by those domestics who honoured him privately with their patronage; and she had lately whispered in the ears of Thomas, that he had the audacity, lately, to take law proceedings against Sir Peter Seedy's own man, for the recovery of a small account. It is true, that Sir Peter Seedy and his own man were scarcely within the pale of the *domestic circle* of the west-end, as both master and man were of *suspicious* characters, that is, it was suspected that their funds were of a limited extent, although Sir Peter kept his cab and horse, had chambers at the Albany, and visited in the first circles; and that, therefore, Thomas was not imperatively called on to resent the indignity offered to one of his class: yet he did so, as far as he judiciously could, as he apprehended it was quite possible that Doctor Squill might feel inclined to extend the sphere of his legal proceedings. The public spirit thus displayed by the enlightened Thomas partook largely of private interest, as is not unfrequently the case amongst public characters of more exalted stations than that of a footman.

Doctor Squill did not, on this account, stand high in the estimation of Thomas; and was frequently saluted by him, when out of hearing, on the stairs, in the hall or kitchen, where he could unburthen his mind most effectually by the epithets "mean wretch," "messenary feller," "voile screw," &c.

The indignation displayed by Thomas, in such instances, in defence of his fellow-domestics, was always well received by the establishment in Grovesnor-Square, who were sure to re-echo his sentiments. As this spirited display and noble exercise of the public rights of Her Majesty's subjects were unattended by any expense, or any loss to the parties engaged, they were given with all that energy and feeling, which usually

attends those manifestations of sentiment which are sure to be voluntary, and unchecked by "grosser matter."

Doctor Squill remarked the reception given to him by Thomas; but he was too much the man of the world, too much of the worldling, to appear to take further notice of it. Anxious to conciliate the footman, and to regain some of that *domestic* popularity which he had recently lost in the case of Sir Peter Seedy's own man, he made his way as gracefully as possible through the partially-opened door, despite of sundry impediments, in the shape of door-mats, marble busts, and Thomas's toes, and entered the drawing-room of the Countess Millars.

As soon as he had discovered the "local habitation" of the Countess, he rushed forward, and seizing her by the hand, kissed it in the most obsequious manner, but having seen her two days previously, did not on the present occasion kneel, on presenting himself before his patroness.

"My dear Lady Millars, how happy am I to see you look so charming this morning, and Lady Madeline, and Lady Jane, too—the three Graces, I declare."

"Not quite Graces, this morning, doctor."

"How so, your ladyship?"

"Lady Madeline, indeed, resists my authority, and refuses to form an alliance which I have long sought to obtain, and have length succeeded to procure, if not thwarted by the obstinacy of my daughter."

"Indeed! your ladyship, that is most surprising; I regarded Lady Madeline as distinguished for good sense, and filial obedience."

"Hitherto she has not opposed my wishes; but in the choice of her future partner in life, she asserts her right to make a selection; talks of love, affection, and such things, in a strain only worthy of a young girl, just returned from school, with her head full of romance. She has now moved in the first circles of fashion for three years, has attended court, and seen much of the world; but, most extraordinary, still retains feelings of sentiment and affection, and reflects in the most unheard-of manner on alliances, made for the sake of rank and pecuniary interest, without regard to the affections."

"Oh, quite preposterous, your ladyship! a species of monomania—decidedly—I am sorry to see such principles entering amongst the higher classes of society, who should set a better

example to those beneath them : but it is all my Lord Morden's fault, who encourages such, by both precept and example—for my part, I am quite at a loss to imagine what the country will come to if his doctrines spread ; and fear to contemplate the results—nothing but a revolution ! ”

“ Indeed, I fear the principles of the nobility are being undermined—there is my Lord Marsley, who should know better, and is, really, on other subjects, a most rational creature, engaged in endeavouring to educate the lowest classes of society, and in establishing schools in the poorest districts.—What do such persons want with roading and writing.”

“ Nothing whatever, your ladyship, except to read the incendiary doctrines put forward daily by the press, which tells them that they have their rights as men, and as members of society, and are entitled to receive support and protection from the state, to which they give their support and protection.”

“ For my part, I regard the press of this country as one of its greatest evils, and I hope the day is not far distant, when my Lord John Busvell will introduce some measure into parliament, to check the diffusion of such doctrines, and control the liberty of speech which prevails at present—he is my only hope, although he is a Whig itself.”

“ Indeed, I think, your ladyship, we are more indebted to the Whigs, than to the Tories, for such excellent measures—when out of office, they will not allow the Tories to pass measures, which they lose no time in carrying into effect, as soon as they obtain the power to do so.”

“ How is your patient, pray, this morning, doctor ? ”

“ What patient does your ladyship mean ? ”

“ Why, Lord Totter, to be sure.”

“ My Lady Jane's intended ? ”

“ Yes, the same.”

“ May I speak plainly—no danger of alarm ? ”

“ Oh, not the least ? ”

“ Why, then, rather poorly—still continues delicate—very feeble—appetite bad—and sensorium occasionally disturbed—but for the active treatment which I have adopted, the consequences might have been more serious.”

“ Is he often ill ? ”

“ Why pretty well—since he came under my care, about nine months since, he has had three gout, two rheumatisms, one lumbago, and a slight attack of pleuritis—in that time he

"has taken three dozen calomel pills, ten dozen draughts, five dozen boluses; using several embrocations, and *at intervals*, other remedies."

"It is extraordinary that he recovered."

"Quite so, your ladyship—at one time I had very little hope—obliged to stop all medicines—began almost immediately to rally, and is now able to walk about."

"In spite of your active treatment, doctor."

"Ha! ha! very good your ladyship, very good—what pungency in your wit—something of the gentian quality about it; but for the sweetness, '*the saccharum album*' of your ladyship's disposition, your shafts would be quite overpowering—like Cupid you wound with a golden arrow. But my Lady Jane, how does she like her new lover?"

"He is a very agreeable old man," interrupted Lady Jane, "at least mamma says so—although I do not see much to admire in him."

"Quite candid, my Lady Jane."

"I shall never expect to be happy with him."

"Oh, my dear lady Jane, happiness is out of all modern dictionaries."

"My daughters do not think so," interrupted the Countess Millars."

"Oh do not mind such strange opinions, my lady; they are caused by a slight dyspeptic attack affecting the organ of self-esteem, and will soon pass away.—Oh! by the bye, your ladyship, an ingenious friend of mine has effected a most valuable discovery."

"What is that, pray, doctor?"

"An embrocation which, when applied to any particular organ in the head, causes an extraordinary developement of the corresponding faculty, it is expected to produce the most extraordinary effects on society, and will, I have no doubt, supersede our modern systems of education."

"How so pray?"

"Thus, your ladyship; take any person whose disposition you wish to change, or whose faculties you wish to improve: you have only to apply the embrocation over the particular organs indicated—they become rapidly developed, and the whole system is changed. The author expects to make poets, philosophers, statesmen, indeed, all descriptions of persons, which the exigencies of the time may require, and to any ex-

tent. One young lady of my acquaintance, on whom the embrocation was applied over the organ of poetry, composed a beautiful stanza on her lap-dog, a few moments after."

"That is extraordinary, indeed."

"Still more extraordinary—an incredulous friend, in ridicule, applied it over the organ of benevolence in a statue of Hercules; next morning a mark appeared in the place, and Hercules's club was found broken. I do not exactly say that this was caused by the embrocation altogether, but the coincidence was certainly extraordinary."

"How is it received by the fashionable world?"

"With the greatest delight, your ladyship: it is generally regarded as the greatest boon that has ever been conferred upon man. My friend has already made a host of converts, my Lord Weathercock, the Marquis of Skylark, Sir Francis Blunder, and many others, who have taken him by the hand, and intend obtaining for him Her Majesty's patronage."

"Can you explain, doctor, how the embrocation acts?"

Oh, very simply, your ladyship; through mesmeric influences—by the agency of animal magnetism, and the preponderance of electric developement in the system."

"It will cause quite a sensation in the *beau monde*, and scientific world."

"Quite so; and but for the unfortunate appearance of the new planet at the same moment, (another singular coincidence) it would have been, by this time, generally acknowledged as a great public benefit, and a parliamentary grant conferred on the talented discoverer. But your ladyship must excuse me—I must take my leave, as I have a consultation at one."

"Shall we see you at Almack's to-morrow evening, doctor."

"I fear not, your ladyship."

"Why not? you are tolerably regular."

"To be candid with your ladyship, for I conceal nothing from my kind patroness the Countess Millars, one of my patients has died lately, and I feel I cannot go "out" so soon after."

"Indeed not well—we must observe the rules of society."

"His decease has cast quite a damp on my spirits: ha! poor fellow! He was one of my best patients, and I thought he should have held out through the dull season at least.—I wish your ladyship good morning."

"I shall see you again soon, doctor."

"In a day or two, your ladyship."

"Let me know about your patient, Lord Totter; may we hope to see him soon."

"In the course of a few days, I have no doubt. I have put him on a course of bark, from which I expect the best results—he shall pay my Lady Jane a visit on the first opportunity."

Doctor Squill took his leave of the Countess and her daughters, and left Grovesnor-Square in his Brougham, which he had scarcely entered before he had pulled forth a copy of the "**Medical Times**" several years old, and commenced to pretend to read.

The Countess Millars addressed her daughters: "Now, my dears, retire, and get yourselves ready; it is near one o'clock, and I have ordered the carriage at two. This, you know is Wednesday—*benevolent* day—and I have to visit the different charitable societies of which I am lady patroness, namely, the Caffre Civilisation Society—the Italian Organ-boys' Protection Association—the Anti-Siberian Slavery Society, and the Esquimaux Moral Improvement Association—what a delightful task, to rescue these ignorant creatures, these wretched savages, from the darkness in which they are sunk, and share with them the blessings of modern civilisation, and the truths of Christianity.—That recalls to my mind the distressed widow Mrs. Jones—has Fidelle given her the mendicity ticket I ordered her?"

"*Oui, madame,*" replied Fidelle, who had just entered the room to wait on her young mistresses.

Another hour passed, and the Countess Millars and her daughters drove from their door in Grosvenor-Square, on their benevolent mission. They passed many squalid figures, and gaunt faces, and emaciated frames, which craved with an hundred tongues their charity—they wondered what the Mendicity Society were about, or what the workhouses were built for.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

BY TRIBUNUS.

Article I.—Land.

THE great evil of Ireland is, and has ever been, the great competition which exists in that country for land.

This competition is not voluntary, but forced upon the people by their necessities. In other countries, in England and Scotland at least, the peasantry have other resources: if agriculture be not sufficient to employ their surplus population, the manufactures may be resorted to for employment; if these be already filled, the mines, canals, and other public occupations afford a means of support to the industrious; if all these fail, the poor laws and the workhouses give to the necessitous relief and a shelter.

The Irish people want all these resources (with the exception of scanty poor laws within these few years past): there, neither manufactures, mines, nor other occupations are to be found, whereby the people may toil and live, if they should fail in procuring a patch of land, to provide for themselves and their families.

The owner of the land, or landlord, sees or has seen this, and accordingly has taken advantage of it. The dense population of the country, (Ireland is, excepting Belgium, the most densely populated country in Europe), and their want of other means of support, has thrown the people into the landlord's hands; he offers his land to public competition; one bids against the other, until the highest bidder, and perhaps most distressed of the expectants, obtains the prize, at a rent many times above its value.

Who can wonder at the result? The peasant tills the ground; if the season be prosperous and the crop productive, he lives, and pays his rent; if otherwise, the latter is unpaid, he lives on his crops, if it be possible for him to do so, and disputes with his landlord the possession of his only means of subsistence. The landlord applies to the law for assistance, which grants him the police and military, and the poor peasant is driven from his home, a wanderer to perish.

Where lies the fault?

The landlord lets his land at an exorbitant rent ; but has he not a right to bring his goods to the best market and sell them to the highest and best bidder ?

This is a principle, the abstract justice of which, no one can question ; and yet the practical results of which, in this and other instances must be prevented or averted by the state.

This may be done without directly interfering with the liberty of the subject, namely the landlord, in disposing of his goods in the best market. It is done by rendering the peasant so far independent, as not to be constrained to offer more than a fair price for the land. This is accomplished by a judicious but not extravagant poor law, which gives the landlord the option of permitting the peasant to cultivate the land at a fair rent, or of supporting the said individual at his own private expense, in or out of the workhouse.

But some will say this is interference with private property, although indirectly accomplished. It may be so ; but state policy demands it for the general good, and applies the same policy to a much wider extent.

If the seller be allowed to sell his goods on the best terms, assuredly the buyer has an equal right to purchase in the best and cheapest market.

Are we permitted to purchase sugar in this manner, or brandy, or rum, or bread, or tobacco, or two thirds of the commodities of life ? Assuredly not : we are restrained by differential duties, and other fiscal regulations, to pay for a worse article, a higher price,—and to what end ? Simply to put certain sums into the pockets of West India planters, and others ; who thus receive under the term “PROTECTION TO COMMERCE, TRADE, &c. &c.,” a heavy per-centage above the actual value of their produce, in the market of the world.

Is the West India planter to be deemed worthy of protection and the Irish peasant to be denied any share in the protective influence of the State ?

This principle is carried out in the management of more internal affairs ; the monied, manufacturing, commercial, landed, and other interests, all receive their share, indirectly, or directly, of this protection from the State.

Ireland will never be powerful, or prosperous, until her great practical grievances shall be redressed ; and we know of no more practical grievance than want of food, want of clothing, and want of shelter.

These grievances are to be removed by loaves of bread, and yards of broad-cloth, and habitable dwellings; and not by gunpowder, and leaden bullets, and steel bayonets.

Poverty and discontent; distress and dissatisfaction are inseparable, if we do not remove and relieve the one, we shall be exposed to the consequences of the other.

In a national point of view, there is no question which we should prefer;—the choice may be otherwise when a few of the more interested have to make the election.—The choice is then Sectarian, not National,—and is therefore partial and unjust.

THE LOST ONE.

By M. W. H.

Mark you, yon fair one, as she treads alone,
 Where Nature's beauties round her steps entwine,
 Thought, on her lovely brow, has fixed his throne,
 And Sorrow wastes that form—that frame divine,
 See! as she steps where flow'rets deck the way,
 She breaks not e'en the daisy's gentle stem;
 No: she remembers when she too was gay,
 'Ere Heav'n had lost, on earth, its brightest gem.
 Hark! listen to that slow, that deep-drawn sigh,
 'Tis but the offspring of a care-worn heart,
 See now, to Heav'n she lifts the suppliant eye,
 As though, from earth, her soul desired to part.
 "O God!" she cries, as now with downcast look,
 She sees a lily trod beneath her feet,
 "Thou sendest an emblem, when I thee forsook,
 And sought for Virtue's, Vice's foul retreat.
 I once was spotless as this lily fair,
 I was, like this, in Innocence arrayed,
 'Ere, Heav'n forgive me! the seducer's snare
 Trampled the stem and left the flow'r to fade.
 Forgive me Heav'n," aloud she cries once more,
 "I feel my tott'ring limbs beneath me fail."
 'Tis burst—at length the fatal struggle's o'er,
 She falls—and angels waft her spirit on the gate.

LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

BY HENRY VINCENT FALKLAND.

 DRAMA.

At a period like the present, when our Gallic neighbours occupy so large a share of public attention, by the stirring events which have transpired within the last six weeks among them, and when so much is written, so many points mooted, and conjectures raised concerning their politics and the probable result of the overthrow of the Bourbon Dynasty, and the chance of the mighty country settling down under republican colours, it may be worth our while to give a quiet hour to the examination of the present state of their national literature. This we do with the conviction,—based upon inquiry and personal observation—that much of the real prosperity of a people rests upon the quality and tone of its writers, whose responsibility therefore augments in proportion to the talent displayed, as mighty as the engine which they wield; and which, if discreetly employed, is productive of the most incalculable benefits to mankind; if otherwise, the direst of woes. At a first glance, then, it might appear, that the choice of their leaders by the republicans, since the provisional government consists of so many literary men, Poets, Historians, Editors, and Dramatists, is a judicious one; and this, arguing merely upon our previous statement, that the prosperity of a nation greatly depends upon its literature. But literature like everything else, has its degrees, and may be either healthy or unhealthy; the former when its authors strike out an honest fact, follow it with zeal, and pioneer before them through all the obstacles of fashion and prejudice, until they gain the respect and confidence of the masses; and the latter when they pander to the prevailing taste, and instead of guides become sycophants, to season their dishes after public prescription.

In the legend of Luther's combat with the Prince of Darkness, at Wartburg Castle, when he cast an inkhorn at the tempter's head, there lurks more of meaning than a mere

gossip's tale, an attraction to the curious, or black marks on the wall. The moral is grand, and has proved wonderfully true, to date even from that early hour. Before, brute strength had been all-powerful; henceforth, moral might was to sway the sceptre. Physical force descended a degree in the human scale, and lighted upon the masses; a few master-spirits merely guided the helm.

This becomes more and more palpable the longer we live. The Reign of Terror gives way about half-a-century later to three July days. In 1830, the people had muskets and powder, but no shot. They broke into a printer's, stole his types, and fired them at the soldiers' heads. Significant accident! And in 1848, if not so practical, at any rate they are wonderfully improved. A Paris mob has achieved a *moral* Revolution. This is always progress; though they have yet much to learn.

The state of literature in a nation is a pretty sure barometer of their prosperity and prevailing sentiments: let us then see what influence it may possess in France.

As before remarked, many authors figure as the chief senators in that land; and of these Arago, Lamartine, and Louis Blanc are the most conspicuous; each, in his own department, being entitled to the foremost rank among the *savants* of Europe. Yet, neither the man of science, nor the historian,—among which two the above may be classed,—exercise so high a power over the essential qualities of the mind, as the poet and romancist. By his discoveries the philosopher may reveal new light, and give a certain onward impulse to the social scale; but he can have no sympathetic influence among the masses. The historian is a chronicler of the past; he has to wait events, and then perhaps is lavish of advice; he has no concern with progression. But works of imagination possess every advantage which these do not, from the boundless extent to which they might be carried; by the spell of interest and excitement with which they bind the heart of the reader. They come home to every condition in life; they are equally welcome in the library of the rich, and the chimney-corner of the poor. How greatly then purity and truth might be extended in the world by a course of such literature in the right direction.

Since the days of Ancient Greece, the drama has been the favorite intellectual entertainment among all nations. With the Athenians it formed the chief topic of conversation; and

their greatest delight was to criticise the pieces and the performers, especially during the feasts of Bacchus, when the tragic and comic poets disputed for the prize. One good result at least flowed out of this passion for the entertainments of the theatre; for no people ever demonstrated such an extent of genius, or carried justness of sentiment and refinement of manners so far. And when such men as Sophocles, Eschylus, and Euripides are the writers, the reason of it is obvious. For wherein lies the secret of their power? After the toils of the day, recreation and escape from the realities of common life, is of the greatest benefit to the mind.

Say a party of workmen fix upon the theatre for their evening's amusement. They have been slaved the whole day, and every atom of agreement wrung from them by a hard taskmaster. It is not unlikely their tempers may be soured. Well! they seat themselves in sullen silence till the scene commences. The subject is novel,—one of rare occurrence, yet not beyond the bounds of probability. Their interests are excited; they incorporate themselves with the characters; weep with the hero and heroine in all their misfortunes, and rejoice in all their joys. They quit the theatre in a better mood than they entered it: they have been taught a lesson, and have learnt that there is yet hope. When the moral of the play is such as this, then we say the drama is the noblest of social reformers. And the Athenians were particularly careful that virtue should predominate over vice. In a tragedy by Euripides there occurs a pompous panegyric upon riches, concluding with this phrase:—"Riches are the greatest of human gifts, and with reason command the admiration of gods and men." The audience were ready to tear the author to pieces for such a base sentiment had he not beseeched their indulgence till the conclusion of the piece, in which the utterer of the above perished miserably, when the whole theatre thundered forth applause, and Euripides received the crown.

This reminds us of the blindness of those people who receive as the sentiments of the author, whatever is contained in the play, without considering the character by whom the given phrase is uttered, or the time in which the author wrote. Shakspeare is often thus construed by shallow-brained would-be saints.

The drama in France took no degree of perfection until Racine and Corneille flourished; and as they may be said to have been its founders, so high tragedy in a great measure

departed with them. Before, the great principles for exciting the passions were terror and pity. Love was quite secondary among the ancients;—a striking contrast to these days, when it forms the hinge of all our plays and novels. Shakspeare, Calderon, Racine, and Corneille were the first to introduce it, and, with what success, their immortal works sufficiently attest. And herein, we think, they showed their taste. Love taken rightly, is the purest and most ennobling of sentiments; a shining star in this world of darkness and misery, and its results upon the mind superior in all respects to those produced by terror and compassion. The love, however, introduced into the plays of Racine, differs materially from what forms the staple of the proportion of French ones now-a-days: the one being as crystal is to flint glass. In confirmation of this, we will give some extracts from those of Victor Hugo, who is generally regarded by his countrymen, as a “great poet and dramatist.” His plays also, being among the most popular, we could not select a better criterion whereby to judge of the sentiments of his hearers, who applaud.

The play we have selected, is one of his earlier compositions, upon which the censorship of the press prior to the Revolution of 1830, had passed its veto, by order of Polignac, at the instigation of Charles X. This prohibition, we are told, sprung from political grounds; but upon perusal of the piece itself, we can discover nothing to justify such a proceeding on the part of the government. The prevailing sentiment of this drama is of so questionable a character, and so calculated to loosen the morals of its audience, that at the same time we cannot but applaud its censorship, and regret that among the evils, (and it had its share of good) of the Revolution, this piece was ever permitted to come on the stage. Since then, it has been a favourite with the frequenters of the “Porte-Saint-Martin.” For title and heroine it bears a name that would raise a blush upon any branch of literature, except history,—to wit “*Marion de Lorme*.” And who was this *Marion de Lorme*? Consult your Grammont;—ask the lives of Richelieu and D’Emery;—peep into the memoirs of the court of Louis XIII.

In a lengthy preface, the author tries to justify the subject, but he only makes matters worse. How, we ask, can any audience be improved by seeing held up to their sympathies the *amours* of such a woman as *Marion de Lorme*? “History requires it.” On the contrary, Victor, history does not re-

quire it : history in its own bare truth has enough of odious deeds, without introducing them in its romance. It is enough then, if to preserve its unity the bad be introduced at all, not pushed forward and made a vehicle for compassion, as in the present instance.

"The high mission and responsibility of a dramatist are great," he allows ; so, in self-justification goes on to say :— "The author does not bring *Marion de Lorme* upon the stage without purifying the courtesan with a little real love, nor the deformed *Tribouët** without a father's heart ; and he endows *Lucrece* with at least maternal feelings. In this manner he enjoys ease of conscience during his work." And he further developes his plan : "The miserable words of contention, classic and romantic, have fallen into the gulf of 1830, as *Gluckist* and *Piccinist* into that of 1789. Art alone remains. *Le Roi s'amuse*, and *Lucrece Borgia* resemble each other neither in plot nor form ; and these two works have each had so different a fate† that the one will probably be some day the chief political and the other the chief literary epoch of the author. He deems it necessary to state, however, that the two pieces, so different in plot, form, and fate, are intimately connected in his mind. The ideas which gave birth to *Le Roi s'amuse* and *Lucrece Borgia* were conceived at the same moment, and by the same feelings. What in fact is the actual thought running through three or four concentric relations in *Le Roi s'amuse* ? This. Take the most hideous, the most repulsive, the most complete physical deformity ; place it in its natural sphere, the basest and most degraded of the social edifice ; illumine this miserable object on all sides with the most perverse contrasts, and then give him a soul—a soul endowed with that purest sentiment of humanity, paternal love. What is the result ? This sublime sentiment, tempered on certain occasions, will transform the degraded creature in your sight ; the puny mind will become grand ; the mis-shapen object beautiful. This in fact constitutes *Le Roi s'amuse*. Well ! and what *Lucrece Borgia* ? Take the most hideous, the most repulsive, the most complete moral deformity ; place it within the heart of a woman, with all the circumstances of physical beauty and royal grandeur, which gives an incentive to crime ; join to this moral deformity a pure sentiment,—the purest that woman can experience,—maternal love ; let your monster be a mother, and the monster will affect and excite

* In "*Le Roi s'amuse*."

† The former was interdicted.

your sympathies, and will become almost lovely in your eyes. Thus, in paternal love sanctifying *physical* deformity, behold *Le Roi s'amuse*: in maternal love purifying *moral* deformity *Lucrece Borgia*."

Notwithstanding the laxity and confusion of morals displayed throughout the entire play, *Marion de Lorme* contains some clever writing, and the manners of the day are excellently hit off. Herein we recognise the author of that second *Ivanhoe*, that master-piece of French romance, *Notre Dame de Paris*.

Victor Hugo possesses the first essential of an historical dramatist; namely, the transporting of his audience into the epoch that he illustrates. In confirmation of this, we refer, among his other pieces, especially to *Les Burgraves*, and *Cromwell*; the latter a drama of great talent. What we have at present to deal with, however, is more concerning the morality of his plays than their historical merit; and the following extract from his *Marion de Lorme* gives one an idea of its prevailing sentiment.

The scene is at Blois, in the chamber of Marion, whom the context informs us is in a "négligé très paré." A large window at the back opens upon a balcony. On the right are a table with a lamp, and chairs: on the left, a secret door: in the shade a bed. Marion is working a piece of tapestry, and alone. A young man then makes his appearance behind the balustrade of the balcony, leaps over, and places his cloak and rapier upon a chair. He makes a step forward, halts, and gazes at Marion, who suddenly raises her eyes.

MARION.

Truant! To make me count the weary hours
Of thine arrival.

DIDIER, (*gravely*).
I doubted once—

MARION, (*attentively*).
Ah!

DIDIER.

But a moment, at the foot of yon wall,
A sentiment of pity struck my heart,
Yes, pity for thee Marion. Cursed outcast,
Tho' I be, yet thus my thoughts had utterance:—
"And she waits me there! an angel of light,

Lovely, spotless, a chaste and tender being,
 Before whom the people kneel and join their hands
 And what am I, alas ! but one of them ?
 And wherefore agitate her fluttering heart ?
 Why pluck this rose, and with an impure breath
 Tarnish the azure of her peaceful soul ?
 Because, ingenuous, she doubts not my love,
 Have I a right to urge the mutual vow,
 And change her sunny morn to dismal night ? ”

MARION, (*aside*).

He seems as if bent upon a sermon.
 Is't a Hugunot ?

DIDIER.

But the sweet magic
 Of thy voice, reaching me in the darkness,
 Dispelled my doubts, and brought me to thy feet.

MARION.

My voice ? you say you heard me speak ? How strange !

DIDIER.

And another—

MARION, (*adroitly*).

Ah ! true. 'Twas dame Rosa,
 Whose voice, so gruff and loud, might pass for man's.
 But since you're here—'tis well. Pray be seated ; [*points to*
 Here. *a place beside her.*

DIDIER.

No, at thy feet. [*He seats himself at Marion's feet,*
and gazes silently upon her for a moment.

Now, listen to me.

Men call me Didier ; 'tis my only name.
 Parents I never knew. When quite a babe,
 They left me at the threshold of a church.
 An aged woman, charitable tho' poor,
 Had pity on my helpless state ; became
 My nurse and mother ; bred me a Christian ;
 So died in ripe old age, and left me rich.
 Nine hundred livres almost of sterling coin,
 On which I now subsist. But solitude
 At twenty years, I found a weary life.
 I voyaged. I saw mankind ; and held them,
 Some in hate, some in contempt : for, save pride
 And misery, saw I nought else on earth.

Thus, while yet in youth, I'm old and weary
 Of the world : misfortune's ever present :
 Finding all creatures bad, and man the worst.
 So I lived poor, thoughtful, and desponding,
 Till first thou found me out and consoled me.
 I knew thee not. One evening, by mere chance,
 In a street of Paris I beheld thee ;
 And ever after, when we chanced to meet,
 Thy glance was sweet upon me, and I hoped,
 Yet feared to love, and fled. Strange and blessed chance !
 I find thee here, everywhere, mine angel !
 Tormented at last by love, I sought you ;
 And not in vain, for you've received me.
 And now command my very heart and life :
 But say how they can serve thee, and they're thine :
 What man or object thou wouldst have removed :
 Any wish ungratified : that one,
 No matter whom, should die, and the murder
 Is but too amply paid by thy sweet smile.
 What shall it be—say ? I am ready.

MARION.

Thou art singular, but I love thee thus.

DIDIER.

Thou lov'st me ! have a care, such words, alas !
 May not be lightly spoken, but with thought.
 And thou lov'st me ! dost know what true love is ?
 A love that possesses the whole being ;
 That by restraint burns fiercer forth than ever ;
 Purifies the soul, sends ease of conscience,
 And destroys the baser passions. A love,
 In short, without hope or limit, and which
 E'en in fortune remains deep and lasting !
 Say, is that the sort of love thou mean'st ?

MARION, (*moved*).

Ah !

DIDIER.

Thou dost not, canst not, know my love for thee !
 When first I saw thee, my dull hope revived.
 And a sweet glance from thee illumed my path.
 From that time all is changed. To me thou art
 A guardian angel, ever on the watch.
 And now this life, which once my rebel heart

Groaned under, I find too short, and happy ;
 For, until thee, alas ! solitary
 And oppressed I lived, and had never loved !

MARION.

Poor Didier !

DIDIER.

Marion !

MARION.

Truly do I love thee.

Yes dearly ! e'en so much as thou lov'st me,
 And more perchance. For 'twas I that sought thee,
 And I'm ever thine !

DIDIER, (*kneeling*).

Oh ! deceive me not !

Let but thy love respond to mine, so pure,
 And my joy exceeds that of all other ;
 And, suppliant at thy feet, my days
 Will be delicious. If thou deceive me—

MARION.

To believe my love what wouldst thou ! I listen.

DIDIER.

A proof.

MARION.

And what, say !

DIDIER.

Thou'rt doubtless

Free !

MARION, (*embarrassed*).

Yes—

DIDIER.

Then be a friend and sister to me ;

My wife !

MARION, (*aside*).

Why am I unworthy of him ?

DIDIER.

Well !

MARION.

But—

DIDIER.

I understand thee. An orphan
Without fortune, name, or friends, the demand
Is importunate and strange. Then leave me
To my sorrow and despair. Farewell! [*He is leaving.*]

MARION.

Didier, Didier! wouldst break my heart! [*She weeps.*]

DIDIER, (*returns*).

Forgive

Me, Marion, if my speech has been too rash.
But wherefore hesitate? dost comprehend?
To be for one another in this world,
One home, a heavenly home! Without a care!
Unknown to dwell where thou mightst choose the spot,
And there taste the joys, but known to lovers!

MARION.

What happiness!

DIDIER.

Then will'st thou?

MARION, (*aside*).

Unfortunate!

(*to Didier*) I cannot.

[*She tears herself from Didier and falls upon the sofa.*]

DIDIER, (*coldly*).

The offer was ungen'rous,
On my part. No matter. I'll say no more!

MARION, (*aside*).

Ah! cursed be the hour I saw him first.
(*to him*) Didier hear me but—

DIDIER, (*interrupting*).

What read you, madam,
When I first entered?

[*He takes up a book from the table and reads:*

"The Chaplet of Love,
To Marion de Lorme." Yes the world's beauty!

[*Throwing the book down violently.*
The vile creature, impure among women!

MARION, (*trembling*).

Sir!

DIDIER.

And thou, what dost thou do with books like this?
How comes it here?

MARION, (*stammering*).

By chance—

DIDIER.

And dost thou know,
Thou, whose eye and heart are purity itself,
Dost thou know what is this Marion de Lorme?
'Tis one, with gracious smiles but crooked ways;
'Tis one, the property of every man
Who pays; her horrid love is merchandise!

[*A noise of steps, a clashing of swords, and cries are heard.*]

MARION.

Holy Virgin!

DIDIER.

What noise is that? [*He looks out.*]

An assassination!

[*Seizes his sword.*]

MARION.

If thou lov'st me, Didier, stay! they'll kill thee.

DIDIER, (*leaps into the street*).

And meantime kill the poor fellow.

(*To the combatants*)

Halt there!

Put up your swords. A thrust! be on your guard!

[*A noise of weapons and steps are heard.*]

MARION, (*looking over*).

Six against two!

A VOICE OUTSIDE.

This man's a very devil!

[*The clashing of arms gradually diminishes and soon ceases altogether, while steps are heard in the distance.*]

Didier re-appears on the balcony and looks down.

DIDIER.

And now the danger's past, go on your way.

SAVERNY, (*outside*).

I'll not until I clasp thy hand, brave man,
And tender thee my hearty thanks.

DIDIER, (*impatiently*).

Pass on!

All obligation I acquit thee of.

SAVERNY, *(leaping into the chamber)*.
Nay, but I will.

DIDIER.
Ho! sir, can't you as well
Repeat them there, as here?

SAVERNY, *(comes forward)*.
The tyranny
Is strange indeed, that first preserves a life,
Then turns it to the door. The door! the window!
It shall not be said that one of my rank
Is bravely rescued by a gentleman,
Without a word of thanks. Marquis—prithee
Thy name, good sir?

DIDIER.
Didier.

SAVERNY.
Didier of what?

DIDIER.
Of nought. In short, fair sir, you were attacked
And I succoured you, so we're quits:
Now go!

SAVERNY.
Is this thy way? Rather had I
Perished by the hands of yonder ruffians,
Which, without thine aid, had certainly been
The case. What? Six knaves, six thieves upon me;
Six tremendous blades against my rapier.
[*Espies Marion who had endeavoured to escape observation.*
But, truly you're well occupied here:
I understand; a tender appointment;
Your pardon, sir.
(aside) But let me see with whom?
[*He approaches Marion and recognises her. In a low voice:*
Marion! *(points to Didier)*
Then 'tis he?

MARION.
Silence, or you'll betray me.

SAVERNY, (*saluting*).
Madam—

MARION, (*low*).
The only one I ever loved,

DIDIER, (*aside*).
This man, i'faith, grows somewhat impudent.
[*He upsets the lamp with his fist.*]

SAVERNY.
We're in darkness, sir: how's this?

DIDIER.
It likes me,
And that's enough. Now, we part together.

SAVERNY.
Good! lead on, I follow.
(*To Marion, whom he salutes*) Adieu! madam.

DIDIER, (*aside*).
The coxcomb.
(*To Saverny*) Come.

SAVERNY.
You're quick, sir, however
I had not been here—and should you ever
Need devoted and fraternal friendship—
I'm at Paris in the Hotel de Nesle—
Inquire for the Marquis of Saverny.

DIDIER.
Good! (*aside*) To let Marion be discovered thus!
[*They both go out. Didier's voice is heard exclaiming:*
Your route lies straight ahead. Mine to the left.

MARION (*remains pensive a moment, then calls:*)
Rosa!
Shut. [Enter Rosa, Marion points to the window.
[Rosa does so. Then sees Marion sobbing.

ROSA, (*aside*).
She appears to be weeping.
(*aloud*) It is long past the hour of sleep, madam.

MARION.

Yes; for you. I cannot sleep. Undress me,

ROSA, (*undresses her*).

And is this evening's cavalier wealthy?

MARION.

No.

ROSA.

Gallant?

MARION.

No.

(*Turns to Rosa*) Not even kissed my hand.

ROSA.

Then what shall you do?

MARION, (*pensively*).

Love him, Rosa.

The play which next claims our attention is from the prolific pen of Alexander Dumas, and is entitled "*Kean*;" and although the style is of a much lower order than that of Victor Hugo, the morals are pretty much on a par. Dumas writes for effect, and "adieu to all pure sentiment," so he only produces it. All his writings contain a degree of interest; but it is an interest that soon wears off, and wearies by its melodramatic character. He is the most popular author in Paris, and has kept pace with the demand, with unprecedented celerity; his plays alone exceed in number those of any professed dramatist, Scribe excepted, who by the way, has furnished the *libretto* to nearly every Italian, French, and English Opera composed within the last thirty years.

Victor Hugo, again, looks more to quality than to quantity; to immortality more than to present fame: and, although it is questionable whether his works will survive their author, yet, the motive is laudable. He has produced about a dozen dramas; Dumas about sixty; the former ushers in each with prefaces and prologues; a redundancy which Alexandre is never guilty of,—indeed it is a matter of surprise to us how he can find time and *materiel* for the plays themselves, let alone prefaces, &c.

Our countryman, and the greatest tragedian the world ever saw, Edmund Kean, is, as its title implies, the hero of the piece now before us, and this is the plot:—

The Countess Elena de Kœfield, wife to the Danish ambassador, having witnessed the *Hamlet* of Kean at Drury-lane, falls violently in love with him, which unholy attachment the actor—not according to his English biographer, but to M. Dumas—returns. Her unsuspecting husband invites the latter to dinner, for the purpose of making him act *Falstaff*, for the amusement of his guests, among whom the Prince of Wales is one, receives to his amazement a refusal. Indignant at this, he readily catches at a story then current, of Kean having ruined a young girl, (Anna Damby), who had sought protection in his house from a party of gallants, a certain Lord Mervill being the chief, as the reason of his present refusal. He is soon, however, undeceived in this respect, by the entrance of Kean himself; who, to obtain an interview with Elena, has resorted to the bold expedient of meeting her before the Count, which would have at least the advantage of lulling suspicion in that quarter. He manages it in this way:—

KEAN.

My lady, my lord—I had dared hope you might excuse the contradiction between my letter and conduct; for a most unforeseen circumstance transpired, seemingly sufficient at one time, to prevent my accepting your gracious invitation, which I now lose not a moment to acquit myself of. (*To the Prince of Wales*) Your Highness will deign to receive my respects.

THE COUNT.

I no longer reckoned on your company, sir, I must confess. Firstly, on account of your letter of excuse, and secondly, on account of the strange stories abroad to-day concerning you.

KEAN.

It is precisely these stories that bring me to your lordship's house; for these stories, though greatly exaggerated, have yet a certain truth. Yes; Miss Anna did call upon me, but, finding me not at home, left this letter? The rascally spy who saw her enter my door, had not patience to wait my exit, and there's the whole. But, Miss Anna's reputation being compromised, I thought I could not do better than choose your lordship to hear her justification, and my own.

THE COUNT.

Your justification, sir! you are either innocent, or you are guilty. If the former, a formal acknowledgement will suffice.

KEAN.

A formal acknowledgement by me will suffice, do you say? Oh! Sir Count, think you I know not the calumnies to which my exceptional position exposes me? The lie given by Kean the actor is sufficient for his brother artists, who know Kean the actor to be a man of honour, but, it has no influence among the world, who know him only as a man of talent. The lie, therefore, should be given by one whose high reputation and position in society command confidence and respect—by my lady the Countess, for example—which she may safely do by merely glancing at this letter.

THE PRINCE.

What is he driving at?

THE COUNT.

Read it yourself, sir; we will listen.

KEAN.

Excuse me, sir Count, but the secret upon which hangs the welfare, the future, and may be the existence, of a lady, can only be revealed to a lady. Their hearts have a delicacy that we men cannot understand. Permit then that Miss Anna's secret be confided to that of my lady the Countess. Were the secret mine sir Count, I would expose it in broad day, that it might shine in the sun and dazzle every eye. My lady the Countess will promise only not to reveal it; but, when the world learns that she knows it—when she lifts up her voice to say: "Edmund Kean is innocent of the abduction of Miss Anna," then, the world will believe it.

THE PRINCE.

And does not my rank give me a right to share this confidence.

KEAN.

All men, sir Prince, are equal in a secret. (*To the Count.*) I again repeat my prayer.

THE COUNT.

If the Countess is willing, Mr. Kean, and you really attach importance to the letter, I have no objections to offer.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

CHRONOLOGICALLY AND BIOGRAPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY W. COOKE STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 372.)

THE management of the Pantheon had not been profitable, but the reverse, to O'Reilly, who incurred debts to the amount of £30,000 before the disastrous event occurred, which put an end to the season of 1792, ere it had well begun. That event led to another application for a license to the opera house, and great part of the summer was spent in discussions relative to the vested rights of that establishment, and the two patent theatres,—Drury-lane, and Covent-Garden. At length Mr. Taylor, with Sheridan Holloway, (who had a ground lease of the property from the crown), and Sheldon, proposed a plan, which received the approbation of the King, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Bedford, and the Marquis of Salisbury; the latter being Lord Chamberlain; and the Duke ground-lord of the two patent theatres. By this, called "the final arrangement," the performance of the English drama and English Opera was confined to Drury-lane and Covent-Garden; and that of the Italian Opera to the King's theatre in the Haymarket. In consideration of the license being transferred from the Pantheon to the latter, the debts of the former were transferred to the opera house; the direction of which was to be placed in five noblemen, to be named by the Prince of Wales, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Duke of Bedford; but if no directors were named, the management was to vest in Mr. Taylor. This agreement was signed on the 26th of August, 1792; and the theatre opened under it, on the 26th of January, 1793, under the sole management of Mr. Taylor, no directors having been appointed. It was a most magnificent building, being perfect before the curtain; though behind and beneath it, "cramped": scene-painters, and inconvenienced actresses complain, (says Shirley Brooks, in his "Beauties of the Opera and the Ballet,") "and with justice, of want of space for their canvass, and of place for their toilettes."

The season opened with the burletta of "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*," in which Morelli and Signora Storace were the prin-

cipal singers. For the *opera seria*, with the exception of Madam Mara, the company was weak. Signor Bruni, (a very poor singer as compared with his three predecessors), was the first man; and Michael Kelly, (from Drury-lane), the tenor. He was a good musician, and a respectable singer, but his brusque style prevented him from being a favourite at the Haymarket, as a performer; though he was much liked and respected in his capacity of stage-manager, to which he was subsequently appointed; remaining so till his death, October 29, 1826.

The opera continued under the management of Mr. Taylor till 1804. In 1794, the company comprised, Signor Crescentini, first man; David, tenor; Rovedino and Morelli, bassi; with Madame Banti, (who had acquired celebrity at the Pantheon concerts, as Signora Giorgi), for the prima donna; and Mrs. Crouch second woman. The buffa company comprised, Signoras Pastorelli and Cassentini, and Signor Morichelli. The season opened on the 12th of January; but Banti did not appear till the 26th of April, in Bianchi's opera of "*Semiramide*." She became, and continued, a great favourite; she had a correct ear, and exquisite taste; her low notes, which went below the usual range of sopranos, were rich and mellow; the middle, full and powerful; and the very high, totally devoid of shrillness. She next appeared in Gluck's opera of "*Alceste*;" and says the Rev. Dr. Burgh, who saw her (in his "*Anecdotes of Music*"), her performance, "was perfection personified. Every look, every action, every note, appeared strictly appropriate to the part she had assumed, and to no other." This season concerts were commenced at the opera house, by the opera company; they were discontinued in 1799, and have not since been resumed, except occasionally. Viotti, "alike matchless in tone and spirit," was the leader of the opera, and of the concerts: and the band was the best ever heard up to that time in England.

The seasons of 1795, and 1796, offer little for remark. In the latter, Signor Roselli was engaged as first man, and remained till 1800. He was the last of the soprani who visited England till the engagement of Signor Velutti, in 1825. In the autumn of 1796, Mr. Braham, the only Englishman who ever held that situation, was engaged as first singer, with Roselli. This ornament of the English schools, was of Jewish parentage, and was left an orphan in early life, during which period he experienced much kindness from Mr. Leoni,

a professional singer of his own persuasion. He made his first appearance as a *soprano*, when only fifteen years of age, at the Royalty Theatre, of which Mr. John Palmer was the manager. He did not remain long before the public, owing to the breaking of his voice, when he became a teacher of music under the patronage of the Goldsmid family. In 1794, he went to Bath, Mr. Ashe having given him an introduction to Signor Rauzzini, who not only procured him an engagement at the concerts in that city, but received him into his house, and instructed him gratuitously till his return to town in 1796. It is honourable to Mr. Braham that he never forgot this kindness, and he showed how highly he appreciated his benefactor, by erecting at his death, in 1810, a monument to his memory. He first appeared at the Italian opera house, on the 26th of November, 1796, in the opera of "*Zemire and Asor*." He was well received, and sustained with *eclat* the reputation that had led to his engagement.

Of the operas performed during Mr. Taylor's management, little is now heard; few having acquired a lasting reputation. The singers, with the exception of Mrs. Billington, have also passed into the vale of oblivion. This admirable vocalist succeeded Banti; and made her first appearance on the 4th of December, 1802, in Nasolini's opera of "*Merope*." Her maiden name was Weichsell, and she was born in London about the year 1765. Her father, a German of good family, was a musician of some repute as a performer on the clarionet. Her mother was the favourite pupil of J. C. Bach, before he left Germany; and, when he gave concerts in England, she was his first singer, as she was at Vauxhall for several years. Miss Weichsell was trained to music from her earliest years; and she performed, when only six years old, along with her brother, (who became a distinguished violinist), at a benefit concert for her mother. In 1773 she played a concerto, at the age of eleven, a composition of her own, on the piano forte. M. Schroeter was her principal master; and among many other of her father's friends, Mr. Billington, a double-bass player in the Drury-lane band, gave her instructions. This performer she imprudently married, at the age of 16, contrary to parental advice, and immediately accompanied him to Dublin. Here she commenced her theatrical career, and met with such decided success, that, on her return to London, in 1785, she was instantly engaged at Covent-Garden, for twelve nights, and received the command of his Majesty, who had

seen her announced in "*Love in a Village*," to appear two days before the fixed time. At the close of this engagement, she was re-engaged for the season, at the rate of £1,000 and two benefits. She also sung at the Ancient Concerts, not much to the gratification of Madam Mara. All this time, Mrs. Billington never relaxed from the most incessant and laborious efforts,—to which she had been early inured,—to ensure success. She received instructions from Mortellari; and then went to Paris, where she was under Sacchini, whose last pupil she was. On her return to England, engagements flowed in upon her "fast and furious;" and she sang at every concert of note, and all the great music meetings, till 1793, when she went to Italy with her husband. They went merely on a private tour of pleasure; but the lady being persuaded by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, to sing before the King and Queen of Naples, they, in turn, persuaded her to appear at the theatre San Carlo, which she did in May, 1794. On the second night of her performance, her husband died of apoplexy; and she subsequently married a M. de Felessent, one of the commissaries of the bank of Venice. After a brilliant career on the continent, she returned to England, and after again appearing at Covent-Garden, was engaged at the opera; where, on her first appearance she met with decided success.

"Her voice," says Lord Mount Edgecumbe, "though sweet and flexible, was not of that full nature, which formed the charm of Banti's, but was rather a *voce di testa*, and in very high notes, resembled a flute or flageolet. Its agility was very great, and every thing she sang was executed in the neatest manner, and with the utmost precision. Her knowledge of music enabled her to give great variety to her embellishments, which, as her taste was good, were always judicious;" and she sang with the utmost delicacy and uncommon skill, few vocalists, of any country, having surpassed her.

In the year 1803 Mr. Taylor, from the losses in "opera management," became seriously embarrassed, and he sold one-third of his property in the opera house, for £13,355, to Mr. Gould, a gentleman of family and fortune, in whose hands the management was then vested. In 1804, he sold a further share to Mr. Gould for £4,165; and shortly after the remainder was mortgaged to him for £5,700.

Mr. Gould commenced his first season, on the 14th of January, 1804, and closed it on the 4th of August. Billing-

ton's popularity secured her re-engagement; and Signora Grassini, with Braham, and Signors Righi and Viganoni, (the latter now a veteran in the service,) were also engaged. We have no record of Grassini's birth; but in 1797, we find her *prima donna* at Venice; and in 1800, she went to Paris, on the invitation of Bounaparte, who had heard her with delight, during his expedition to Italy. Dr. Burgh, from personal observation, speaks highly of her "grace, expression, and lovely figure;" and says, "her voice was a contralto of a most wonderful description, pathetic and touching in the highest degree." In the expression of the subdued and softer passions, she has never been exceeded. She was very beautiful; and her attitudes were so extremely graceful, that each might have been supposed to have been a study from the antique. Righi, the new tenor, was only a third-rate vocalist at the best; but it is seldom that three such singers as Grassini, Billington, and Braham, have been heard together on the boards of any theatre.

But this season had another attraction, in the presence of Winter, who, after the death of Mozart had been left without a rival in Germany; and was induced to come to England, as composer and musical director of the opera. Pietro Winter was a native of Mannheim, and was born about the year 1755. He became, at an early age, *maestro di capella* to the Elector of Bavaria, having already distinguished himself as a composer; and in 1755 he was appointed director of the orchestra of the theatre at Mannheim, and afterwards held the same situation at Munich. He wrote many works for the church, the chamber, and the theatre, having composed several operas for the theatres of Venice and Naples; and several of his German operas are still popular in Germany. One of his German operas, "*The Interrupted Sacrifice*," was translated into English, and the music adapted to the English stage, a few years ago: it was performed at the English opera house, with considerable success. His three best operas, "*Zaire*," "*Il Ratto di Proserpina*," and "*Calypso*," were written for the King's theatre, and brought out there in 1804. He also wrote "*Il Trionfo dell'amore fraterno*," which was produced on the 2nd of March for Billington's benefit: "*Proserpina*" being first represented on the 1st of May for the benefit of Grassini. Besides these operas, "*La Vergine del Sole*," (Andreozzi), and "*Le Astuzie femine*," (Cimarosa), were extremely popular during this brilliant season.

In 1804-5, the season commenced on the 24th of November, and closed on the 20th of July. The singers were the same as in the last season, with the addition of Storace. Winter's opera of "*Zaire*," translated from Voltaire's tragedy of that name, and compos'd expressly for Grassini, was performed for the first time on the 29th of January; and on the 19th of February, another novelty, "*Erifile*," (Bianchi), intended to display the powers of Mrs. Billington, was brought out. It was a contemptible production, and disappointed the opera-goers; to whom, however, ample amends were made, on the 28th of March, by the production of Bach's "*La Clemenza di Scipione*," for the benefit of that charming vocalist.—On the 2nd of May, Grassini revived the opera of "*Gli Orazzi e Curiazi*," (Cimarosa), for her benefit; in which the public were again gratified by the united talents of that singer and Braham. But the greatest hit of that, or perhaps of any season, was the production of Martini's "*La Cosa Rara*," on the 20th of June, for the benefit of the English tenor. It was sustained by Mr. Braham, Mr. Kelly, (who most admirably personated the old man), Signors Viganoni, Morelli, and Rovedino, M. Weichsell, Mrs. Billington, and Signora Storace. It was represented every evening till the close of the season on the 29th of June; and, says Dr. Burgh, who was present at the performance, "In this excellent specimen of what a popular opera *should* be, in which the broad humour of Morelli and Storace is contrasted with the serious characters represented by Braham and Mrs. Billington, dramatic music appears to have made as near an approach toward perfection, as we can ever reasonably hope to witness."

The following season, (which opened December 7th, 1805, and closed July 15th, 1806, with five extra nights), saw the same singers at the opera house, with the addition of Naldi,—the "incomparable Naldi," as Dr. Burgh calls him, who was one of the best bass singers yet heard at that theatre. He was a thorough musician, an admirable comic actor,—possessing a vast flow of animal spirits, and a chaste though rich humour; and he had a quality seldom possessed by singers: his pronunciation and articulation were so good and correct, that to persons in the least degree acquainted with the Italian language, every word he uttered was perfectly intelligible.—The principal operas performed this season, (with one exception), were Portogallo's "*Argenide e Serse*," a very fine *opera seria*, (Jan. 25th); Nasolini's "*La Morte di Cleopatra*," (March

4th) ; Fioravanti's "*Camilla*," (for Grassini's benefit, May 1st) ; and Mayer's "*I' per Fanatico per la Musica*," (for Naldi's benefit on the 2nd of August). The duet from the latter, "*Con pazienza*," is still very popular, and frequently sung at concerts.

The exception to which we allude, is that which makes the year 1806 memorable in the annals of music in England—namely the introduction of Mozart's music into this country. For this the public were indebted to the good taste of Mrs. Billington, who, at her benefit on the 29th of March, brought out "*La Clemenza di Tito*;" and thus gave, in time, a fresh direction to the musical taste of the country.

Johann Chrysostom Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart,—(born at Salzburg, January 27th, 1756, and died on the 5th of December, 1791,)—was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived in the musical world. Displaying great talents when a mere child, he continued, till snatched from an admiring world, by an early death, to perform and compose "apparently from the impulse of the genius within, which required no adventitious aid, to prompt or control its movements." He "may be considered as the founder of a school of dramatic music, which has had many votaries since his time. All his works are remarkable for the novelty and ingenuity of his arrangements for wind instruments, and the orchestral parts in his operas are full and flowing, the richness and elaborate construction of the instrumentation producing effects, as surprising, as they were, before his era, unknown. He did not make music so completely subservient to the words and the developement of the story, as it was the aim of Gluck to effect; and the latter excels him in the simple majesty with which passion is depicted. But, in brilliancy of ornament, and richness and variety of expression, Mozart has greatly the advantage."*—Whether this admirable opera was not well performed, though Braham and Mrs. Billington sang in it; or whether the public were not sufficiently prepared to appreciate Mozart's style—"La Clemenza" did not become very popular,—being only played five or six times, at long intervals, previous to 1811; when, as will be seen, the German musician became in the ascendant; and several of his operas were produced.

At the close of the season Grassini left England; and Mrs. Billington quitted the stage, and lived, for some time, in luxurious retirement at Hammersmith,—making the latter days of her aged father comfortable beneath her roof. Scandal

talked loudly of the gaieties and frivolities—to use no harsher term—which marked this period of our vocalist's career: but we shall not reap the records of the past, in this respect,—many of the supposed “facts,” being, in all probability, rank calumnies. In 1817, her husband, M. Felessent, from whom she had been separated sixteen years, came to England; and she returned to the continent with him. They went to reside on their estate, St. Artien, near Venice, where she died August 25th, 1818; leaving to M. Felessent the remainder of her property—about £20,000.

JENNY LIND.

BY W. S. PASSMORE.

THE sky-lark may traverse the ether's bright blue,
 Enchanting the heavenly throng;
 The Nightingale sip of eve's crystalline dew,
 And wake fairy night with her song.
 The Thrush in the sun-light may warble her strains,
 And launch them on ev'ry glad wind;
 But neither can rival the music that reigns,
 Supreme in thy note, Jenny Lind!

For nature to lighten life's wearisome load,
 And cheer the dull journey along;—
 Upon the fair daughter of Sweden bestowed,
 The rapturous spirit of song!
 The voice of the Lark, Thrush, and sweet Nightingale,
 In concert may flow on the wind;
 And long will creation with gratitude hail,
 Thy pure seraph note Jenny Lind!
 Brighton.

SOLDIERING.

By A SOLDIER.

I.—The Recruit.

“————— Quæquæ ipse miserrima vidi.” *Oncid 2nd.*

’Tis a common observation and one, I think, founded on a just appreciation of his character, that honest John Bull has nothing *inherently military* in his tendencies.—You may drill him into the individual personification, and invest him with the external appurtenances of a soldier; and, having done so, behold him an admirable representation of the object to be attained.—Search the “big round world,” and better materials whereout of to manufacture him you cannot discover, no matter whether we look to their adaptation to the end proposed, or to their resistance to the influence of physical wear and tear. That he can fight, too, under an emergency, stands as little, I hope, in need of demonstration at my hands, as either of the foregoing postulation; but if anything more decisive on this head be expected on my part, I have no objection to say what Yorick did of poor La Fleur’s “honesty,” that, for the bull-dog capabilities of my hero, “I will stand responsible!” And, yet for all this, honest John *is not by nature a soldier*. The exposition lies in a nutshell, and resolves itself into this,—that I have been reciting the qualifications of an individual, and not of a nation;—of a *machine*, the handiwork of *artificial* ingenuity, and not the realisation of a natural tendency *soldierwards*! How different the case with our neighbour across the water.—In him we recognise an image, to the life, of the standard commodity—an innate yearning for the thing—the “desire of the moth for the star.” In the Frenchman’s train of ideas, the “*la glorie*” has a local habitation as well as a name; and from “honour and glory” to a firelock and knapsack the transition is imperceptible. What Juvenal has somewhere said of another people, that “they were a company of players,” might also be permitted me to remark of our lighthearted neighbours, with the change of a single word, namely, that they are a company of soldiers.

In the striking and elaborate article in the “Quarterly” for

1846-7, from the pen, I believe, of the Chaplain-General, a felicitous exposition may be met with of the natural distaste of the English rustic for a "soldiering" career. That conception of the subject has seized upon the very essence of the argument, and left to later exponents of its causes little more than a task of repetition.

To a man of humane and benevolent ways of thinking, it cannot but be a painful reflection, that where one individual is found to enlist in the army as a volunteer, (by which I mean from a direct love for the thing), a dozen will do so from the powerful incentive of *hunger*! That *want* is, by far, the most powerful argument that addresses itself to the lower classes of England on this subject, is sufficiently attested, I think, by the greater supply of the article in seasons of scarcity, than when labour is plentiful and the necessaries of life in abundance. Compare the influx of recruits into all our recruiting stations which has characterised the recent period of failure in our crops, with that observable during the years immediately preceding it, and a vast fluctuation will be seen to mark the tendency to enlist, between the two — In the latter, the supply will be discovered to have *exceeded* the demand—an unusual occurrence in the military history of this island.

But, if I have said enough to make out a case in favor of that view of my position, with which these observations have set out, I think it will not be difficult to offer an explanation of some of the most striking influences which conspire to keep up and strengthen the dislike of the English operative, or rustic, for the military system of this country. But, here I must be understood to confine my remarks to the British soldier in his *novitiate*;—for, once inducted thoroughly into the life, and unfitted for every other, not only has he an interest in clinging to the service, but he may be said, I think, to have acquired a liking for his lot—but, this liking, I consider to be entirely *mechanical* in its nature, and to have grown out of an inseparable connection with the routine of a barrack life; much in the same way as one comes to be inured to the brawling of his ill-humoured wife, and, in the intervals of the storm feels a void to which he is unaccustomed. In this latter admission, I do not consider that I have adduced anything to weaken my former proposition; as the individual to which it relates is an instance altogether of an acquired or artificial, and not of an instinctive disposition.

At the very outset of his acquaintance with his new mode

of life, the recruit finds himself entrapped into a snare for which he was unprepared, for the reason that it never entered into his simple head to suspect a display of *trickery* on the part of the government against him. This snare is no other than that represented by the tantalising cognomen of the "bounty," or "bounty money," to which a soldier is entitled on enlistment. Now, remembering at the outset, that the recruit is embracing his new profession not for the purpose of "being famous," but, of "being fed,"—in a word, that he lets himself out for the remainder of his days to his king and country, with the sentiment of Shakespeare's apothecary choking him in the throat—videlicet, that "my poverty, and not my will consents,"—bearing this preliminary fact in our minds, it is impossible not to sympathise with the feelings of a simple-minded ignorant rustic, who, when hopelessly committed to his new taskmaster for, what I may almost designate his natural life, (for, it is his life, so far as his capacity for enjoyment is considered,) discovers too late, that the bounty which, in fancy, he had already buttoned up in his breeches pocket, never doubting that in that spot it was to enjoy a *substantial* "habitation" as well as a nominal existence, discovers, I say, too late, that like the great lexicographer's definition of "happiness"—namely, "a word to be met with in the dictionary,"—it has no existence save on the flattering lips of the recruiting serjeant: our recruit, perhaps, does not see the one-fourth of it! But how is this? Has he not been distinctly promised a bounty, if he would enlist in the service, and become thereafter the faithful soldier of his Sovereign Lady the Queen? Why, yes he has, to be sure; but, then that promise was intended to represent the piece of cheese in the rat-trap, which it was not made compulsory upon even the hungry to swallow; but, which, if seized upon by a rat in his extremity, must be accepted, for as little as it is worth, and appropriated with all its disadvantages. All this will seem strange to the uninitiated; so, I will endeavour to make it a little plainer to his comprehension—I do not say, remember, to his sense of right and wrong. In the matter of the "Queen's bounty money" two opposite and conflicting understandings of its intent are in operation—the one, on the part of the government—the other enveloped in the cranium of the candidate for military distinction. The definition put by the *duped* upon the apparently straightforward declaration of the *duper*—"provided you will enlist, our Sovereign Lady

the Queen will mark her sense of the same by a gratuity or 'bounty' of so many pounds, shillings and pence," &c.,—is nothing more nor less than that the *bona fide* sum in question will be put into his hand in *hard coin of the realm*. The meaning, on the other hand, which, on the part of our rat-catcher, attaches to the proffered bait, is simply this—that it be expended by the quarter-master of the regiment in the purchase of the necessary articles of his outfit; and should anything, thereafter, be left in the shape of a balance, (which the government in apportioning the amount of bounty money takes good care to guard against, by making it correspond with the amount of his wants), the unfortunate victimised is given the benefit of it.

Such is an explanation of the real nature of Her Majesty's "bounty money" in the British army, and of the end which it is made to subserve in kidnapping the ignorant lower orders into its ranks. Were it a primary consideration with the government, to make the recruit acquainted with these facts, antecedent to enlistment, the most fastidious stickler for justice could advance nothing in objection to the system—the terms of the bargain would lay open to the eye; and no one would have a right to complain that he had been duped. That the interests of the "Horse Guards" can support themselves only under fictitious apparel, is an argument itself, I conceive, in support of my opinion, that the army is not in request, *pro se ipso*, with the class of which I have been speaking.

Secondly, The nature of the discipline in the English service is such, I think, as to be productive of exceedingly depressing effects upon the mind of the newly-enlisted soldier. Fresh from the plough, or from the manufactory, the English operative is a stranger to those artificial distinctions of *class*, which custom or supposed necessity has set up in our military system, between the governing body and the governed—in a word, between the officer and the soldier. In all other services but our own, the intercourse, *off parade*, between the two is, I believe, in every respect, the reverse of our own. In the Austrian, the French, the Italian, and the German armies, generally, if I am not misinformed, the field marshal must once have been a private; and, although, in the ranks, the duke and the peasant may preserve a becoming distance when *off duty*, the fact of their precisely corresponding positions and of their intimate relationship to each other *under arms*, is productive of a totally different understanding from that

which we observe to obtain in our own service. The duke and the peasant march side by side in the ranks, and relieve one another *off sentry*—and hence the origin of an intercourse, which is fatal to the subsequent establishment of that rigid distance of feeling as well as bearing which marks the footing between the officer and soldier in the army of our own country. That the English rustic or artisan is unprepared for an understanding so ungenial to the simplicity and naturalness (to make a word) of his character, as well as to that of the intercourse which he has hitherto held with his species, is satisfactorily proved to my own mind by the blind frankness with which, in numerous instances, he is wont to comport himself towards his officers on his first translation into a manner of life so unusual to him. In his hitherto dealings with his superiors, he may have meant nothing the less of respect than his language and demeanour were significant and independent;—but, there are qualities, the developement of which, in his new relationship with his superiors, would subject him to the chance of an arraignment for disrespect: so true is it, in the eyes of the stronger of the two, that “familiarity” between the soldier and himself must be productive of “contempt!”

There is something in all this sufficiently distasteful, because unintelligible to the feelings of our lower orders; and against which the native frankness of the English clown cannot but, at first, rebel;—and, until he shall have been thoroughly indoctrinated into the feeling that henceforth he is to look upon himself as a *machine*, and to think and act only through the “*vis a tergo*” of his superiors, the conflict between his duty and his self-esteem is, in many instances, long and rebellious, and not seldom the means of hurrying him into a mutinous demonstration at the outset. It is a rare occurrence in the British army, to find an amalgamation of feeling between the soldier and his officer. In all other services it is the rule— with us it is the exception; and seldom, indeed, does that exception discover itself. Superadded to this passive want of sympathy with the soldier’s interests and affections, the tone of thought towards, and the daily intercourse of the officer with him, are both tinged to the very bottom with the seeming impress, that the latter, in putting on the investments of a soldier, has put off the appurtenances of the man—that, in a word, he is an automaton as much in feelings, as he must be acknowledged to be in passiveness of action. The intercourse between the two, (and I blush to say it seems, with us,

to have grown into a system), is characterised by little that can endear the officer to the soldier. The manner of addressing the latter, is so generally offensive, if not absolutely brutal, that custom would appear to have rendered this almost the rule in the British service. It is true, that the printed regulations of the service interdict, and in very summary language too, the employment of expressions, or of a demeanour, on the part of the officer towards the soldier, which shall tend to the lowering of the latter in his own estimation: but, like many other regulations, which, in print, look well enough, their observance, in the instance under our notice, would appear to be infinitely less frequent than the breach of them.

The old and practised soldier, comes to understand, and to estimate these things at their proper value. This operation on the mind of the recruit is very different. In the one instance they engender contempt for the author of them; in the other on the contrary, wounded feelings and a loss of self-esteem on the part of the recipient.

I think it unnecessary to allude to the policy which has recently lowered the soldier's retiring pension from *a shilling a-day* to *sixpence*, (an arrangement which has been more fatal to the interests of the service itself, than all the other parsimonious blunders that have emanated from the atmosphere of Whitehall), inasmuch as the stimulus desirable from the former prospect, is extraneous to the consideration of an inherent incentive in a military career, in *se ipso*. Nevertheless, it may not be impertinent to remark, that in the case especially of the better part of the commonality,—in that for instance of the sons of the petty farmer, and the like, who are not driven by actual want to enlist,—the withdrawal of the original certainty of a sufficiency, after a specific number of years, wherewith to retreat upon, has removed the only temptation which existed, in their cases, to the adoption of a military manner of life. The British government will yet have to regret their departure from the "*vias antiquas*," in this particular element of their reductions.

I shall conclude this essay with the following brief sketch from the living representation; which will serve, I trust, at once, as a commentary upon the text, and as a moral to be derived from it.

Michael Halliday was the son of a respectable farmer, of the humbler class; whose father and grandfather before him had possessed a small freehold, in one of the southernmost

counties of England. Though raised above the necessity of labouring with their hands, the land had hitherto repaid the successive occupants of it with a sufficiency for the moderate wants of their station. But the present proprietor, from a succession of disastrous seasons, and from some mismanagement perhaps to boot, began at length to fall into difficulties; and after a long but fruitless struggle, was reduced to the position of an hireling on that estate, of which his ancestors and self had been the proprietors. With the father I have little now to do. He never looked up again; and six months after his fall, saw him the inmate of the lunatic asylum of the county. The several children went their own way; which, with most of them lay in the direction of the poor-house. But Michael determined to fight it out with Fortune to the last, and, too proud to *serve* on the spot where he had once commanded, he received "the shilling," from a recruiting sarjeant who had long had his eye upon him, and immediately prepared to follow the destiny that awaited him. But poor "Mike" was a child in this world's ways, and had never as yet had occasion to study the truism that "wisdom," in his dealings with it, was "the principal thing," and that therefore, it was desirable to "get wisdom." A month after joining the depôt of his regiment, the object of Michael's school-boy dreams and later affections, arrived, to cheer and bask in the bosom of the generous-hearted but unthinking bosom of Michael; the "happy couple" having made it a preliminary article of the enlistment, that if adverse fortune rendered it imperative on the one, the other likewise should "follow the beat of the drum," as well; and neither of them having a sixpence wherewith to bless themselves, they thought to lighten each others loads by a rule of arithmetic of their own, and to extract a small something out of their two individual nothings, by uniting themselves into an imaginary one. With this view of their future, they contrived to get married before the departure of the recruiting-party from their native place; and a month after joining his corps, he was overtaken, as I have stated, by the confiding Mrs. Halliday! A recruit, on enlistment, is required to swear to his *single* estate;—and should he marry thereafter, *without leave*, the rules of the service inflict a severe judgment upon his delinquency:—viz, that of refusing to recognise the unfortunate partner of his joys and cares, from whom he must submit ever after to a terrible separation, in interests, as well as in person. Unable to live, and share her

husband's means, in the barracks, the wife has to toil away from him, for her own independent support; and 'twill be happy times which shall enable him of his pay, to squeeze out a sixpence towards her assistance, But I must hasten forward to the issue of this lamentable catastrophe of fortune and of "true love." Michael's fondness for his wife betrayed him into constant neglect of his duty, and absence from parades. Punishment after punishment ensued thereupon, which finally took the shape of a lengthened confinement to the barrack walls. Alas! for poor Halliday's firmness under trials;—he flew to the *bottle* for relief; and the devil, discovering him within the muzzle of it, dictated a philosophy to Michael, the adoption of which, hurried him after a while into desertion; and this, as a consequence but too likely to follow, into a protracted incarceration in a jail.

When Halliday had completed the term of his imprisonment, and rejoined the corps to which he belonged, his bruised but as yet unbroken spirit, had a bitter catalogue of woes to face and bear up against. His pay,—which had been forfeited during his imprisonment,—was now to be subjected to a *deduction*, in fulfilment of the original sentence of his court martial; and this circumstance put it out of his power to help his heart-broken wife with the smallest assistance. That fond, but now faded wife, had become burthened with three children, to support which, and herself, her poor fingers had been well nigh worn down to the bone. Poor soul! She had helped to keep that fast-expiring—that almost-flickering light still alive by the prospect of her husband's early return to her; and had cherished a fatal hope, that that husband's fault (will humanity charge it with a severer name)? might be deemed by this time to have suffered a penance sufficiently heavy; and that at last, he, whom God Almighty had united to her, might no longer be torn from her bosom by the iron hand of military sternness. But alas! that "blindness to the future kindly given," had kept her from the knowledge of still darker trials, that lay in wait for her. Halliday being registered in the defaulters book of his corps, as a notoriously bad character, had removed himself from the pale of military clemency or consideration. Neither his own earnest promises, or his miserable wife's supplications, could avail anything. "He had married without leave, and in the face of the regulations, and an example must be made of him for the benefit of others." To be brief.—The husband was drafted off with a

“detachment” of his fellow-soldiers to the head quarters of his regiment, which was serving in one of the remotest colonies of the empire; and the writer of this feeble sketch read the *burial-service over his bier a month after*, and was the last to watch it in its descent into the Sea. An intercourse of some duration with my species, has convinced me that *men* are not often slain by their *affections*, but, if ever mortal died of *broken-heart*, that Michael Halliday was he.

THE REPROOF.

By W. S. PASSMORE

'Twas a bright May morn and the azure was rife,
 With the warbling of birds on the wing;
 The woods and the meadows were smiling with life,
 Inhaling the perfume of Spring.
 When a primrose looked up to a bramble that hung
 Its clustering festoons near,—
 And spying a dew-drop that to a leaf clung,
 In its own crystal modesty there:—
 Addressed it while jealousy heightened its hue
 And discontent rankled its breast,
 To see the pearl gleaming with purity true
 So calm in its own verdant nest.
 “Oh! say airy sparkler for what art designed,
 To what purpose I pray art thou here?
 Like phantom thou comest akin to the wind,
 And like spectre thou fleest—say where?
 Led in by Aurora when proudly the gates
 Of night she flings back to the morn;—
 And attendant when sable Erebus sates,
 On the goddess his lowering scorn—
 Thou comest and flittest at eve and at dawn,
 Where dost hide thee gay dew-drop at noon?
 Say why, when the sun gilds the emerald lawn,
 Should the cold silv'ry light of the moon,—

Still be thy rapt choice, art ashamed of the beam,
That gladdens the earth with his ray ;
Or is it because the grey twilight you deem
More fitting for dark deeds than day ?
Unlike thee I bloom here from morn until night,
And sweetly regale all around ;
Nor tremble at darkness, nor blush at the light,
But equally constant am found.
What right then hast thou to thy station on high,
Descend and give place unto me ;—
For this unworthy spot where all lovely I lie,
Is the proper base sphere but for thee ”
The dew-drop sighed deeply as trembling it glanced,
More in pity than pettishness down ;
And reprov'd with a smile that its beauty enhanced,
The rebel bloom's envious frown.
“ Oh ! say thoughtless primrose, why covet my lot,
Art made to take root in the air ?
Thou scarce wouldst uprear thee so vainly I wot,
If thou as ephemeral were !
'Tis true that I bask not in warm sunny rays,
And leave them to triumph behind ;
Like thee I'm not moulded to hazard the gaze,
Of more than my Maker designed.
Thou askest what use are such atoms as I,
In this vast sublunary sphere ;
Believe me dear primrose the wherefore and why,
Are amply recorded elsewhere !
When fainting thou droopest, and Heaven's cool tears,
Are wisely withheld thee awhile—
When droughts of the season oppress thee with fears,
And thou art too sickened to smile ;—
Say who, then doth haste when night pale is o'ercast,
On thee and fair Nature beside,—
By stealth to thy rescue, biddeth thee taste
Of the bounty thou would'st now deride ;
That quickens thy soul and incites thee to shed
The sweetness thou waftest around ;
And but for whose succour thy beauty were fled,
Thy petals would strew the cold ground !
I own all thy worth for thy flow'rets I sip,
None sweeter the meadows adorn ;—

In exchange for thy perfume I moisten thy lip,
And freshen thy kiss of the morn ! ”

* * * * *

'Twas noon, and the dew-drop had hied her away,
To gladden the grotto and cave ;
And the sun's glowing might had illumined all day,
The meadow, the forest, and wave.
Till palely the primrose had grown and a sigh,
Instead of its fragrance arose ;

'Twas eve, and it found the Samaritan nigh,
With Flora's rich balm to disclose.

The languishing flower looked up, but no sound,
Was heaved from that late jealous throat ;
But the same fitful thoughts in the dull glance abound,
That spoke a like eloquent note.

With kindly eye gazed the dew-drop in the gloom,
A moment it tremblingly hung,—
To the friendly green leaf, and then down on the bloom,
Itself in compassion it flung !

Quick quaffed the parched plant of the fond timely aid,
Unmindful a moment its source,—

'Till meteor-like flew stern conscience and laid,
The flashing truth bare in its face !

That kindled remorse where but jealousy late
Had ruled all supreme in its heart ;
And bitterly wailed the frail bloom at the hate,
That had pointed its rancorous dart,

Refreshed, it up-reared its fair face once again,
No longer o'er-clouded with pride ;
Subdued it still lived to adorn the glad plain,
Content with its station it died !

WHAT IS TO COME NEXT?

By S. GOWER.

WHAT has come, is, that a king against whom we have no violent quarrel, except on the score of his Spanish alliances, but who maintained France at amity with England for seventeen years, has been dispossessed of his throne, by a people to whom he behaved in an ill and unprincipled manner;—by whom his throne itself was publicly burnt, and who have established a republic upon principles of a decidedly communist tendency. What has to come next, is a contest between the masses and the monied classes, as to the perpetuity of a republican form of government, or the reinstatement of France into a monarchy. What is to be feared of a republic, is, lest evil should overthrow good, and its existence be wrecked upon those very points which are in reality the most to its honour. What is to be hoped—to be expected, is, that however matters specially may terminate, all will eventually terminate in good; and that the cause of communism,—which is only another word for that to which the world has hitherto been a stranger,—practical Christianity—will only be temporarily defeated now, to shine and triumph the more perfectly hereafter. The event alone can shew whether France be really ripe for this. Communism merely as a hothouse plant, grown in the vision of a luminary, will speedily wither away; it is only as having spread its roots deeply into the soil of all hearts that it can flourish. I am quite sure that we are not ripe for it; therefore could I, as Aladdin built palaces, by a wish, establish a communist republic in England, I would not, for I should feel assured that it could not stand: and who would be at the pains to build to day what he knew would be overthrown to morrow? In France, against an armed nation there is middle-class wealth, and the indignance of suppressed titles and honorary distinctions; and there are the intrigues and hostility whether open or concealed of foreign states. For the French republic to command stability and permanence, it must command at least, bread for all: it must provide against the fluctuations of the seasons, and of occasional scanty harvests by the establishment of national granaries. This is a point

which all nations have hitherto neglected. A nation should never be destitute of a year's supply of food in advance, any more than should any prudent family man, who has the means to command it, of a few meals in advance, for himself, his wife, and children. This, which cannot at once be achieved, *may* be promised, and can be realised. The title of the workman to possess a share in the proceeds of his toils will, under any other arrangements be vainly recognised; it cannot be maintained. There must be a communism of bread. This must be one feature of that new thing in the world, institutional Christianity, of which not past and present monarchies only, but past republics know nothing. The rule is, that all men have as truly the same minds, as that all men have the same number of legs and arms; therefore, there must also be communism of education. The bodies of all being provided for, the minds must be provided for also; but the bodies first; for that man is not himself, but wild with care, who has to pass through those scenes of intense struggling for bare bread, which is the fate of millions upon millions in every state in Europe, and which are by no means nationally necessary, but are misfortunes contingent upon a wicked and absurd state of things. But the true principles of communism cannot be dragged into people. God forbid that any should be made converts to it at the edge of the sword, or with the prospect before them of the guillotine. In the mean time the working classes must not expect of the republic what no assemblage of men—or even of angels from Heaven—could unless by miracle immediately do. The element of time for re-arrangements, must be taken patiently into account; all, otherwise, must go to wreck. That happiness which all mankind owe to the institution of communism, will thus, and perhaps for centuries to come, be deferred. Our most democratic English journalists foretell this lame and impotent conclusion to the French republic. Austria forebodes the repetition in France of a reign of terror. Commenced in a spirit of moderation as of firmness, I, for one, hope better things from and for France than this. “*Victrix causa diis placint, sed victa Catoni.*” Chance what may, circumstances do not alter great first principles. What will come next in France is a contest; and God in his mercy grant that it may be a bloodless one; that France may frustrate the evil auguries of the astrologers and soothsayers of Austria.

Communism is in this country not understood : and what little of it is understood is almost universally disliked. Communists are supposed to be idle dreamers, who want to place the tail of the horse where the head ought to be. It admits of defence upon the very principles brought to bear against it by its opponents.

At the present crisis, we cannot sever the two ideas of communism and France. France, between thirty and forty years ago, was a nation of soldiers engaged in carrying on wars of aggression everywhere. But this did not occur till republican France had been provoked to retaliation, by having been herself unjustly attacked on all sides. Another revolution occurred, and Charles the Tenth was expelled. A revolution so entire, and so well conducted—so little blood-thirsty—stands bright in its own splendour in the annals of nations. A man succeeded to the throne, who had no title to it, except the direct will of the people. Untrue to the men and to the principles which placed him there, they have de-throned him, and resolved to do without kings altogether. But for the wilfulness and stupidity of a body of municipal troops, this revolution would have been effected almost without bloodshed—almost without a blow. It was no insurrection of thieves for the sake of pillage : it was the roused indignation of an insulted people. The leaning of the provisional republican government is towards communism : it is not communism—but it treads closely upon the heels of communism. A more able manifesto than that of Lamartine never issued from any cabinet. It sets forth truths which courts have hitherto been too courtly to acknowledge : it places France boldly in the van of modern civilisation. United in the past generation, as soldiers, they are united now, as a nation of statesmen. France has but to be true to herself. Nor need she fear, or her friends for her, the result of the coming elections : if the fear be lest it should produce a senate composed of men incompetent to govern, she can look back to the days of the empire, when all the talents necessary to politics and warfare grew up lavishly everywhere : when even abbés grew worldly-wise, and became converted into *diplomats*, and hairdressers suddenly sprouted up into great generals. ‘Liberty, equality, fraternity :’ these, Frenchmen, are now your country.—The position you now occupy is the proudest you have ever held. Man is man everywhere ; and men will arise, capable of carrying out your

high destinies. The masses have but to add patience to firmness; among the middle and higher classes, money must volunteer its fit subjection to virtue. Those possess most small—most stunted—most perverse—most distorted minds—to whom all the virtues—all the talents—all patriotism—all of every thing except money, is nothing but an idle name.

The real heart-dislike which is felt towards communism, is either unfounded, or founded on the vices and weaknesses of our nature. The principles of communism are averse to none of the amenities of life: on the contrary, they would diffuse them universally. The Miltons—the Shakespeares—the Racines—the Molières—the Raffaeles—the Angelos—the Mozarts—the Adam Smiths—the Montesquieus—nay, the Jenny Linds of our species are for the most part persons without pedigree. The opera is without its hereditary *prima donnas*. Nature is much: education is much: but, in and of itself, pedigree is nothing. More persons gifted by nature with a correct ear and good voice would be found among milkmaids than among duchesses. It is not much other with regard to all talents, all virtues: where there is perverseness, where there are deficiencies, it is either nature or education that is at fault: it is not want of pedigree. All are entitled to—can have—bread; can have education. This is the faith of communism.

What is to come next in France? A senate in which not houses, lands, gold, paper, but *men* will be represented: composed of individuals who, if not spacious in the possession of dirt, will be rich in the confidence reposed in them by their fellow-countrymen. Of the government now subsisting, it may be said that, towards God, its members have not evinced that unseemly contumacy of mind, which disdains or neglects to beseech his blessing on their labours for the good of their country: nor, towards man, either thirst for vengeance, or desire of pillage. For the poor they desire to do the utmost that is achievable: towards the rich no such large measure of spoliation as the imposition of an income tax appears at present in contemplation.

FINE ARTS.

WE understand that no small amount of anxiety exists among artists and their numerous well-wishers, the members of council, and the subscribers to the Art-Union of London, respecting the contemplated interference of the Board of Trade, with the present regulations of the London Art-Union. Owing to the unsettled state of politics,—not only here, but on the Continent,—and the agitation which has existed for some years in this country, the Fine Arts have had their wealthy patrons reduced to a very small number indeed; and as far as our information extends, we do not hear of others rising to take the place of the great patrons of art, of whom the profession have had to regret the loss. With such dismal prospects for the future, great indeed would be the injury inflicted on the whole profession of artists, were the present regulations of the council of the London Art-Union greatly interfered with by the Board of Trade.

It would appear that the contemplated changes to be forced upon the London Art-Union, will, by a sliding-scale operation, gradually contract the power of selecting pictures, now possessed by the fortunate prize-holders, until the whole right of selection will lapse into the hands of the council; who then will distribute those selected pictures for the prize-holders. The plea upon which this gross interference with the judgment of the prize-holders rests, is similar to that argued by the opponents of universal suffrage; namely, the unfitness of the public to judge; while standing armies, rabid sectarianism, and prisons, take the place of education for the much-abused people; and if any effort be made on their own part to help themselves out of the degraded position with which they are reproached, it is sure to be meddled with, and its influence for good destroyed by the mean and selfish grasping of authority; which, by lavishing enormous sums upon demoralising objects, leaves itself too poor to carry out those measures of public education, which should be its first care. Instead of building a gallery of art worthy of this great nation, and supplying it with the best procurable works of the ancient masters, and the finest specimens of the English school, thousands upon thousands are squandered upon coercion in its many phases; the few wretched hundreds wrung out of the government-being jobbed

away among picture dealers ;—a fact too well known at the National Gallery ; and these precious purchases deposited in three or four ovens,—not rooms—composing that pseudo gallery of art ; while English pictures are only to be obtained for the nation by the donations sometimes of subscribers, or by the munificence of a Vernon, who, out of pure pity to the suffering cause of art, in his life-time bestows his gallery upon the nation. Not content with this, a further attempt to enrich the nation upon the free gratis, and for nothing plan, is contemplated by the Board of Trade, by grasping a part of the funds of the London Art-Union, in order to present pictures to the National Gallery ! and another modest proposition is, to reserve a certain sum per cent, in order to engrave old pictures, and re-engrave old prints ! We suppose that Prince Albert's hat and hound, parrots, cats, monkeys, and horses have been engraved to the exclusion of higher art, until the dead stock has become rather heavy ; for certainly, (with all their faults), the prints published by the Art-Union do much more to educate the public, than cats, dogs, and horses, even after works by Edwin Landseer. It needs no conjuror to know whence the suggestion of re-engraving old prints originates. As for the education of the public, or what is more immediately our question,—the want of judgment displayed by the prize-holders in the Art-Union,—the charge lies not alone upon them, but upon all classes,—all ranks ; and if a few pictures of pretty faces and satin petticoats be considered the ne plus ultra of taste in the selection of the prizes by the Art-Union subscribers, the highest ranks of society delight in dogs, and stags, royal marriages, and christenings, and such intellectual subjects. Truly, there is little choice ; if any, it is in favour of the abused and benighted Art-Union prize-holders.

When drawing is taught at schools, and the principles of beauty and poetry made as far as possible available as recreative study,—when some attention to the arts as well as the literature of the classical times is bestowed upon these subjects at our Universities,—when government fill our parks and public places with statues, our legislative halls and public buildings with pictures,—when the arts and education are substituted for the sword and fetter, then, and not till then may we expect to find a true appreciation of art in the public mind. Most earnestly do we hope that the large body of subscribers to the London Art-Union, will not allow themselves to be cheated

out of their right of administering their own funds, 'by any such proposition as that put forth by the Board of Trade.

Reduce the power of the prize-holders in this respect, and the council of the London Art-Union (for the time) has the entire patronage !

Reserve a certain sum for purchasing old pictures to present to the National Gallery ! Let the nation purchase pictures for itself out of the millions of pounds annually wrung out of the public. A set of outlines from Milton, Bunyan, Thomson &c., and a print (even the last one), the former placed on the table, and the latter on the wall, will teach the subscriber quite as much taste as a portrait of a German doctor, or some of the other curiosities of the National Gallery.

Another proposition is, to allow this council, replete with the patronage of the subscribers of the Art-Union, to visit private galleries, and the studios of artists, to make purchases; thereby throwing another door open for jobbing to enter !

As it is now, (by the hopes of disposing of Works to the Art-Union), support is obtained for our annual exhibitions; and laws of the most stringent character are enacted by the council of the London Art-Union to prevent all kinds of jobbing. This would immediately ensue, and our public exhibitions drop in character, should the Board of Trade impose the intended regulations on the council of the London Art-Union.

We would advise the subscribers to the Art-Union to assemble, if they have not already done so, and memorialize the Board of Trade, in order to stop if possible this interference with their just rights ; for we feel strongly, that the subscribers to the Art-Union of London, will, when the right of choosing works and thereby taking a lesson in taste is wrested from them, at once discontinue their annual subscriptions ; and thus destroy almost the only hope and the only patronage left by these restless times to the artists of England.

It is possible that some slight beneficial results might be obtained by the adoption of these regulations of the Board of Trade, in regard to the improvement of taste ; but the experiment of meddling with the rights exercised for so many years, would be highly dangerous ; and we fear, end in the entire ruin of the Art-Union of London. The only favor the Art-Union has from the government is the toleration of a lottery in its most innocent form ; and surely for that exceedingly

small favor, it is too much to exert—as the Board of Trade seems inclined to do—a despotic power over rights purchased by the money of the subscribers; while other, and infinitely worse gambling transactions are openly permitted; notices of which are constantly being announced.

It remains to be seen, what will result from a lengthened correspondence between the Board of Trade, and the council of the London Art-Union: in the mean time we would advise the subscribers to meet, and take some steps in concert with the artists, in order to avert the threatened destruction of the only general patronage for art in this kingdom.

The usual various reports of the excellence of the forthcoming exhibition at the Royal Academy, are going about; we suppose it will prove to be as usual,—a most interesting display of professional talent; very many pictures of merit have been rejected this year.

The Society of British Artists have opened their exhibition with a collection of works quite upon a par with previous ones at this institution. As usual, the exhibition, by some critics, is pronounced to be immeasurably inferior to any of those preceding—but this is not the fact: the present exhibition is one highly creditable to the society; although, from the absence of leading pictures, the public attention is not so forcibly called upon as when patriotic artists are induced to busy themselves for months in their painting rooms and expend a large sum upon models and materials in order to paint large pictures for an exhibition, which, if not rejected, or placed in improper situations, are sure to draw down upon them smart articles in the way of criticism. This being their only reward, we strongly suspect that our exhibitions will, for some time, lack what is called leading pictures. Large pictures have been the rage for some time; and the *coup de grace* to this kind of self-sacrifice on the part of artists was dealt by the Royal Commission of Fine Arts. Two suicides, and an incalculable amount of pecuniary difficulty have resulted from the glorious competitions in Westminster Hall.

The members of the Society of British Artists have exerted themselves for the exhibition; with the exception of Mr. Herring, whose popularity for prints has increased with his talent, so that he has been unable to contribute his share of attraction to this year's exhibition.

As this exhibition has been open some time, and its present collection noticed so many times by the journals and weekly

periodicals, we shall not say more than that we are pleased to find that the society has abandoned the injudicious charge of five shillings to each exhibitor: it bore unequally upon them, although but a small sum. A principle of justice should be always kept in view, when a public body makes regulations of this sort; it is better either to charge for space, similar to the plan of the Free Exhibition of Modern Art, or at once to make the reception of a picture a favor, and thus present the exhibitor with the space his work requires.

We have been much gratified by an inspection of the new exhibition at Hyde Park corner, held in the immense gallery lately occupied by the Chinese Collection. This great responsibility, we understand, has been entirely undertaken by the exhibitors, upon the principle of bringing forward their works without being beholden to their brethren at other institutions for space upon the walls. At this gallery, each artist pays fifteen shillings per foot for the portion of wall occupied by his pictures; and he is thus enabled to purchase a place on the much-envied "line," instead of being mortified by finding his works placed in dark holes—the octagon room at the academy—or in any situation where a picture cannot be judged of fairly. This is the second exhibition; and remembering as we do, the paucity of works, and the slender support afforded to the first exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, we were agreeably surprised at the increase of numbers in the exhibitors—the quantity of works—and the great accession of talent now on the walls of the Free Exhibition of Modern Art.

It argues much for the growth of a manly spirit of independence in the profession of artists, to find them come forward so readily in support of a step by far the most spirited of any taken by the artists of Great Britain since art found a refuge in this island of fog. The artists who exhibit this year—and, it is presumed, are most of them the originators of this enterprise—have set about this business with an earnest desire to help themselves: they have not sought favors from government—or solicited grants of public money—neither have they begged the aristocracy to give them aid—consequently, they are free from any pretence for interference. They have considered it desirable to have a gallery in which they can mutually show their works as they would in their own studios, and are therefore content to pay their own expenses. This will do much to strengthen the respectable position in society which artists are obtaining rapidly in this country, and which

must be pursued until they gain an equal consideration in England to that held by artists in France, Italy, and Germany.

The whole effect of the gallery is particularly striking—the sculpture arranged down the centre, and the long perspective of the interior, appeared to us superior to any exhibition in London; and we are informed that, should this undertaking be supported by the profession—as it certainly deserves to be, the proprietor of the gallery could add another building, in length equal to the present one: it would then make a gallery 500 feet long. Without any exception, the *tout ensemble* of this exhibition is more pleasing than any other we have seen in London.

Of course, in an exhibition where purchase of space, and drawing lots for first choice, determine the places of pictures, the line here, consequently, is not the place of honor procured either by talent or interest, as there is here no privileged few, the whole of the exhibitors having one equal right, and equal chances. The public must, therefore, form its own judgment upon the works exhibited, instead of taking it for granted that all the pictures on the line are good: a process of education, by which we conceive the public taste will be improved. Here no distinction as to merit exists, regarding situation, for good, bad, and indifferent are to be found on the line, above and below it. Then, again, as every artist purchases the space he requires, he is at liberty to place what sized pictures he pleases, and to arrange them altogether, if he should think proper to do so; consequently, this precludes the adoption of those rules for arranging pictures according to size, execution, light and shade, or colouring, which exist in other exhibitions of Art; and after all, although something might be gained by such regulations, the effect produced is by no means so disagreeable as might have been anticipated. The exhibitors appear to have agreed among themselves to change places for their works with each other, in order to aid the general effect; the result appears entirely satisfactory to every exhibitor, as they have been perfectly unrestricted in the exercise of their rights. Another great source of satisfaction is, that there is no part of the gallery which is badly lighted, so that it is difficult to select any portion of the room which might be considered as preferable to another.

We are glad to find this spirited project supported by artists whose talent is undoubted, and whose works, in various departments of art, have rendered them known to the public.

for many years ; but whose pictures—from the difficulties or caprice, or perhaps both, of the privileged “hangmen” at other exhibitions—have been one year favorably placed, and in the succeeding one thrust out of sight. We presume that it is chiefly owing to the reputation of these gentlemen, that the council of the Art-Union of London have placed the Free Exhibition of Modern Art upon the list of places for their prizeholders to select works of art from ; and, certainly, there are many works here which would reflect credit on the taste of any patrons who might be disposed to purchase them.

One remarkable feature in the plan is the improvement contemplated, and the opportunity afforded to all branches of Industrial Art in Great Britain for the manufacturers to exhibit their productions. Following out the continental views in this respect, the gallery is, after the close of the present exhibition, to open with one of the products of Industrial Art ; and it is to be hoped that so extensive a gallery and so excellent an opportunity will be warmly supported by our artisans in every department of ornamental manufacture ; and it is pleasing to find that artists are not so foolish as to fancy themselves in any degree compromised by holding such an exhibition under the same roof as their own.

THE ANATOMY OF GENIUS.

THERE are no qualities of the human mind more frequently confounded than those of *genius*, and *talent*.

How often do we hear it said, Mr. — is a talented man ; Mr. — is a man of genius ; and, yet, how seldom are the observations correctly applied.

This is not to be wondered at, as most of our eminent men have been men of talent, rather than of genius, and have thus occupied positions in society, which the world is apt to attribute to the possession of qualities partaking of the character of the latter, rather than of the former.

And, yet, no two qualities are more dissimilar—no two less frequently united in the same person.

A good blacksmith, who forges his iron skilfully, may be, and is, a man of talent—his talent being that of working iron well: but who would assign to him genius?

Yet, a blacksmith may be a man of genius, also: but, how does this exhibit itself? In designing, and it may be, constructing, new shapes, or forms, into which his iron is wrought. Such a man steps out of the beaten path; and produces a gate, a grate, an iron railing, or other piece of work, in which originality is apparent, differing from all that had been previously forged.

Genius may be exhibited in an hundred ways, besides in writing, speaking, painting, or other pursuits, which are generally regarded as those of genius only.

Michael Angelo, the greatest genius, perhaps, which ever appeared, as he united in himself the painter, sculptor, musician, and architect, will sufficiently illustrate the attributes of genius. His great power was that of construction. He constructed on canvas, in stone, in wood, on paper. The figure, which, when committed to the canvass, rivetted the attention, and delighted the senses, or, perhaps, excited the feelings, was first constructed in his mind, it was built up, as it were, and put together.

In like manner, the edifice which he built, and which, to this day, attests the power of his genius, was constructed in his mind; the towering walls, the massive pillars, the ponderous roof, the lofty dome, all came forth from his great mind; the offspring of his genius.

He constructed, but he did not create. Creation belongs only to God, the Great Creator. No man can create; he may combine, and form a new compound; he may alter, or construct, or build up; but he does not create.

We may make a new object, as, for example, a ship, but there is no creation; in so doing, all has been previously created, and grown or made for us; we merely model, carve, and cut, what has been already produced, namely, our timber, hemp, &c., and so produce a ship.

No man can create, even in his own mind, that which he has not seen, in some shape, or other.

We may conceive the most grotesque form we please; yet, how do we conceive it? We give to it a head, a body, and, perhaps, a tail, but all these we have seen; we may have the head, that of a horse; the body, that of a man; the tail, of a shark; but here is no creation; it is a conception of a new

form, the result of uniting that which we have seen in other combinations.

Many men have never seen the Alps, or any other large mountain; yet they can form an idea of them, or may conceive their shape, height, &c., because they have seen an elevation of some kind or other, which forms the original in their mind, the enlargement and modification of which produces the conception of the Alpine heights.

It is told of an East Indian of intelligence, who visited this country, some time since, that he could form no idea of ice, or frozen water, never having seen it, although he endeavoured to do so. A piece of glass, a diamond, might have suggested to him the structure, but, even with their assistance, he was unable to succeed.

We may, therefore construct, or re-construct, but all our constructions, whether of a moral or physical character, must be modifications of that which we have seen.

The greatest genius, therefore, falls immeasurably short of the GREAT CREATOR.

But, if genius may not create, it may conceive, or construct new modifications of existing forms; and this constitutes one of the great characteristics of the man of genius: his thoughts, and words, and actions, breathe of its impulse and declare its presence.

Those extraordinary productions, "The Midsummer's Night Dream," and "The Winter's Tale," exhibit this quality to a most surprising extent—the light and graceful Ariel, the monster Caliban, the learned Prospero, the grotesque Puck—are conceptions of the Shakespearean genius, and how perfect do they appear to us, although we know their originals have never existed. We acknowledge the creative (?) genius of the author, in giving to imaginary beings a "local habitation, and a name; and yet there is nothing of a creative act in all these characters: Ariel is the human form, with wings attached; Caliban is, in form, a man, but in sense, a beast; Prospero, the learned philosopher, endued with magic power—Puck, and his compeers—are, in like manner, but compounds of elements, of which the author had seen an original, from which he constructed, but created nothing.

What do we admire in the paintings of a Murillo, a Titian, and others? Not so much the elaborate finish of the artist, as the beautiful conceptions of the genius. The Holy Family of the former cannot be surpassed. The exquisite beauty,

the simple benevolence exhibited in the countenance of the infant Christ, and the sweetness of expression in that of the Madonna, are exquisite productions. It is possible that originals might have been found for the adult characters, but none, we should think, for the child—it is a face more than earthly, and so far partakes of the creative power; but, it is yet but the embodiment of the great conception of the painter, surpassing Nature's self, in producing a developement of beautiful features, beyond that which he had doubtless ever seen.

But, to descend from the heights of art to the more common and less exalted incidents of life, genius may be, and frequently is, exhibited in the humblest pursuits. The ingenious mechanic, who constructs a lock on a new principle, or changes the fashion of our dress, is a man of genius; he leads the way, others follow, thousands copy him; but yet how few will strike out a new path for themselves.

This very attribute of genius is its greatest misfortune, in too many instances. It prompts its possessor to pursue, not the every-day and more profitable occupations of life, but that which is of new and different character; which, however advantageous it may be to others, to future ages, is too frequently of little benefit to himself.

Hence is it, that men of genius are seldom successful in amassing wealth. The man of talent surpasses him in this pursuit; the latter seizes the good which is before him, and turns it to good account; the former grasps at that which is in the distance, and may be beyond his reach; the object may prove but a shadow, or but the shadow of the substance still further distant, but which he is never destined to enjoy; he toils, but not for himself; he builds the castle, it may be, in the air, which others are to realise and inhabit.

This is the history of genius, in almost every age and every country; we say almost, for history does record instances where the child of genius has been understood, and appreciated; although a Dante and a Rousseau may have been neglected, or persecuted, a Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Murillo, and many others, in more modern times, have found friends, admirers, and patrons.

But how many have fallen victims to their possession of one of nature's greatest gifts—the sacrifices to the spirit of the age. What a fate was Chatterton's! poor boy! the greatest genius which this country ever produced, persecuted to death.

by one of its greatest monsters! and Barry too; and Scotland's immortal bard;—and shall we add Haydon? What toils did Fulton not endure? he whose genius has peopled the giant streams of the Ohio and Mississippi, with countless thousands of living beings.

Great *sensibility* is almost always, if not constantly, the attendant on genius; indeed, in the higher walks of life, its existence is almost essential to genius.

As conception is necessary to the constructiveness of genius, so sensibility is essential to conception. We can hardly understand how an author can conceive correctly the character which he desires to pourtray, unless he possess the power of feeling, for the moment, the emotions which belong to such individual. It is, indeed, to the possession of this acuteness of sensibility that we would ascribe the power of authors to represent scenes and furnish language to which they are practically strangers.

Shakespeare, in his delineation of the jealous Moor, the love-sick Romeo, the philosophic Hamlet, the noble Brutus, the tyrant Richard, doubtless felt, at the moment, the varied passions which he has so wonderfully presented to admiring ages. We can in no other manner explain his being able to represent each so forcibly, and yet so naturally. The deficient history which has been handed down to us, does not enable us to decide as to the certainty of his being of such a temperament; but the "gentle Will Shakespeare" certainly possessed a refinement of mind, which could only have sprung from sensibility.

What a host of eminent geniuses come forward to sustain this theory! Dante, Rousseau, Byron, Shelley, Barry, and many others. Their great sensibility constituted these men at once the children of genius and of misery.

(To be continued.)

POLISH SONG OF LIBERTY.

By M. W. H.

[Several Poles have lately left London, to assist in restoring the independence of their native land.]

Hail ! blessed father land,
We come at thy command,
From Earth's remotest shore ;
We live for thee,
And Liberty,
And will be slaves—no more !

Shades of our fathers rise !
And greet your children's eyes.
By your graves we swear,
To be free,
And worthy thee,
Or your tombs—to share.

Too long we've borne the chain,
We'll rend it now in twain,
And hurl our foes to earth ;
We go to free
From slavery,
The land that gave us birth !

To the God of battles now,
We raise the plighted vow :
Hear ! gracious Heaven, hear !
We strike for thee,
And Liberty,
Or else—our funeral bier !

THE SARACENIC EMPIRE.

BY W. COOKE STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 327.)

PREVIOUS to his flight, Mohammed had used persuasions alone to procure converts: "he had declared his business was only to persuade and admonish; and that, whether people believed or not, was none of his concern." But, shortly after his residence at Medina,—he pretended, that messages from heaven were brought to him by the angel Gabriel; and that he was commanded to use the sword to spread his faith. A year had scarcely elapsed, when, having instituted a brotherhood, in which he made all his helpers and followers pair off with each other,—himself taking Ali for his brother—he engaged in the "Holy War,"—all the kings of the earth being ordered to embrace Islamism; and war was proclaimed against all infidels of every country and of every clime. The first act of hostility was the plundering of a caravan going to Mecca; the next was the battle of Beder,—the particulars of which are related by Abulfeda.* A caravan of the merchants of Mecca, returning from Syria, escorted by Abu Sofian, with thirty men,—was the objects of attack. Spies informed Abu of Mohammed's intention in time to allow him to send to Mecca for assistance; and Al Asam, son of Hesham, with nine hundred and fifty men, marched out to his aid. The prophet had only three hundred and thirteen men: but victory lighted on his banner. Mohammed lost fourteen of his followers: of his enemies, seventy were slain, amongst them several men of note. Several days after the battle were occupied in dividing the spoil; and the whole affair wears the character, rather of one of those predatory excursions, for the sake of plunder, which we find the Arabs of the desert so frequently making, rather than a contest for the truth; a battle of which religion was the pretence; the establishment of a true faith the object. The appropriation of the property of the conquered was not made without disputes;—and in order to adjust

* This historian was prince of Honuak, in Syria. He was distinguished as a military commander, but still more as the author of several historical and geographical works. He died in 1333.

them, and as a guide for the future, Mohammed pretended, that he received from heaven, the eighth chapter of the Koran, in which it is said, that spoils gained in battle belong to God and his apostle; but it is ordained, that appropriating one-fifth only, "to God, and to the apostle, and his kindred, and the orphans, and the poor," the other four-fifths shall be divided amongst those engaged in the action. Ockley says;—"The victory at Beder was of great importance to Mohammed: to encourage his men, and to increase the number of his followers, he pretended, that two miracles were wrought on his behalf, in this, as in all subsequent battles: 1st, that God sent his angels to fight on his side; and, 2nd, made his army appear much greater than it really was. Both these miracles are mentioned in the Koran, chap. viii."

Abu Sofian sought revenge for the defeat at Beder; and twice brought an army against the prophet. The first time, his men fled, as soon as the "true believers" appeared; the next, after a sharp contest, in which Mohammed was wounded, and it was thought killed, the "idolaters," as the Koreishites were called, gained the advantage: the prophet being with difficulty extricated by his men, and carried off to Medina. The victory, however, was not improved by Abu Sofian; on the contrary, he shortly after proposed a truce for a year, which was acceded to.—This defeat destroyed the prestige of success which had before accompanied the prophet; who had much difficulty in reconciling his followers to the loss of their friends, and the accompanying disgrace. On this occasion, he introduced his doctrine of fatality,—teaching the people, "that the time of every man's death is so unalterably fixed, that he cannot die before the appointed hour; and, when that is come, no caution whatever, can prolong his life one moment."

During these events Mohammed appointed the fast of the Ramadan; and, following out, as he said, advice given him by one of his disciples—advice which was communicated to the disciple "in a dream, by a man in green,"—he ordered, that a crier should, at appointed hours, summon the faithful to prayer,—by exclaiming "Allah acbar," &c., i. e. "God is great, God is great; there is but one God, Mohammed is his prophet: come to prayers, come to prayers." This ceremony is still preserved in Mohammedan countries,—and the muezzin who proclaims the hour for worship, adds, when he summons the Mussulmans at early dawn, "Prayer is better than sleep: prayer is better than sleep."

In the fifth year of the Hejira, Mohammed was attacked in Medina, (which he had surrounded with a ditch,) by ten thousand Koreishites, and other Arabian tribes : he had only three thousand men to oppose to them, but, eventually, after some partial encounters and skirmishes, in which victory generally was with the faithful,—they quarrelled amongst themselves ; and a number of tents being overthrown one night in a storm, the Koreishites returned to Mecca. “ Mohammed made a miracle of this retreat, and published upon it this verse in the Koran,—“ God sent a storm, and legions of angels, which you did not see.” Arabian traditions tell us, that dissensions were produced in the enemies’ camp by the spies of the prophet ; and, a number of the other tribes having departed in consequence, they believe that the Koreishites “ were thrown into confusion and rendered powerless by the direct visitation of an angry God. While they lay about the city, a remarkable tempest supernaturally excited, benumbed the limbs of the besiegers, blew dust into their faces, extinguished their fires, overturned their tents, and put their horses in disorder. The angels, moreover, co-operated with the elements, in discomfiting the enemy, and by crying ‘ Allah acbar,’ ‘ God is great,’ as their invisible legions surrounded the camp, struck them with such a panic, that they were glad to escape with their lives.”

In the sixth year of the Hejira, Mohammed subdued several tribes of Arabs ; and during one of his expeditions another instance occurred of the way in which he deluded his followers by pretended revelations from heaven. It was always his custom to take one of his wives with him ; and he determined which should have the honour, by writing their names on pieces of wood, throwing them up, and that which fell with the name uppermost designated the chosen lady. Ayesha was, on the occasion referred to, his companion, and on the return of the army to Medina, she was accused of having committed adultery with one of the officers. She was Mohammed’s favourite wife ; and he was much chagrined at the charge ; and after she had been in disgrace for a month, she was restored to his favour, on her own protestation of innocence. The people were dissatisfied ; and a revelation was made to the prophet, through the angel Gabriel, that she was innocent of the crime laid to her charge : it was also ordered, that “ those who accused believers of any crime, without proof, are to be severely reproved ;” and it is also commanded, “ that those who

accuse chaste women, and cannot produce four eye-witnesses in support of the charge, shall receive eighty stripes." The issue of the whole matter was, that the accusers of Ayesha were publicly scourged,—with one exception, Abdallah, son of Abu Solul, whom he was afraid to attack, though he had been very assiduous in spreading the scandal.

By his successes in war and the increase in the number of his followers, Mohammed felt himself strong and powerful enough to attack Mecca. He marched an army against that city,—but a battle being fought, in which neither side could claim the advantage, a truce for ten years was concluded between the contending parties. And now confirmed in his office of prophet, and his authority acknowledged by a vast number of people, he united the royal to the sacerdotal dignity; and taking the title of king, he was inaugurated under a tree near Medina.

He was now regarded almost as God himself, such was the ascendancy he had gained over the minds of his followers, and so implicitly did they believe in his mission. An ambassador writes: "I have seen Cosroes of Persia, and the Cesar of Rome, but never did I behold a king among his subjects, like Mohammed and his companions." Taking advantage of the time, he ordered regular pilgrimages to be made to Mecca,—abandoning the idea he once entertained of making Jerusalem the place of visitation for the followers of Islam, because the Jews were so inveterate against him. This idea of pilgrimage was adopted to please the Arabs, among whom "it had been an ancient custom to visit the Kaaba once year, and to worship there the heathen deities:" and it was, besides, profitable to his native place, by bringing to it, yearly, a number of strangers as pilgrims.

In the seventh year of the Hejira, having, by the truce, secured peace on the side of Mecca, he resolved to punish the Jews, for their enmity against him; and attacking Khaibar, a strong town, six days journey N.E. of Medina, that, and several other places, with much treasure, fell into his hands. He also had a seal made, this year, with the inscription, "Mohammed, the apostle of God;" and writing letters to various princes, inviting them to embrace Islamism, he sealed the letters with his new seal. Amongst the crowned heads he addressed was Cosroes, king of Persia; who contemptuously rejected his application; but Badham, viceroy of Yemen, became a believer, with his people. He also wrote to Heraclius, emperor of Rome, and to Makaykas, viceroy of

Egypt, both of whom sent him presents. Al Mondar, king of Boethrain, embraced Islamism; as in the next year did Kaled, son of Al Walid, Amru, son of Al As, and Othman, son of Zelha, who presided over the Kasba; which made a considerable addition to Mohammed's power and influence. Subsequently he subdued Mecca, where he was inaugurated as sovereign; and having taken an oath himself to the people, "the men first, and then the women, bound themselves, by oath, to be faithful and obedient to whatsoever he should command them. After this, he summoned an extraordinary assembly, in which it was decreed, that Mecca should, henceforward be an asylum, or inviolable sanctuary, within which it should be unlawful to shed the blood of a man, or even to fell a tree." Shortly after this event, the whole Arabian peninsula submitted to the "Apostle of God;" who did not remain at Mecca, but still continued to fix his regal throne in Medina.

The Prophet was now employed in concentrating his authority, and strengthening his power: but his days were numbered. After the capture of Khaibar, a young Jewess placed a poisoned shoulder of mutton before him, to try, as she averred, whether he were a prophet or not? One of his followers ate of the poisoned meat, and died; but Mohammed only tasted it, having swallowed some, and finding it disagreeable, he said, "this mutton tells me it is poisoned." Of the effects of the small quantity swallowed, he complained in his last illness; and it is not improbable but that the subtle poison might infect his blood. However this might be, in the eleventh year of the Hejira, having ordered one of his followers named Osama, to undertake an expedition to revenge the death of his (Osama's) father,—he was taken ill two days after, of a bilious fever, and perceiving the approach of death, he offered to submit his actions to the scrutiny of his people, saying, "If there be any man whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my back to the lash. Have I aspersed the reputation of a Mussulman? Let him proclaim my faults in the face of the congregation. Has any one been despoiled of his goods? The little that I possess shall compensate the principal and interest of the debt." A voice exclaimed, says Abulfeda, "Yes, I am entitled to three drachms of silver." The prophet heard, and satisfied the demand with interest; thanking at the time his creditor for having accused him in this world, rather than at the day of judgment. During his illness of

thirteen days, he was, at times delirious; and, in his frenzy, he called for pens, ink, and paper, saying, "He would write a book, that should keep the world from erring after his death." Omar opposed this,—the Koran being all-sufficient. Others wished Mohammed to write; and the contention becoming troublesome to the prophet, he ordered them all to be gone; and the proposed directions for a good life were never written. At length on the twelfth Reby, in the eleventh Hejira, (answering to our eighth of June, A.D. 632), and in his sixty third year, Mohammed expired. Some of his followers, however, would not believe that he was dead: and this opinion was so strong in Omar, that he drew his sword, and vowed he would cut those in pieces, who said the prophet was no more. Abubekir, however, asked,—“Do you worship Mohammed! or the God of Mohammed? The God of Mohammed is immortal, but as for Mohammed, he is certainly dead.” Another dispute arose also, about the place of his burial; and this was near ending in blows, when Abubekir settled that also, by saying, that “he had often heard Mohammed say, that prophets should be buried in the place where they died.” His grave was then dug under the bed upon which he expired, in the chamber of his favourite wife, Ayesha.

It is astonishing how the Arabian writers, who record the facts of his career, yet extol his character, as distinguished by justice, clemency, generosity, modesty, abstinence, and humility. It is evident, however, that he made justice, clemency, and generosity subservient to his ambition; whilst the other virtues enumerated were overshadowed by his lust. He took as many as fifteen wives, certainly, perhaps more; and when two of these ladies, Hafsa and Ayesha, were offended because he debauched a young maid, named Mary, presented to him by the viceroy of Egypt, he at first vowed not to offend in that manner again; but soon repenting of his vow, he had a revelation from Heaven, releasing him from his oath and allowing him to have concubines if he wished! This circumstance Moore alludes, to in his “Lalla Rookh.”—

“And here Mohammed, born for love and guile,
Forgets his Koran in his Mary's smile;
Then beckons some kind angel from above,
With a new text to consecrate their love!

As to his religion,—we can only look upon him as a most

consummate hypocrite,—suffered by God's good purposes, and to carry out his wise designs to achieve a good purpose: what those designs were, and what the purpose, are amongst "the secrets of the world unknown;" but, satisfied that they were decreed by infinite wisdom and goodness, weak mortals should bow their heads in humble submission, and not seek to decypher, what must, to them, be a sealed book!

(To be continued.)

RECENT EVENTS.

BY TRIBUNUS.

It is difficult to decide whether Lord John Russell and his colleagues, or Mr. Feargus O'Connor and his associates, are the more worthy of condemnation, by every man of intelligent mind and liberal views, for the parts which they have acted, respectively, during the past month.

The conduct of the great body of the Chartists, at least, of that portion which advocated an appeal to physical force, was too ridiculous to be more than despised, were it not that there were fellow-men and fellow-subjects amongst them, who were forced to the violent expression of their feelings, by their own privations, and those of their families and friends; and were, therefore, entitled to consideration, although their inflammatory language might possibly have justified, under other circumstances, a very different treatment.

On no other grounds, not considering at present the merits of their demands, were they worthy of attention; they had neither rank, wealth, nor intelligence on their side; they might boast of physical force and numbers, but these were all: their strength was not directed, their numbers were not organised, their members were unprepared; so that there was nothing to be apprehended from them. A handful of military

would have been sufficient to have dispersed such an assemblage, if they had the temerity to withstand an attack of the policemen's staves.

In England, extensive reform or revolution has never been effected by the lower classes: the reformation, the revolution of Cromwell, the expulsion of the Stuarts, the passing of the reform bill, were all accomplished by the middle directing the lower, and aided by the upper classes.

In the Chartist demonstration, the middle classes took no share; nay, they stood aloof from it, and regarded the proceedings of these men with distrust and apprehension.

Had the Chartists even intelligent men amongst them, some little good, or perhaps harm, might have been expected of them; but their leaders were men of inferior natural qualifications, and very moderate attainments. The threatening of these men was therefore felt by all men to be idle bravado, and no one of sound mind apprehended that they would, or could, carry their threats into execution; indeed, the public were beginning to treat their foolish speeches, as they deserved, with ridicule and contempt.

But the times were of no ordinary complexion; a mighty moral revolution had just been accomplished in France, a tyrant had been expelled from his throne, an indignant people had risen in the giant might of right, and the flag of liberty was once more raised in continental Europe, with triumphant success.

All eyes were turned to England: with her power and resources, she might cast the balance on one side, or the other, as she joined either that of Liberty, or that of Despotism. But, to be powerful abroad, she must be peaceful at home; a large portion of her people were clamorous for their rights, and the voice of the nation must be extinguished.

A favourable opportunity presented itself,—the Chartists, some urged by want, others by insult, some by a natural desire to be free, and many excited by the progress of events on the continent, were guilty of the most violent, and at the same time most foolish language: they appointed a day, to present their petition to parliament in numbers, and prepared for the forthcoming meeting.

Under ordinary circumstances, the police would have been deemed sufficient to preserve the peace and disperse the meeting, if illegal; but this would not have answered the purposes of those who had ulterior designs to accomplish.

A counter-demonstration must be got up—alarm must be raised—and the fears of the middle classes excited. The day arrived—the streets were cleared—the bridges were guarded—the public offices defended and prepared for a siege, and plenty of grape and canister was in readiness.

These preparations, as might have been anticipated, were not required; the assembled multitude had no intention of committing violence, and dispersed quietly to their homes, when refused permission to carry their plan into peaceable execution.

But the display was useful; public alarm was created, and the fears of the timid were excited. Lord John and his colleagues took advantage of the favorable opportunity, and introduced their "gagging bill,"—that the voice of the nation might be silenced in some, and crushed in others,—a despotic clause, as yet unknown to the records of England, since the days of Cromwell, and opposed to the spirit of the British Constitution, has been proposed, and most probably will be carried into law.

But for these demonstrations on the part of the Chartists and Lord John, the voice of the middle classes would have been heard in support of their brethren, on the continent, who by the exercise of their moral power had so nobly asserted, and, by the display of peaceable determination, were so likely to establish a degree of Liberty which is the birthright of Man.

This expression of the English people, would have done much to consolidate that which has been so happily begun, and would tend to prevent any future attempts on the part of European despots, to crush the rising spirit of the people.

But the voice of the nation is not silenced, and will be heard.

The middle classes of this country sympathise with their Chartist fellow-countrymen,—approve of their views,—and will support them in their moral attempts to obtain redress for their many past grievances.

In these attempts, no sedition—no treason will be spoken, nor even thought of. The English nation are a loyal and peaceably-disposed-people, and desire only their rights. They will never forget their allegiance to their Most Gracious Sovereign, the British Constitution, and their Country, but they have yet to learn, that a Whig ministry has any right

to be considered as such, or has any claim either to their allegiance, or respect.

—The middle classes have long groaned beneath the insolence, and despotism of their class legislators: who under the false mask of *Religion, Land, Commerce, and Wealth*, have abused their powers, and have lost the confidence of the country. Beneath their iron rule, the working classes have been reduced to starvation, and the middle have been exposed to contumelies, and injuries, not easily forgotten, or forgiven.

These are the tyrants to be dethroned: the Queen—God bless her,—is with her people. Justice is on their side, and must succeed.

But perhaps the noble lord was alarmed,—perhaps he had private information on the subject, or, “a letter in his pocket,” as one of his colleagues had, when he consigned so many thousands of his fellow-countrymen to starvation and death, some year-and-a-half since; and refused to open the ports for the admission of food for the hungry and the dying, because he did not *see* or rather *feel* the necessity of doing so.

Or perhaps the noble lord had some dread of Mrs. Cuffey the laundress, and entertained some gloomy apprehensions of the fate of Mr. Mantalini awaiting him, and that he should be employed hereafter in the odious occupation of “turning the mangle.”

Whatever his fears, or doubts, or expectations, he has shown himself to be a minister wholly unworthy of a free nation. That there will be changes ere long in the political world, cannot be doubted, but that Lord John Russell will ever again assume the reins of government, as long as the British Constitution exists, or a spark of freedom animates the breasts of Britons, is too preposterous to be supposed for a moment.

GENIUS.

BY W. WILSON.

A FRAGMENT.

Oft does an unshaped glorious thought,
 Rise in the ideal blest !
 And like a dream, for ever fade
 Ere it can be expressed.
 Just as the wave upmounted high,
 With curled and foamy crest ;
 Sinks down again in Ocean deep,
 To its eternal rest !

'Tis in the soul where genius dwells,
 Those meteor thoughts arise ;
 Like phosphorent light upon the wave,
 That rolls 'neath sunny skies.
 This part of God ! This unseen Sun !
 Mankind too seldom prize ;
 Yet does it oftimes grasp at thought,
 That never, never dies.

'Tis like a beacon on a hill,
 By it our path we find ;
 'Tis like a light upon the sea,
 Past shoals by it we wind,
 It sheddeth universal light,
 Throughout the world of mind ;
 Imperishable it remains,
 " For all time " with mankind.

Th'Almighty said " let there be light,"
 And o'er the world it shone ;
 He, to dispel our mental night,
 Sent genius from his throne !
 'Tis undefinable as space,
 (The infinite unknown) !
 Through it, a revelation of
 Almightyness is shown.

NOCTES DRAMATICÆ.—III.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEEPS INTO SHAKSPERE."

John Lyly.

AT no time does an art possess more interest, or attract our sympathies with greater intensity, than in its infancy, when its resources are slowly unfolding and give gradually increasing promise of the beauty, which it is thereafter to attain. It may be, that, as the earliest primrose of spring is welcomed more joyously than the gayest blossom that follows in the train of summer, we surround the anticipations of future glory which seem even brighter through the glass of Fancy than even the reality itself, but every minute trait, every manifestation of its progress is scanned with a curiosity which far more important steps in the maturity of its age, fail to excite. And fortunate it is that such a feeling exists—It is one which very greatly contributes to the attainment of that future excellence both from the attention being centred upon its early efforts, and from the greater importance it attaches to movements which, at the time, might otherwise have been deemed trivial, though they are afterwards seen to be corner stones in the complete edifice.—Much, therefore which at this early stage calls for our admiration would certainly be considered very *mediocre*,—and almost unworthy of notice at a later period. This should be remembered, else we might expect perfection from the untutored, and that natural impossibility so often demanded by mankind—an old head upon young shoulders—and be disappointed.

"Ralph Roister Doister" and the "Four Ps" although abounding with humour and whimsical incident, had certainly very little pretension to the rank of Comedy, as it is now conceived.—The style and action was almost entirely that of broad farce without an attempt at the refinement which true Comedy demands. The great aim was to excite the risible faculties, and to effect this the authors did not stick at any means, did not pause to study elegance or sentiment, but dashed at whatsoever was calculated to tickle the cachinatory nerves of their audience, not caring even that they oftentimes shocked propriety in the process.

We have already shown that such gradual progression was natural and almost necessary; but this began to tire, and people required the excitement of a deeper feeling than mere laughter; they demanded something which could interest as well as amuse them, which they could admire and feel to be a presentation of the poetry of life.—This produced the Comedies of Lyly.

From the style hitherto prevalent his performances wonderfully differed. Before, all had been laxity and coarseness—the diction was untrammelled either by the laws of strict grammar and rythm, and the matter equally so by refinement or even decency.—Comedy was decidedly “*en deshabille*,” and undergoing a temporary rustication in some unexplored region, where the most refined of its occupations, perchance, was a prandiary visit to a flock of geese or other cacklers. But Lyly introduced it to a court life, surrounded by ceremony and formality:—true it was fearfully stiff and constrained at first, but that was well, for nothing but an almost total abandonment of former customs and usages could have so soon released it from its low estate, and led to the smooth eloquence it soon attained.

Lyly's work “*Euphnes and his England*,” produced an amazing change in the language, and mode of expression of his day. With it originated that bombastic style which became so general, and too long continued to sway the pen of the writers of the period. As a proof of its universal expansion, even Shakspeare himself is not free from it, though his innate good taste taught him to subdue it in great part. When this work first appeared, it was seized upon with avidity by all classes, and nothing was heard but the absurd and exaggerated hyperbole which it inculcated.—Indeed it was considered a necessary part of polite education to study the art, and he was looked upon as a boor who could not converse in this fashionable slang. It must be admitted that it was a most appropriate and worthy concomitant of the starched ruffs, in which the unfortunate gallants of that day deemed it incumbent to immure themselves.

Lyly was an accomplished scholar, though he cannot rank high as a poet; and with one exception, all his plays are on classical subjects. His first play was “*Alexander and Compaspe*,” which appeared in 1584.—The subject turns on the love of the celebrated Apelles for Compaspe, whose portrait he has been employed to paint by Alexander, but alas, whilst

he drew her beauties on the canvass, "he painted" them on his heart. Alexander, who has also been smitten by her charms, displays his magnanimity by yielding his claim to his more handsome rival, and ends the play by vowing that he will not love again till he has subdued the world and lacks another against which to turn his arms. There are only two women introduced, one of whom is dismissed at once, and Compaspe alone remains. Her character is drawn with much sweetness, and she oftentimes charms us by the gentleness and modesty of her disposition. One of the most beautiful things in the play is the song of Apelles, which has always appeared to us so pretty and playful, that we must extract it.

Cupid and my Compaspe play'd
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid ;
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows ;
His mother's doves and team of sparrows ;
Loses them too, then down he throws.
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how)
With these the crystal of his brow
And then the dimple of his chin ;
All these did my Compaspe win.
At last he sets her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O, Love, has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ? become of me ?

The character of Diogenes, however, is by far the most powerful and distinct in the play. It is full of point and acerbity, and the crabbed old philosopher indulges his satirical propensities and inveighs against the vanities and luxuries of the world with a concentrated bitterness which would not have disgraced the lips of the great original himself, as he sallied forth from his tub, to chuckle over the follies of mankind. Granichus, Mænes, and Psylus, the servants of Plato, Diogenes and Apelles, are worthy followers in their steps, and in their way quite as much philosophers as their masters—but when was it otherwise ? We are such imitative animals that we can never wonder at the attempts at "high life below stairs." We do not make any quotations from this play, as it is better known than others to which we shall presently turn our attention. This play is comparatively free from the strained conceits, in which the style of Lyly, as set forth more particularly in "Euphues and his England," consisted—but his next play, "Sappho and Phao," was a worthy emanation from that school.—It was published also in 1584 ; and

teems with absurd and forced imagery. It seems as though he wished to exhibit his theory of conversation in practice; and he certainly succeeds to admiration. Every speaker, even when expressing the commonest circumstance, must have paused long to consider an appropriate simile or allegory in which to clothe it; and if they wished to express some passion of the heart, their efforts must have been most pitiable. The modern hero would have had immense honour in that day, who, in sublime language worthy of "the light of the world," could order the candle to be snuffed, by "decapitate the superfluity of that luminary."

The play depicts the love of Sapho, Queen of Syracuse, for Phao, the waterman, whom Venus rewarded for his politeness in ferrying her across the river, by rendering him excessively beautiful.

If his former play was very scantily supplied with female characters, Lyly amply repaired the omission in the present case, he having introduced no fewer than eleven women! He seems to have considered it a good opportunity to lecture their sex, however, for he satirises their failings very severely, and certainly does not give them too great reason to flatter themselves on the honour of their introduction. Yet mankind do not wholly escape either, but receive more than one passing castigation. Miletia, one of the most loquacious and best drawn of the whole eleven, very pertly ridicules the demeanour of some of the lords of the creation:—

It is good to see them want matter, for then they fall to good manners, having nothing in their mouths but "sweet mistress," wearing our hands out with courtly kissings, when their wits fail in courtly discourses; now ruffling their hairs, now setting their ruffs; then gazing with their eyes, then sighing, with a privy wring by the hand, thinking us to be wooed by signs and ceremonies.

This is well painted and by no means deficient in point, and is not inapplicable even in our own day. We must not venture to extract more than the following portion of a love scene between Sapho and Phao, as illustrative of a sentimental courtship at that time.

SAPHO. Why do you sigh so, Phao?

PHAO. It is mine use, madam.

SAPHO. It will do you harm and me too; for I never hear one sigh but I must sigh also.

PHAO. It were best then that your ladyship give me leave to begone, for I can but sigh.

SAPHO. Nay, stay, for now I begin to sigh, I shall not leave though you be gone. But what do you think best for your sighing, to take it away?

PHAO. Yew, madam.

SAPHO. Me?

PHAO. No, madam, yew of the tree.

SAPHO. Then I will love yew the better; and indeed I think it would make me sleep too; therefore, all other simples set aside, I will simply use only yew.

PHAO. Do, madam, for I think nothing in the world so good as yew.

(To be continued.)

SIR RORY HEARTY, OF HEARTY HALL.

By S. D.

CHAPTER I.

WELL! we have taken up our pen in order to let you into a little of the history of Sir Rory Hearty, but are undecided how to begin. However, since it is indubitable that if we never make a beginning, we shall never make an ending, we will commence by saying that Sir Rory Hearty was sitting in his study one frosty winter's day.

One frosty winter's day, remember! for if you forget this, you wont understand what's coming. If you want to know what sort of a gentleman Sir Rory was, we will tell you: and if you do *not* want to know what sort of a gentleman Sir Rory was—why, we will tell you all the same. Sir Rory Hearty, then, was a fine old gentleman! We put a note of admiration, because we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not agree with those who think that *every* elderly baronet is necessarily a *fine* old gentleman. No! we are of opinion that there are many Baronets who are the very reverse of fine. But, to return: Sir Rory was both fine and hearty, and had a comfortable look about him that it was quite pleasant to see;—at least

so thought all the half-frozen old men and women, who, in the winter time, when they were on their return from their hunt along the lanes and hedges in search of stray chips and sticks to keep up their tiny fires, always made a point of passing through a path which intersected Sir Rory's grounds. And why did they do so? We think the reason must have been that they wanted to have their hearts warmed by a glimpse of Sir Rory's ruby nose, which was, of itself, quite sufficient to fright away dreary winter. It made one quite wonder to see Sir Rory walking about in the snow, and the snow yet remaining white and thick upon the ground. Any one would have thought that the snow would all have melted away, forthwith. And if the poor people were of this opinion, we may excuse their obstinacy in frequenting that particular path in the park of which Sir Rory was fondest. But it was remarked as a singular circumstance, that whenever Sir Rory met one of his poor cottagers on his way home, the poor cottager would reach his home by a very circuitous route, viz., by passing through the court-yard of Hearty Hall. And it was remarked as still more singular, that if the poor cottager, when he entered the gates of Hearty Hall, looked pale, he came out with a glow upon his face (and sometimes, too, upon his nose)! if, on entering, his steps were slow and faltering, when he re-appeared he strode along briskly and sturdily! if he entered empty-handed, he would take his departure bearing a basket! Aye, and as the basket and its bearer jovially trundled on their way home, a line of steam would issue from the wicker-work into the sharp winter, something like the smoke from the funnel of a steam-boat,—only *that* smoke is not very pleasant to the smell, whereas the steam of which we are speaking possessed the peculiar power of exciting great symptoms of restlessness in all the animals of the canine tribe, who happened, in nautical phrase, to fall into the wake of—the basket. And the "poor creeturs," to use the words of Jimmy Hodge the mason of the little village, "would prick up their ears, just, for all the world" as if they could hear it."—By *it*, of course Jimmy meant what was in the basket. "And then they'd wag their tails, and whine, and sniff the air, till the tears ran out of their eyes and mouths (!), like a good 'un!" Such were the affecting words of Jimmy Hodge.

And yet it's quite true: aye, and when the poor cottager and his half-famished family were comforting their hearts with the contents of the basket, a knock would be heard at the

door, and in would come a man with a sack of coals, and perhaps something else ! We repeat decidedly and emphatically—and we desire our readers to do the same—Sir Rory Hearty was a *fine* old gentleman.

And what did his neighbours, and tenants, and poor cottagers think of Sir Rory ? Alas ! alas ! we must speak the truth ! The neighbouring squires all thought Sir Rory *mad* ! And it was natural that they should think a man mad who acted so differently to themselves. If a poor man put his cold red nose inside the yard-gates of the squire's mansion, a servant ran out with a horse-whip, and set the mastiff upon him. At Hearty Hall he got a good meal, warmth, and a good supply of provisions, and went upon his way rejoicing. At their squireship's mansions he was driven out with curses : at Hearty Hall he was taken in, with a hearty welcome, and dismissed with a hearty God bless you !

If a cottage were burnt down upon the squires' estates, the unfortunate inmates were harried and harrassed till they either made up their minds to tie a stone round their necks, and to seek out a deep pond, or in despair quitted their tyrant's neighbourhood, and wandered forth in search of a resting-place for their aching heads and way-worn limbs. But, if the same misfortune happened on the estates of Sir Rory,—what then ? The answer is very simple.—Sir Rory built the cottage up again.

And in everything the neighbouring squires and Sir Rory were as opposed in their conduct on such occasions as these. At length one and all of the gentry round about declared that Sir Rory Hearty was stark, staring, raving, mad, and wanted nothing but a straight waistcoat and a small cell.

Poor Sir Rory Hearty !

But what did Sir Rory's cottagers and tenants think of him ? We do not know what their thoughts were on the subject, but we will tell you how they acted.

Whilst the estates of the neighbouring squires were covered with man-traps and spring-guns, set by the squires' keepers, and covered too with snares, and traps, set by poachers, on Sir Rory's estate such a thing as a man-trap, or a spring-gun, or a snare or a trap, was never by any chance found. Any one of these would have been a curiosity. Upon the squires' estates, never a week passed without the recurrence of some desperate conflict between their squireships' keepers and a set of famishing desperadoes, of their squireships' own making.

But upon Sir Rory's estates, no one ever trespassed but Sir Rory himself and his two old grey-headed rangers, who had never in all their lives seen any two-legged poacher on the grounds of Hearty Hall more formidable than a truant urchin from the village, in search of birds-nests. No! the poor people round about would have thought it more possible to eat their own heads than to steal one single hare from the preserves of the hearty old Baronet.

And then when Sir Rory came out of church on a Sunday,—and he never missed going there,—oh! it would have done your heart good to see the looks which his people cast upon him. To see them all standing in groups outside the church door, and to see the air of deep attachment and respect with which they pulled off their hats,—those who had any,—in answer to the hearty old gentleman's good humoured nod!—to see this, and to hear many a muttered blessing implored upon his head!—all this it was which often caused Sir Rory to pass out of the church-yard gate with a glistening eye.

Then, once upon a time, as the story-books say,—it did not often happen, but *once* it was so, for we are all mortal, even Sir Rory,—the good man caught a bad cold on the Saturday night, and found himself unable to go to church the next morning. During the whole service, the congregation—especially the poorest of them—did nothing but turn to the door whenever they heard a noise, and conversed together by looks, for there is no doubt whatever that looks *can* speak. And in the afternoon two-thirds of the population of the village poured in one stream along the road, up the hill, through the avenue, and into the court-yard of Hearty Hall. And what was this for, think you? Just to ask what was the matter with dear, blessed Sir Rory! The matter with him was not very serious, certainly; and when the noble old gentleman opened his library window,—for Sir Rory had a 'power' of books, as the Irishman says, and, what is more, he sometimes read them too,—when he opened his library window, and showed his glorious self to the owners of the crowd of upturned anxious faces in the court-yard below, a cheer arose that you might have heard for miles.

"I hopes, Sir, your blessed honour isn't ill," cried Jimmy Hodge. He was a fine, grateful fellow was Hodge, and always made himself spokesman on such occasions.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Sir Rory. And his laugh was so hearty, so merry, so jovial, that the crowd couldn't for

the life of them help laughing too ; so they one and all burst into a loud " ha ! ha ! " that would, it's my opinion, have been audible to almost as great a distance as their cheer.

" That's brave," shouted Jimmy Hodge. " His precious honour's worship aint ill, arter all ; so now let's have three cheers my lads, for joy ! " They were not all lads,—Jimmy was wrong there, for there were old grandfathers, aye, and grandmothers, who had come to speak politely to ask after Sir Rory's health, (and they were far more sincere too, than many a dashing gentleman who rolls up in his elegant carriage, to enquire after his " noble," or " honourable," friend.) However, Jimmy didn't stop to consider this, no more did the crowd,—no more will we. So the people raised three hearty hurrahs for Sir Rory Hearty,—and if ever cheers came from grateful hearts, those did. Then turning about, the crowd, now chattering and laughing, tried to squeeze out of the great gates. The gates were not small, you may rely upon that, but still, the crowd couldn't get through all at once, as they seemed to wish ; so when Sir Rory called after them, they were all blocking one another up, at the entrance.

" Why, you rascals ! " shouted Sir Rory. Tho' he called them rascals, yet it was quite clear that his eyes were full of tears, but that might have been caused by his hearty laugh just before.

" Why, you rascals ! " shouted Sir Rory. You villain, Jimmy Hodge ! Do you actually mean to say that you are going home empty, after coming all this way to ask after me ? Wait there, you scoundrels ! if I catch one of you moving outside those gates, I'll—I'll—I'll scarify you all alive ! "

Perhaps the crowd did not exactly know the meaning of being scarified alive ;—perhaps Sir Rory himself didn't ; but however that may be, Jimmy Hodge looked puzzled, and so did Ralph Hatchet the hedger, who had been kept through the whole winter by Sir Rory, and so did Billy Black, once a travelling tinker, but now a settled one, (and why ? because he declared that the village was a " little parrydice, ") and so did Tom Sawyer, the carpenter, and so did—to cut it short, and so did every body ; so they all whispered together, in order to extract the little bit of wisdom that resided in each of their heads, and transfer the whole to the noddle of Jimmy Hodge. Just then, Sir Rory showed himself at the window again, for he had been shouting all over the house for the servants, and ordering them to take horse-whips, and to drive

all the crowd—not *out* of his premises, but *into* them. Now Jimmy was rather frightened at speaking to Sir Rory, for the fine hearty gentleman didn't look as if he meant to be trifled with. No ! far from it ! As one old woman said afterwards : “ The dear, blessed gentleman looked awful fierce, as if he'd ha' eated huz all up at one mouthful ! ”

“ Plesse your worship's honour,” said Jimmy Hodge, putting a bold face on the matter, “ We've just bin considerin' that if we take anything here, your worship might think that we'd come on purpose, and so, if you please Sir, we'll just go quietly home agin, and God bless your honour, and many thanks to you ! ”

“ Many thanks to your honour ! God bless your honour ! ” cried the crowd, and the court-yard was emptied in a twinkling, for they were afraid of the horse-whips, as well they might be. Refusing to take anything when Sir Rory wanted them !

But what did Sir Rory do ? The fine old gentleman cried, “ Eh ! ” three times, and shouted “ What ! ” thrice also. Then Sir Rory kicked off his slippers, and banged off his wig, and gave three jumps on the floor, and three kicks in the air, and bellowed “ God d——n ! ” as hard as he could possibly shout. After this exercise, he felt considerably relieved, that is to say, as soon as he had wiped the perspiration off his face. Then Sir Rory ran down stairs, drove all his servants to the larder, drove them all out again to a chaise cart, drove two men into the chaise cart, and finally drove the chaise cart, the horse, the two men, and the load which it contained all out of the great gates together, strictly charging the men to see that every bit of it (the load,—not the chaise cart, or the horse), was eaten up, and that not a crumb was left. After this, Sir Rory strode up stairs, snapping his fingers, sat himself down, wiped his brow,—for he was very warm,—burst into a loud, long laugh, and cried a countless number of times “ rascally dogs ! rascally dogs ! ” shaking his head and laughing louder every time he said it.

Happy Sir Rory Hearty !

Such was Sir Rory Hearty, and being such, we have actually left him all this time sitting by himself in his arm-chair in his study. Perhaps it will be better to call it his library, for Sir Rory was not in the habit of studying much. And a nice little room it was, yet not too small, with a cheerful fire in the grate and rows of handsome books on the shelves. But we assert that nothing either in that room or out of it, could

possibly look so cheerful, so merry, or so hearty, as the mere sight of the fine old gentleman as he sat in his easy chair. Though he was not so very old, neither, quite hale and strong, too,—stronger than many a man twenty years younger. But we must turn again to the room. Suddenly the door opens, and in comes a man servant;—a fine, portly, good-humoured, full-faced servant, just fit to have a master like Sir Rory. When the servant opened the door, he stood for a moment irresolute on the threshold, as any one might do, who wished to say something, but yet knew not how to begin. At length he took heart, closed the door, crossed the room, and pretended to be earnestly engaged in fumbling in a closet, waiting till he was spoken to. He had not to wait long.

“Thomas, my good fellow!” said Sir Rory, after eyeing him a moment with his laughing black eye, as if he knew that his servant was waiting to speak to him; and you should have heard the kind hearty tone in which it was said.

“Sir!” said Thomas, turning round quickly. And when he turned, his master saw that his face was unusually pale.

“Do you want to speak with me, Thomas?” said Sir Rory, encouragingly, wondering at the same time what could have caused the perturbed looks of his usually merry domestic.

“Oh! please, sir!” burst out Thomas, like a river when it has broken through a dam; “Please, sir, your nevvey Mr. Richard is a’gone down to Squire Squeezeum’s, and Squire Grinder has been there too, and all of them! and oh! there is such a talk of a loonakito in-kire-endo, or a kermission of loonercy, that they’re a’goin’ to hold upon you, sir, and all through that black-hearted villain, Mr. Richard, and—”

“My hang-dog nephew Dick!” cried Sir Rory, no doubt in great surprise, as well he might be. “Commission of lunacy on me, old Rory Hearty!”

“Oh! yes, indeed, sir!” sobbed Thomas, “and—” But he was interrupted. And how, do you think? Why, Sir Rory burst into a most outrageous laugh, and rolled about in his chair so much, that Thomas was quite frightened. At length the old gentleman stopped, for good and all, Thomas thought. But Thomas was wrong, for Sir Rory only stopped to get out the words, “Commission of Lunacy!” and then set off again. He laughed himself out of his chair, and into it again, then out of it, and out of the room too, leaving Thomas with his mouth wide open. Still Sir Rory laughed away, into one room, and out of another, till at length he

came back laughing as before, laughed himself into his room, then into his chair, and only stopped at last when he was physically unable to laugh any longer, which time did not arrive till Thomas had begun to be horror-stricken with the suspicion that a "kermession of loonercy" upon his master would be no such absurd thing after all. But as soon as his laugh was over, Sir Rory began to get rather frightened at the idea, for he was a bachelor,—a class of animals who are the objects of peculiar persecution,—and he did not know what might be done in the way of swearing by his hopeful nephew. So Sir Rory hastily called for his carriage, and rolled off to seek the advice of his friend, Doctor Textum.

Dr. Textum,—we beg his pardon, the Reverend Dr. Textum,—was the rector. But Dr. Textum was not presented to his living by Sir Rory, nor by Squire Squeezem, nor by Squire Grinder, nor by any of their squireships. No! Dr. Textum obtained his living in a much more creditable and independent manner—Dr. Textum presented himself! But we must follow hearty Sir Rory, who reached the snug parsonage, ran upstairs without being announced,—for Sir Rory could not bear formality,—tapped at his friend's sitting-room door, and then marched in without waiting for permission. Well! directly the door flew open, such a hubbub arose as you never heard. A little fat gentleman with a merry face who was dressed in black with a white and exceedingly clean cravat round his neck, was standing with his back to the fire, and with his coat-tails turned up behind; in which posture he was warming himself with great comfort, if not with equal elegance, watching all time, with great complacency, the gambols of the infant Textums. At a little work-table sat a prodigious fat lady,—quite a curiosity in that respect,—who was, of course, Mrs. Textum. On one side of her sat her eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen years of age who was sewing and casting side-looks every now and then at her brother and sisters, as if she had a great wish to join them in their romps, but knew she mustn't. This seemed also to be the feeling of the eldest Master Textum, who was poring over a Latin grammar on the other side of his mother. The eldest Master Textum's name was Charley, after his father; and the eldest Miss Textum's name was Mary, after her mother; and on the floor,—but sometimes on the tables, chairs, and other articles of furniture, wherever, in fact, their youthful exuberance of spirits led them,—romped, tumbled laughed, screamed, and fought,—which variety of

meises irresistibly brought to one's mind the history of the Tower of Babel,—all the more juvenile branches of the Textum family,—to wit, Helen and John, Martha and Robert, Louisa and James, and Sophia and the baby,—the name of which last-mentioned young gentleman was Rory, so called after our hearty old gentleman.

Well, we have said that directly the door opened there arose a frightful hubbub,—ten times worse at least than it was before. The Doctor threw up his coat-tails, which fell down again, skipped from the fire, and crying “Welcome my dear fellow!” reached out his hand, and made towards Sir Rory. But his progress was stopped by an accident, for Master James Textum was lying full-length upon the floor, having just been vanquished in a wrestling match with his sister Louisa,—as a reward for which feminine exploit Miss Louisa was just pocketing a penny, the gift of her father.

Upon this unfortunate young gentleman the Doctor happened to tread,—a mishap which, added to his vexation at his recent defeat, induced master James to give vent forthwith to a very respectable squeal. Meanwhile Mrs. Textum, and her two first-born, who hailed Sir Rory's arrival as an unexpected release from their tasks, gave a hearty greeting. But their greeting was not near so hearty as that of the infant Textum's, who all crowded round Sir Rory like bees. One searched his coat-tail pockets, another ran off with his hat, lest Sir Rory should escape; a third made a forcible seizure of his stick, lest it should be put to a very natural use, and then, having cut off all chance of either resistance or flight, they every one clustered round and clung to him, shouting, screaming, and laughing. The infant battalion was further strengthened by a reinforcement in the shape of Masters James, and Charles, and Miss Mary. Master James having succeeded in extricating himself from beneath the feet of his Reverend parent; Miss Mary having sily dropped her work; and Master Charles having under cover of the confusion, irreverently banged his book point blank against the face of the opposite wall, in the hope of thereby starting the binding, and so wearing out the book.

At length Sir Rory, thus harrassed on all sides, sprang into extraordinary activity, and emptied his pockets of a store of *bon-bons*, and various condiments peculiarly grateful to the juvenile palate, with which he had luckily come provided, in anticipation of such an onset as the present. These instan-

taneously vanished among the juveniles, and then Sir Rory trundled them all out of the room together, not even excepting the baby. which young gentleman however, he carried with peculiar care, and made over in charge to the nursery-maid, who stood grinning at the door. But a great clamour was made in the progress down stairs, owing to the heartless conduct of the nursery-girl. This young lady having eagerly possessed herself of a sixpence which Sir Rory had left in the chubby hand of his little name-sake, next, acting upon the principle of robbing Peter to pay Paul, made a forcible transfer of some comfits from the person of the luckless Master James, to the gums of the bereaved infant. His indignation at this felonious mode of proceeding Master James expressed in a series of not very harmonious yells, which were further increased in intensity of tone by the administration of two boxes on each side of the head, by the fair hand of his keeper, in order, as that young lady facetiously expressed it, "to give him something to cry for."

After satis'ying himself that his assailants were irrecoverably put to flight, Sir Rory turned to the lady; we fear with a very impolite intention; nothing less, in fact, than that of turning her out also. This, however, would have been a very troublesome and dangerous operation for any man to attempt, Mrs. Textum being, in every sense of the word, a lady of very great weight. Luckily she seemed to perceive that her room would be more relished by Sir Rory on this occasion than her company, so she very good-humouredly gathered up her work-basket, and made her exit with a horse-laugh. Here we beg leave to observe that we use this expression in its vulgar acceptation, it never having been our enviable lot to see an animal of the equine species indulging in a fit of risibility. But this may be accounted somewhat irrelevant.

"Dear sweet little creatures!" murmured Dr. Textum. "Are they not?" Of course Dr. Textum alluded to the infants, not to his lady, for he could not veraciously call her little.

"Very!" answered Sir Rory, fidgetting on his chair.

"And my wife! Oh! she's a dear woman! a great woman! indeed she is!" continued Dr. Textum.

The doctor was quite right. She *was* a great woman.

"A remarkably kind, good-humoured lady!" returned Sir Rory.

"I've often thought," pursued Dr. Textum, putting his handkerchief to his eyes—"what would become of them if any thing should happen—"

"Stuff! stuff! man!" cried Sir Rory, giving the Doctor a great thump on the shoulder to encourage him. "You'll live fifty years yet. That you will. And they've plenty of friends to take care of them." (Sir Rory's eyes watered, and Sir Rory looked benign.) "Come, now, I was going to speak to you about a little affair of my own."

"Very glad if I can be of any service to you, my dear fellow!" returned the Doctor, grasping the hand of his friend. "What is it?"

"Just this!" said Sir Rory. "That rascally lawyer's apprentice, Dick Snap, who calls himself my nephew, though I disowned the scoundrel long ago, has been down to that wicked old Squeezeum, and that avaricious wretch Grinder has been with them too. I was sure they were hatching something against me, and now it appears that they are going to institute a Commission of Lunacy upon me. You know I'm a bachelor and have got no one to speak a word for me, and to say the truth, I don't know what to do."

"Eh!" cried Dr. Textum. "A commission of lunacy on my friend Sir Rory Hearty! The devil!" Saying this,—which was a very wrong expression to come from the lips of the Reverend Dr. Textum,—the doctor jumped from his chair, danced round the room, flourishing his arms in a most unmistakeable manner, as if he had some one to pummel before him, threw his wig in the air, caught it, returned to his seat, sat down, in it very calmly and subsided into a state of quiet, abstracted meditation.

"You see"—said Sir Rory.

"Don't interrupt me!" interrupted the doctor, deprecatingly, with a wave of his hand, for the doctor did not like a superabundance of words,—which rare quality it was that made his sermons so pleasant. "Let me think," said the doctor.

So the doctor thought and thought, whilst Sir Rory waited very patiently,

At length Dr. Textum rolled off his chair. Sir Rory thought he had fallen asleep, and hastened to catch him. But the doctor was not asleep. No! far from it! He was never so bright, nor so wide awake in his life. So Dr. Textum

only rolled sideways from his chair till his feet touched the floor, for he was rather short in the legs. And when he reached the floor Dr. Textum took off his wig, swung it round, as high as he could,—even then, the wig had not attained any extraordinary degree of altitude,—and looked at it triumphantly.

To be continued.

The Theatres.

THE occurrence of the last week of Lent during the past month, leaves a hiatus in theatrical performances and creates a languor in their arrangements even for some time previously. This, however, is followed during Easter, by increased energy, and the commencement of the most brilliant part of the season. At most of the theatres the only performance during the week immediately before Easter was confined to sacred music, in which the “Stabat Mater” of Rossini was generally the leading piece.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The production of “Lucrezia Borgia” at this theatre, on Saturday, the 15th April, may be regarded as the most successful of the season, and was particularly interesting as it afforded further opportunities of judging of the merits of the new *prima donna*, Mademoiselle Cruvelli, who has fully sustained the opinion formed of her previous performances. That we are not solitary in this opinion, may be seen from the following extract from *The Times*:

“This young lady, though she is not free from some defects, among which an occasionally imperfect intonation may be comprised, is a great acquisition to the company, and is certainly the best *prima donna* (excepting of course Jenny Lind) who has made her *debut* at the establishment for many years. She has the great qualification of energy—she gives force both to her singing and to her acting, and, possessed of this valuable resource, she can inspire an audience to overlook minor deficiencies. In *Lucrezia*, a part which requires all the *physique* of an actress, and tries her strength to the utmost, she decidedly improved as the piece progressed, and the concluding duet and *aria* were charmingly sung. With the audience she is a decided favourite, the unanimous

applause of the stalls being a safe test that the most critical portion of her hearers are her warmest admirers."

Mademoiselle Schwarz, who made her appearance, as a new contralto, in the interesting part of Orsino, made a favourable impression. In some of the more difficult passages her execution was not so perfect as could have been wished, but much must be ascribed to the extreme nervousness under which she laboured. The favourite *ballata* "Il segreto per esser felice," on the execution of which so much depends, was given most happily, and was warmly appreciated by the audience.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Amongst the ante-Easter productions of this theatre, Bellini's opera of "Il Puritani," may be selected as affording an opportunity of displaying the resources of the company. The performers at this theatre are almost all well-known and established favourites with the public;—indeed the greater number of those who used to appear at Her Majesty's theatre.

On Saturday the 17th April, Marini re-appeared as *basso profondo*, in the character of Giorgio; and Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini in three of their favourite impersonations, Elvira, Arturo, and Riccardo.

Signor Marini has not deteriorated, if he has made no remarkable advance since last season. His voice is as fine in quality and powerful in tone as before, and his style of singing, while still marked by exaggeration, and more rarely by uncertain intonation, retains the energy and feeling for which it has been so frequently lauded. He was well received by the audience, and in his two duets with Grisi and Tamburini claimed his due share of applause of the one, and the *encore* of the other; his air with chorus, "Cinta di rosa," was finely rendered, and received with flattering marks of approval. Grisi was as powerful and expressive as we have ever heard her. Her voice was not in the least affected, nor were there any signs of lassitude in her acting. The pathetic "Qui la voce" brought out all her tenderness and passion; the graceful "Vien, diletto," was instinct with its olden charm; and the mad scene, a mingled display of vocal and histrionic art that has rarely been surpassed, produced its wonted effect upon the audience. Mario was in splendid voice. His "A te, O cara," vocalized with the utmost finish, was loudly re-demanded; the expressive air, "A una fonte," equally well sung, won a similar compliment; and the great duet with

Elvira, in the third act, excited enthusiastic demonstrations of approval from the audience. Tamburini's Riccardo exhibited its usual excellences. His florid execution was remarkable for ease and finish, and his declamatory singing was as forcible and effective as ever. The opera excited great enthusiasm throughout, and all the principals were recalled at the fall of the curtain.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE-ROYAL.—This theatre opened after Easter in a style entirely worthy of Mrs. Warner's previous efforts in support of the impersonation of the "legitimate drama." The appearance of Mr. Macready would have been deemed sufficient *per se* by the majority of managers, to attract and please their audiences, but Mrs. Warner was not so satisfied, but produced the piece of "Hamlet," in a most perfect style. Mr. Macready's impersonation of Hamlet is well known; although possessing many passages of excellent talent, it yet displays perhaps greater defects than any other of the performances of this talented actor. There is too much of that abrupt manner, and too little of that sustained intensity of grief, which characterises the Hamlet of Shakspeare. Hamlet as a prince and philosopher, man though he be, should not be represented as seized by the impulse of the moment into a tone of irritability unbecoming his character; his grief is manly, his madness philosophic, and his entire part the perfect representation of philosophy of the holiest kind, taking an extravagant turn. The public appreciated the exertions of Mrs. Warner, by a crowded attendance, and the audience testified their approbation by respectful attention and judicious applause.

OLYMPIC THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Brooke has been re-engaged, and has re-appeared at this theatre. His performances have been already so extensively noticed in this magazine, that we think it unnecessary to say more than that he sustains the high opinion originally entertained of his talents as an actor. Although few of his performances have equalled and certainly none surpassed his Othello, still he presents points of excellence not to be seen in most of our modern actors. If Mr. Brooke could be induced to throw some of the "mental expression of acting" into his impersonations, they would be much more elegant and successful.

Spectacles of various kinds have been presented to the Easter folks at the Haymarket, Princess's, the Adelphi, Surrey, &c.,—they are not within our province.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE TIMES; OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XI.

“COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.”

ALTHOUGH the meeting of Lord Morden, Lord John Busvell, the Bishop of Lambeth, and Lord Wiltram, had not been preconcerted, it partook to a certain extent of premeditation, as peculiar circumstances then agitating the political world had drawn together, although imperceptibly, the heads of some of the leading parties in the state; the distinguished individuals were, therefore, convened by a certain combination of events, rather than by the usual mode of official communication.

The individuals composing the assemblage, were somewhat at issue; Lord Wiltram, who, although not a dissenter, advocated the political claims of this denomination of Christians, felt somewhat indignant at the way in which his friends had been treated of late; but his indignation being political, was of such a nature as to permit of being raised, or lowered, at pleasure, or as might suit the whim, caprice, or the interests of the indignant party.

The Bishop of Lambeth, who as already stated, had succeeded in creating a new religious party in the state, and in withdrawing himself and them from the dissenters, and with them the emoluments of the Established Church, was desirous of carrying his plans still further, and of establishing an authority in the country, independent of, if not opposed to the secular power.

The success which he had met with amongst the lower and middle classes, that is, the facilities which were afforded to him, and smoothed his way, in realising his principles in the cottage of the poor, and at the hearth of those more

immediately above the labouring classes, had rendered him bold, and he was now about to compete with authority itself, and endeavour to place one of his creatures, in a hostile position to those of a more elevated position in society.

.. He knew that the ground which he had taken was dangerous, and that the principles which he now endeavoured to establish in the high places in the land would be but ill-received by those assailed;—he knew that the evil which drives the poor man from his home, which enters the habitation, and desolates the hearth of the industrious, awakens but little attention;—he knew that it might revel among the thousands, and millions, unchecked and unpunished, whilst, if it approached the favoured few, it would swell into mighty consequence, and be deemed of *national* importance; he knew all this, yet he knew besides, that the attempt must be made:—if not, his success was incomplete,—the grand object of his desire was unattained, and he was still subject to an authority which he ardently desired to cast off: he might fail, it is true, but failure itself would not place him in a worse position; the attempt might excite the fears, and awaken the opposition of those who could alone contend with him; but these, on the other hand, might be allayed, or appeased, and the position which he sought, attained, by some fortuitous and fortunate circumstance or another. Under these circumstances, trusting the issue to his own efforts and those of his supporters, he resolved on making the attempt.

At this period, a vacancy of considerable value and importance had occurred in the Church; it had not been filled up, but the parties interested were, and had been for some time on the alert, and were collecting their strength for the approaching effort.

One of the candidates, in the field, was a man of considerable learning, and unimpeachable character; but he did not belong to the party at the head of which was the Bishop of Lambeth; it was announced too, that he had been promised the support of Lord John Busvell, and the Whigs. These circumstances rendered it necessary that the Bishop should use every exertion to prevent the election of such a man.

Hitherto, the Bishop of Lambeth and Lord John Busvell had not been opposed,—nay, rather, they had supported each other. The efforts so successfully made by the Bishop to detach the Established Church (revenues included) from the dissenters, had met with Lord John's approval; they had

tended to draw closer the bonds between Church and State, and to allocate to the aristocracy those posts of emolument, station, and influence, which were connected with the Church, and were therefore supported by one who expected to derive no inconsiderable advantage for his friends and relations, and much political influence, by such happy results.

These movements were generally supposed to be sanctioned also by those of higher station than either the noble Lord, or the Right Reverend Bishop, and many pointed to more than one of the crowned heads of Europe, who were joined in the plot, and were co-operating with the Bishop and his friends, in the establishment of his sacerdotal despotism.

It is unnecessary to consider the particular reasons which induced this coalition, but that the object was a concentration of power and authority, which might be exercised according to the will of a few individuals in the state cannot be doubted. To include the dissenters, would thwart this object, as their numbers, together with those of the Established Church, would tend to the too great diffusion of the temporal benefits at the disposal of those in high places, and thus interest, and consequently influence would be dispersed amongst so many, as to lessen their importance, and destroy the advantages expected to be derived from them.

A heavy blow and a great discouragement have been recently given to one of the parties to the compact, but he lives in hope, and still trusts to artifice and the chapter of accidents.

Lord John Busvell had observed with satisfaction the progress made by the Bishop of Lambeth, towards the consummation of events, so much to be desired ; and had given to them every support he could, without compromising his political character. The support was of a silent and substantial nature ; it was given through friends, and supporters, and by means of conversations, hints, whispers, letters, *billets doux*, &c. &c., which are well understood by eminent politicians of both sexes to be more effectual in forwarding a cause, supporting a friend, or destroying an enemy, than more public measures. Many a man has been ruined by a whisper, —some few by a hint, and some also have suffered most heavily by a shrug of the shoulder : these are signs not to be misunderstood by the initiated, and resemble the signs of freemasonry, so celebrated in all quarters of the globe. In like manner a significant nod of the head, or contortion of the features, or gentle hint, has made the fortune of more than

one celebrated character. These signs, and hints, declare whether the individual under discussion is one of "a party," or not, and are therefore used to designate whether (as the cant phrase is) "he is one of us."

When shall there be no party amongst men? Are not all men brothers? Shall we ever learn to rise above the prejudices of education, and the evil disposition of our breasts, and, repelling the base desire of raising our own fortunes, by depressing those of others, join heart and hand with each other in the diffusion of peace, in the promotion of prosperity, and the establishment of one brotherhood!

But Lord John Busvell was raising a power, which would, one day confront his own, and shake his authority to the centre; a power before which ministers have fallen, kings have yielded, and nations have succumbed,—the POWER OF A PRIESTHOOD.

How comes it that the clergy, the ministry, the priesthood of all denominations are the most despotic of all men? Protestant or Catholic, Presbyterian or Methodist, Mohammedan or Brahmin, all seem to acquire a thirst for authority, and a disposition to abuse it, as if from their sacred office. And yet, Christianity teaches otherwise, and enjoins its priesthood, that the true Church is not of this world.

It is probable, that from teaching others, they become dogmatic themselves, and from this to despotism the transition is easy. Satisfied perhaps of the correctness of their own opinions, they forget to respect the opinions of others, and would induce, or even coerce all men to think as they do. But for the greater moderation of the laity, the so called religious excesses of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, might be repeated in the nineteenth.

It would be difficult perhaps to excite a Bartholomew massacre, or light a Smithfield fire; but religious intolerance is not extinguished,—it enters our homes, and assails our rights and our liabilities. He who believes the belief of a party, is their favoured child; he who believes otherwise, is to be excluded from his rights and privileges, and his children debarred from the very advantages which their forefathers had bequeathed to them.

The Bishop of Lambeth might prove a Wolsey or a Richieu, but for two circumstances, the first being, that he possessed not the abilities; and the second, that the Age was against the re-establishment of such authorities. Men and

ministers too of modern times, care but little for the fetters that would enslave others, but feel when the chain approaches their own persons, and resist the enslavement. History and experience have taught them a lesson, which is profitable to themselves, if not to others.

It may be well imagined, then, that the position of affairs, at the period of the meeting described, was by no means the most agreeable to the parties concerned ; still apparent friends, each suspected the other, and waited only for that advance in matters which Time would soon effect, to stand forward more prominently in support of his own peculiar views, and those of the circle with whom he revolved, That such was the case, had appeared in a few instances of late, when, as at present, the noble Lord and the Right Reverend Bishop happened to meet.

“ You will always have distress,” replied Lord Wiltram, addressing his observation more directly to Lord Morden, “ in every society, whatever efforts you may make to prevent it ; some will be less able, less provident, than others, and will, at some time or other, fall into distress, and become a burden to others.”

“ Such will be the case, I know,” observed Lord Morden, “ as the infirmities to which human nature is subject, whether of a moral or physical character, will leave a certain portion of the community dependent on the rest, but that this number is great, or need be anything equal to its present amount, I do not believe. Have we guarded sufficiently against those physical infirmities, which throw so many on the public purse ? have we provided for the people wholesome dwellings, or nutritious food, or proper clothing, or have we prevented those moral deformities which are still more productive of losses to the community ? Have we educated the people—have we instructed them sufficiently—have we taught them their duties as men and as Christians ? ”

“ These things have been too much neglected,” observed the Bishop of Lambeth.

“ Let those who condemn the improvidence of the people,” continued Lord Morden, “ declare what they have done to induce them to become provident, or in what manner they have encouraged them to lay aside a portion of their earnings, as an investment for their old age : that they are so disposed, is evident from the large number of clubs amongst them, and the desire which they evince to invest those small sums which they can spare, to advantage.”

"You forget the savings banks," interrupted Lord John Busvell.

"Pardon me, I do not forget them; the savings banks afford too strong evidence of the desire of the people to provide for themselves, to permit of my forgetting them: what might not be expected, if greater inducements were held out to the people to save from their earnings, and invest their money?"

"What do you allude to?" enquired the Bishop of Lambeth.

"I allude to a plan which has long occupied my attention;" replied Lord Morden, "it is that of making the people proprietors of the soil, by means of their own exertions."

"How is that to be accomplished?" enquired Lord Wiltram.

"By offering to the people, both of this country, and of Ireland, the opportunity of becoming proprietors of the waste lands now uncultivated, as soon as they can show that they are possessed of a sufficient sum to cultivate them. There are large tracts of land in both countries, which are most easy of cultivation, and require only a little manual labour to bring them to perfection; these are, at present, unprofitable both to their owners and the country; the former are either unwilling, or unable to cultivate them. In either case, the state should interfere, and render them productive and profitable."

"Would you propose to interfere with private property?" enquired Lord Wiltram.

"Property has its duties, as well as its rights," replied Lord Morden, "and if the State protects the one, it is bound to see that the others are performed, and if not, to interfere when the wants of the nation require it. No injustice need, or should be done, in accomplishing this; the State might become the proprietor of such lands at their present value, and debtors to their proprietors to the amount thereof; by disposing of them to the people, either at a moderate rent, or for a reasonable sum, they would balance their liabilities; the people would gladly cultivate the soil, and in course of time would become interested proprietors of landed property; they would thus provide for themselves, would supply the wants of the country, and so prevent that large importation from abroad, which is at present draining the resources of the country; we see this principle carried out in America and Canada, and other distant countries, why not also at home?"

"But you forget our manufactures, and our commerce," interposed Lord Wiltram.

"Our manufactures would not suffer, as our people would

consume at home, that which they require and now feel the want of, and would thus employ our manufacturers: the same people would, in England, call for our manufactures, who now consume them in the wilds of Canada, the wastes of America, or the dreary solitudes of Australia. Our commerce would be equally benefitted by that increased demand for foreign articles, which a prosperous state of the community would sure to create.

"You have not provided for the moral instruction of the people," observed the Bishop of Lambeth.

"That I would require the clergy of the established Church to attend to."

"They are willing to attend to that duty, but how are the expenses attendant on such to be provided for?" enquired the Bishop.

"The resources of the Church are sufficient to provide for that," replied Lord Morden.

"But on these you have no claim; the resources of the Church belong to the ministry, and are not to be directed to other channels."

"The Church property belongs to the State, interrupted Lord John Busvell, "and may be disposed of by the State."

"Only to Church purposes, amongst which the education of the people cannot be included."

"It was originally intended for such purposes, as also for the maintenance of the poor."

"I am aware of that, my lord; but the progress of events, the increase of intelligence, and the decrees of the State have decided that it should not be applied to the idolatrous and absurd purposes for which it was originally intended, but for the better diffusion of true Christian knowledge."

"But if the State has interfered once, it may again," responded Lord John Busvell.

"You advocate dangerous doctrines, my lord," remarked the Bishop, "which may be extended to other properties than those now in the possession of the Church—I would not advise your lordship to base any of your arguments on the purposes for which Church property was originally bestowed."

"I thank your lordship for the allusion," replied Lord John Busvell, "but my family hold their estates as a gift of the Crown, in return for valuable services rendered in times of danger and difficulty: services which have since been extended through many generations of men, distinguished by their

attachment to their sovereign, their love of their country, and their patriotic defence of its religion, its rights and liberties, in defence of what they have expended, and in some instances, laid down their lives."

"That they have defended the religion, and rights and liberties of the country, I do not deny," replied the Bishop, "but their patriotism in doing so, may be well questioned, as their self-interests prompted them to the sacrifices which they made;—we could find many patriots on such terms."

"I beg to interrupt the conversation," interposed Lord Morden, "these are questions which should not be discussed here, and need not be considered at present; another time, and in another place, they may be resumed."

"The time is coming," said Lord John Busvell, "when their discussion shall be forced upon us, if not by the nation, by the encroachments of the clergy."

"When the discussion arises, it will be a more extensive one than may be desired," responded the Bishop. "The Catholic body are increasing in numbers, and strength, and wealth, and hereafter may assume an attitude as dangerous to the property of many others, as to that of the Church."

"There is nothing to be apprehended from them," retorted Lord John Busvell; "more than three centuries have sealed the rights of the present possessors to their properties; the services which they have rendered their sovereign, and country, have more than equalled the value of that which they hold, independently of their original purchase, and the tendency of the Catholics in all countries is to restrain, not to add to the wealth and authority of the Church. The insane attempt you allude to, could not be made with any prospect of success for some centuries, to come; and even then, I feel persuaded, would be resisted by all who prefer the peace and prosperity of the country to internal dissension produced by a vain effort to settle claims that must be enveloped in obscurity, and which, in many instances rest rather on the faithful services of devoted followers, than on any other pecuniary transfer. It may answer your purpose, my Lord Bishop, to endeavour to excite our alarms, but your efforts will be vain, and will not prevent the state from interfering, wherever, or whenever we may deem it necessary."

The discussion had become warmer than either had anticipated, and had evoked sentiments, which, however generally

entertained, are seldom alluded to, except in private circles. It was evident to all present, that something lay deep in the breasts of the disputants, which neither felt desirous of entering upon at the present moment, but which was already sufficiently prominent to influence the minds and tinge the conversation of those immediately concerned. Time is fast evolving this something from out of the deep abyss of eternity, and it requires only a few revolutions of the mighty orb of day to bring it to light.

And this something, what was it?

Something that lay at the disposal of one or both of the individuals engaged in the discussion ; something that should raise dissension where there should be concord, and diffuse enmity where there should be nought but friendship.

Alas ! that men will be led, and not consult their own heads and their own hearts, instead of blindly following the dictates of others. The indifference of some, the ignorance of others, and the self-interest of not a few, have led many to the adoption of measures, which Christianity condemns, and from which humanity recoils. *The Demon of the Age is Self-Interest.*

By the interposition of Lord Morden the discussion was discontinued, and the conversation diverted to the approaching Derby races.

CHAPTER XII.

A CANDID STATEMENT.

“ WELL, my dear,” said Mrs. Spencer, “ I am surprised that you allow such trifles to annoy you ; I am sure that we should both be contented ; for my part, I have no desire to be present at Almack’s ; what is it, but a few dancing rooms lighted up, where the gentry assemble to dance, and eat and drink, and talk scandal, and make matches.”

“ I shall never forgive her,” replied George Spencer ; “ she cleared five-thousand pounds a few weeks since, by my advice, and now she refuses to interest herself about procuring me and you admission to Almack’s.”

“ Whom do you allude to my dear ? ”

“ To the Countess Millars of course, I have not applied to any other, and should not to her, but that she was under an obligation to me and all but promised me a ticket through her

ambassador, Doctor Squill, in return for the shares I procured her."

"It may be, that Doctor Squill has deceived you, and that he had not the authority of Countess Millars, to promise you a ticket; besides my dear, you recollect she is not a Lady Patroness, and may not have a ticket at her disposal."

"I beg your pardon Mrs. Spencer, she is; having been elected in the place of Lady Pompous, who died a few weeks since."

"But, my dear, what need you care for Almack's; you do not dance the Polka, or any of the fashionable dances, and besides you were never fond of dancing.—I recollect at the county balls, which were given every season at Rockfield, you never joined in any of the amusements."

"Dancing is not my object in seeking to go to Almack's, Mrs. Spencer, I have something else in view."

"What is that, my dear?"

"Something my dear, that will please you. I desire to make acquaintances with the nobility and gentry, and cultivate their friendship, as Sir Robert has all but promised me a baronetcy, if we can only get these rascally Whigs out, and I have no doubt I shall be yet raised to the peerage."

"For my part, my dear George, I have no desire to be Lady Spencer, or to possess any title, beyond that of Mrs. Spencer; will the being a Baronet, or a Lord add to your happiness, or my sharing in such honour increase mine? I am sure we were just as happy in our humble dwelling in Rockfield, as we have ever been since."

"I dare say it is quite possible to be as happy in a cottage, as in a palace, but such is the exception, rather than the rule,—you look upon these things with a woman's eye, and not as we men do."

"How is that my dear."

"These are not empty titles, but confer rank and station on their possessors, which lead to wealth and influence. The laws of the country tend to give these, and the sycophantic spirit of the age which leads men to bow down to those nominally above them, that they may, by such conduct, obtain place, and influence, rather than by their own legitimate exertions, increases and extends them. I want all the influence I can command, at present."

"Have you a new line marked out?"

"No, not exactly; but our wise legislators are about re-

stricting us in the free controul of those lines which we have established, not being contented with our mode of management. We have made their first-class carriages, as comfortable as possible, and as luxurious as their own arm-chairs, yet they upbraid us with the many accidents which have occurred, and the numerous lives lost on our lines, and talk of introducing a bill into the House for the better security of the lives of Her Majesty's subjects. We may however thank the press for their interference, as by its means every trifling accident has been made public, and commented upon. We are accused of treating our second and third-class passengers with cruelty and neglect, and will be required to provide them with better protection from the weather, and better accommodation, and at the same time reduce our fares. My only means of defeating such plans, are, to rally as many of my friends as possible around me in the House, and cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of the nobility and gentry; who, I trust, will exert their influence in our favour. Having succeeded in obtaining the return to the House of some of our railway engineers, contractors, and other immediate supporters, I hope to be able to establish soon, a strong Railway Interest in the House, which will resist such encroachments on our rights. As many members are already deeply interested in railways, our interest will be, I hope, sufficiently strong to prevent such unwarrantable interference with private enterprise.—If we do not, we shall be certainly swamped by the “philanthropic characters” in the House, as they are termed, and by the manufacturing and commercial interests, which desire to see the fares reduced, or the railways taken out of our hands altogether.”

“It is unfortunate that the Whigs are at present in power, your interest would be much stronger if a Conservative ministry were in office.”

“Why yes, we can make something of the Tories, but nothing is to be had from the Whigs. The Tories make no secret of their principle, which is to provide for themselves and friends, a kind office which they style *protection*; they are not therefore so careful of their characters as economists, and possess some generosity; but the Whigs act as the Tories, and yet are obliged to keep up an appearance of economy, and liberality to others; this they do at our expense, and at the expense of every person they can take advantage of; their conduct is universally ‘shabby,’ and never commands respect;

if they succeed in doing anything respectable, it is more by chance, than merit, and they are sure, before long, to destroy any little reputation they may have made by such good fortune, by some disreputable proceeding."

"I cannot understand that a 'party' should be so necessary in the House, to support the railway interest; surely a House of Commons appointed by the nation, should be influenced by national views, and not guided by the interests of any one sect or party."

"We must take things as we find them, my dear; in the House of Commons, at present, each party has its own particular interest to attend to, and each interest has its own party to protect it. The only unprotected body in the assemblage of the representatives of the people, are they who most require protection, namely, the people themselves; the Church is protected by its adherents, in both Houses; the Land is supported by its friends; the Manufacturers have their supporters there; so also have Commerce, Money, and all the great special interests of the nation; but the nation, as such, is unrepresented, and the national interests are therefore neglected."

"I regret then on your account," replied Mrs. Spencer, "that you have not procured admission at Almack's for although you do not prize the amusements there, still I see it is necessary to the objects you have in view; one must join in such idle frivolities, and pay court to the nobility and gentry by countenancing their idle amusements. The Countess Millars may regret her neglect and inattention."

"It is more than probable she will; her intended son-in-law, Lord Wiltram, has become one of the directors of the West-end Junction and Scarborough Railway, and I am very much mistaken if he do not regret his having connected himself with such an affair."

Such was the conversation which ensued between George Spencer, the fortunate railway speculator, and his wife. The success which attended his speculations, had enabled him to establish himself at the west-end in one of its best situations, where he kept an establishment equal to that of the first commoners in the land.

His house was situated in the neighbourhood of Hyde-Park, and was one of the most remarkable in London, from its great height and showy exterior. Its interior was richly furnished, and was well provided with an ample train of servants.

Here George Spencer was in the habit of entertaining, in the most luxurious style, all those whom he expected to make his friends and supporters, especially amongst the higher classes, from his Royal Highness the Duke of Brumberland, to George Bummell, the well-known *attaché* of Lord Adolphus Fitzharriss. His wines, in particular, were excellent, and gained him general credit, and many friends.

Should we censure George Spencer for thus endeavouring to promote his own worldly interests, and, by taking advantage of the Spirit of the Age, promote the grand object he had in view?

Should we not rather censure the object he had in contemplation, or rather his contemplation of such an object to the exclusion of all else? That railways may be advanced, and commercial enterprise promoted by such a spirit, cannot be questioned, but it is only for a season—there are higher—holier purposes for which Man is destined, beyond the mere acquisition of gold and silver, or the attainment of rank and riches, and especially in the more elevated spheres of society—purposes which cannot—will not—be resisted with impunity. He that is blessed (shall we say?) with riches, is bound to look around, and consider the position of those less fortunate than himself, with a view to raise them to a station worthy of the destinies of mankind. Irrespective of all religious doctrines, society itself demands this duty of the wealthy for their own preservation. Its neglect leads to evils, which soon extend their influence to all classes, and threaten to undermine the social fabric itself. Unprotected, uneducated millions are dangerous enemies to wealth and freedom.

Many will scarcely credit, many more will pretend to discredit, the state of the political world as stated by George Spencer, and will contend, perhaps, that it owes its existence to the fervid imagination of the enthusiast.

The stern reality is too apparent to be doubted. The investigation of late years has proved beyond a doubt the existence of evils, practical social evils of the most formidable character, which have resulted from that neglect of the people, and that devotedness to class interests described.

The murmurs of the bruised heart, and wounded spirit, and bent frame may be hushed, but they will be heard, if not in the outbreak of the revolutionist, in the desolation which follows in the wake of Poverty and Ignorance.

THE ANATOMY OF GENIUS.

(Continued from page 446.)

Yet acute sensibility forms the greatest imperfection of genius, its greatest infirmity, its greatest misfortune, rendering its possessor almost unfit for social intercourse, at once the admiration of, and the outcast from, their fellow-men.

The child of genius feels no sympathy with other men, or rather receives no sympathy from them: he has feelings, sensibilities, passions, to which they are, it may be, happily, strangers, and is not understood by them. They pronounce him mad; he regards them as inferiors, flies from their society and seeks in solitary existence, the only relief from the sentiments which afflict him in the expression of his feelings.

Genius is frequently regarded as emanating from Heaven, and partaking of a spiritual character, of a somewhat unearthly nature, but it is the result of peculiar natural structure equally with any other attribute of a mental or corporeal nature. That it descends from Heaven to its favoured child, is a doctrine which, however agreeable, cannot be received: it, of course, emanates from a bounteous Providence, but is produced by his laws which govern and control the affairs of this world, not by his special interposition.

Genius is the result of organisation, and emanates from a refined condition of the cerebral mass, which possesses a degree of organisation superior to that of most other, dependent on increased vascularity, and doubtless some peculiar modification of matter, the exact nature of which it is impossible to ascertain.

This fact is supported by the examination of the brains of eminent individuals, which, with very few exceptions, present a developement greater than that commonly observed; but as this is not always the case, arguments derived from the material developement of the brain are not conclusive.

A very strong proof of organisation being carried farther in men of genius than in most others, is derived from the greater disposition of such men to disease of the mind, and even to madness.

It is a common expression that "genius and madness are closely allied:" this, although doubtless more frequently applied to the moral connection which exists between genius and

madness, is equally true in the physical sense, as the high degree of cerebral organisation which the brain enjoys, conduces to its diseased condition.

The history of numerous men of genius, and of active minds, affords instances of this tendency to mental disease, — Swift, Pitt, Sir Walter Scott, O'Connell, and many others, have died from cerebral disease. The great exercise of the mental function in some of these individuals would doubtless tend to induce cerebral disease, independently of organisation, but so many instances exist of the connection between mental developement and mental disease, as to leave the matter beyond a doubt.

This theory may be opposed by some as apparently advocating the doctrine of materialism, such persons imagining that the mind and soul are one.

Let them prove that such is the case. That the mind emanates from material structure, no physiologist can doubt, but that the mind and soul are the same, is one of those gratuitous doctrines, which although maintained by some eminent writers, rest rather on the imagination than on fact. To enter upon this subject at present, would lead us too far from the object of this paper.

That all great writers have possessed great sensibility, is evident: their writings, the history of their lives, those infirmities of genius so frequently displayed in their intercourse with their fellow-men, attest its presence to an unusual degree, to this they are indebted for the power which, they possessed of delineating the various shades of human passion, for which they have been so remarkable.

It is only thus that we explain their ability to pourtray these so effectually: their acute sensibility enables them to feel for the moment that which they represent, this forms conception, and language succeeds to express the transient sentiments of their breast.

The jealousy of Othello, the philosophic madness of Hamlet, the ardent love of Romeo, were by this means created in Shakspeare's breast; he thus delineated passions almost at pleasure which other individuals would feel only under unusual excitement.

The genius of Poetry, or of writing in general requires a combination of sensibility to feel, conception to develope, and eloquence to express its sentiments in an efficient manner.

The want of any one of these, renders the others of little

avail, and the possessor of the others but an approximation to the poetical character.

Shakespeare in delineating his several characters, "threw himself (to use a common expression) into the character he wished to pourtray, and thus, spoke the actual sentiments of his breast." The extraordinary power which he possessed in this way, to feel and speak the language of Love, Jealousy, Anger, Madness, Sorrow, Mirth, Youth, and Age, are truly wonderful.

To great sensibility, Byron also was indebted for his fine passages; but his sensibility was of a less extensive character than that of Shakespeare, although in delineating some few of the passions, he was not inferior to his brother immortal bard.

Byron was essentially egotistical; hence his most acute sensibilities, and his finest passages have reference to himself, and his real or supposed injuries: this is strongly evidenced in his "Childe Harolde," in numerous passages, but in none perhaps more forcibly or more beautifully than in Canto iii. Stanza xcvi.—

"Could I embody and embosom now,
That which is most within me—could I wreath
My thoughts upon expression, and then throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought and all I seek,
Hear, know, feel, and yet breathe, into *one* word
And that one word were Lightning. I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

This want of extensive sensibility in Byron, incapacitated him from dramatic writing, in which Shakespeare so excelled. The dramas which he has written are imperfect, and contain usually but one character approaching perfection, as Sardapalus, in the Tragedy of the same name, this being the embodiment of Byron's self in another form.

Dante, Rousseau, indeed all celebrated poetical characters have been equally gifted with sensibility.

This then constitutes the great perfection of genius.

(To be continued.)

"WHAT THE WAVES ARE ALWAYS SAYING." *

By W. S. PASSMORE.

Child of sorrow, haste away
 To the realms of endless day :
 Friends in Heaven anxious wait,
 To receive thee at the gate.
 Grieve not, then, at life's decay,
 Child of sorrow haste away !
 Thus the waves are ever singing,
 To the weary solace bringing ;
 Ebb and flow, still beckon they—
 Child of sorrow, haste away !

Still the stream of fleeting breath,
 In the olden fashion—death—
 To the ocean rolls sublime,
 To'ards each dread eternal clime.
 Thine shall be the realms of day,
 Child of sorrow, haste away !
 Thus the waves are always singing,
 To the weary solace bringing ;
 Ebb and flow, still beckon they—
 Child of sorrow, haste away !

Launch, and we thy boat will guide,
 Safely to yon blissful side ;
 Should the deep roll swift and strong,
 Still we'll lull thee with our song.
 Glory waits thee, ne'er delay,
 Child of sorrow, haste away !
 Thus the waves are ever singing,
 To the weary solace bringing ;
 Ebb and flow, still beckon they—
 Child of sorrow, haste away !

Brighton.

* Suggested by the 16th Chapter of "Dombey & Son."

A TALE OF MESMERISM.

BY A. R.

Among the various novelties which the philosophical world has had brought under its notice within the last few years, none perhaps received more attention from the public generally, than those phenomena which, from the name of their "discoverer," have been termed mesmeric. The extraordinary experiments, and their extraordinary results, which from time to time appeared in the public prints, aroused a more than ordinary amount of attention in the public mind, inasmuch as it threatened not only to become a fit subject for the consideration of the medical profession, but also for the world at large. But although these nine-day wonders have nearly all disappeared before the more feasible phenomena of Ether and Chloroform (which have been produced in a less questionable form), there are,—singular to say,—still some few, whose ignorance and superstition make them the dupes of the charlatan, notwithstanding the numerous and unmistakeable proofs which have been brought forward to show the impudence of the imposture.

Among the votaries of Mesmer—soon after the appearance of mesmerists in this country when among other recommendations that of freshness was foremost—was Mr. Stacey Stubbs, a young gentleman who held a tolerably good situation as clerk in a banking-house in the city, and devoted some of his leisure hours to the study of polite literature, science and art. Mr. Stacey Stubbs' hours of business extending from ten till four, left him some useful time for following his favourite pursuit; and to do him justice, his leisure hours were not misapplied. To some little acquaintance with the mysteries of Chemistry, might be added a slight knowledge of Natural History. and the use of the globes; but the crowning climax, was the enthusiasm with which he investigated what he was pleased to call the "truths" of mesmerism; and with what result the sequel will prove. He soon became well known among the little boys of his neighbourhood, most of whom he had made the subject of experiment, in his back attic, in consideration of pence, or sweetmeats; and, as a constant attendant at the lectures of the different Institutions, Stacey Stubbs

became acquainted with numerous professors of the science of Animal Magnetism,—as it was then called,—and, encouraged by their instructions, he continued his investigations in the back attic with renewed vigour. But, singular to relate, Tom Cagsby,—the fellow-clerk and fellow-lodger of Mr. Stacey Stubbs,—was just as much an opponent of the science as his friend was an enthusiast in favour of it. Hence arose much playful *badinage* on the part of Tom Cagsby, who was perhaps checked more by a knowledge of the fact that Stacey was his senior in the office, than by any respect he might entertain for the science of which Mr. Stubbs was so zealous a votary. Although Tom Cagsby entered fully into the fun of sticking pins into the fleshy parts of little boys, with which the professor supplied Mr. Stubbs for the purpose of experiments, still, he was no proselyte, never having been able to produce a similar effect on any but those connected with “the institution.” It is true that sometimes Mary, the maid of all-work, would go into hysterics after a few “passes,” but, beyond that—which a little cold water would at all times put straight—no effects could be produced. All these little circumstances conspired to make Tom somewhat sceptical; and after having acceded to his friend’s request, in giving the subject a fair share of his consideration, he made up his mind, that it was,—to use his own expression—“all gammon.”

Now, it must be conceded, that Tom Cagsby was not cut out for a man of science, which may perhaps in some measure account for his indifference to the mysteries of mesmerism. He felt considerably more confidence in the effect of a full-flavoured Havannah, (which he bought by the pound of a friend, who told him as a great secret that they were smuggled) coupled with a glass of gin-and-water, (cold without), believing these agents infinitely more capable of producing more decided effects on the system than any mesmeric phenomena he had ever witnessed; and in this particular, Mr. Stubbs’ conscience compelled him to allow that his friend had some real evidence, whereon to form an opinion; for the repeated occasions which Tom Cagsby had given for the due development of mesmeric phenomena, on his own proper person, and that too without any satisfactory results, induced the scientific Stubbs to admit, that in the case of his friend, gin-and-water, and tobacco were infinitely more potent agents than animal magnetism. Still, the ill success of what Mr. Stubbs was pleased to call an exceptional case, by no means tended to

diminish his zeal in the cause of science ;—on the contrary, he endeavoured to discover the reasons which possibly influenced such cases, which thus afforded only an additional incentive to investigation.

Time rolled on : Stubbs mesmerised and Tom smoked, and each felt satisfied with himself.

It was one beautiful evening in June that our two friends were seated in their apartment, enjoying the refreshing breeze. Stacey Stubbs was perusing with profound attention the last lecture of Herr Von Gammon, at the Institution ; Tom Cagsby was occupied with his meerschaum.

" I suppose you'll go to Wiggleton's to night Stacey ?" inquired Tom, as a huge column of smoke emerged from his lips. " I expect there'll be a nice party there."

Mr. Stubbs raised his eyes from the book he was reading, and looking at his watch, appeared to arouse himself from his reverie.

" Oh, I suppose it's time to get ready then ; a horrid bore going to evening parties at this time of year : " and whilst these young gentlemen are preparing themselves for the party at the " Wiggleton's," we will make a brief allusion to that estimable family.

Mr. Jonathan Wiggleton was the head clerk in the banking-house of Sir John Frisby Bart. & Co. For five-and-twenty long years had Mr. Wiggleton toiled the live-long day behind the desk of Sir John Frisby Bart. & Co., from ten till four ; and during that term had never been known to ask for a holiday,—not even the day he was married, he having upon that occasion risen a little earlier, that he might go to business as usual. But this did not arise from any want of liberality on the part of his employers : no ; it simply arose from the undeniable business habits peculiar to the man, who seemed firmly impressed with the idea that things could not by any possibility go on pleasantly in the counting-house unless he were there. As a matter of course, Mr. Wiggleton became a valuable servant ; being acquainted with all the ins and outs of the concern, he was referred to on all occasions requiring sober and business-like judgment, when the junior partners found themselves at all at a loss. Mr. Jonathan Wiggleton's own private opinion was, that without him, Sir John Frisby Bart. & Co. could not hold out. His salary was of course increased in proportion to his servitude ; and at the time we speak of him, he had bought a little villa in the neighbourhood

of Islington, within easy access of the hour of business, where he took pleasure in the cultivation of a little garden in front, and one behind the house, the former of which dazzled the eyes of the passers-by, with the brilliancy of the dahlias and sunflowers; whilst the latter displayed some goodly rows of potatoes and cauliflowers, wherewith to deck the hospitable board of the worthy Wiggleton. But the fairest flowers to be seen in the garden of the good clerk, were the two daughters of that worthy man, whose radiant countenance almost made the dahlias droop! Yes; Sarah Wiggleton loved to look for the expanding rosebuds,—to inhale the fragrance of the honeysuckle,—in short to watch with tender care the unfolding flower-cups which decked the little front garden. But Sarah differed from her sister in this respect, that while Emily admired the *beauties* of Nature, she had also an eye to the *utilities* thereof, and could discover as much loveliness in a cauliflower as in a dahlia—because it was useful. But Sarah was younger than Emily, and therefore lacked the more sober judgment of her sister. She thought that playing the guitar and piano were infinitely more graceful employments than mending her stockings, although she could not play a simple air perfectly on either instrument, having neither talent or perseverance to pursue a science requiring a large amount of both, to ensure an efficiency. Her disposition was lively, her love of admiration being somewhat extensive; she was seldom or ever dull, except when worn out with—doing nothing. In person, Sarah had points about her which were prepossessing on those who saw but little of her; dark brown glossy hair in great profusion was worn plain about her face, whilst a tolerably good mouth was shown to some advantage by the appearance of some very white teeth, which were regular in their disposition. A pair of bright black eyes, and a delicate skin, complete her featural qualifications.

Emily Wiggleton had many advantages over her sister, besides that of age. Amongst the most valuable, was that of good common sense, which tempered her judgment in all matters requiring its display. Her observation was keen, and accurate, and her general deportment quiet and unassuming.

Our friend Jonatoan Wiggleton, although a strict economist, had an expanding heart; and as his daughters grew up, he felt that it was his duty to bring them in contact with that portion of society where it was likely they would meet with husbands fit for them. He had a virtuous horror of being in

any way mixed up with his "betters," being possessed of an idea, that ill-assorted marriages, even though backed by wealth and fortune, were bad things at best. Nothing could have induced Mr. Wiggleton to let one of his daughters marry a nobleman for instance,—unless under very peculiar circumstances. With a view of carrying out his own little plans, Mr. Wiggleton always felt bound to patronise his juniors in the same house of business with himself, because he well remembered the time, when he prized such patronage himself.

As Mr. Stacey Stubbs and Mr. Thomas Cagsby were "well-conducted and intelligent young men," to use Mr. Wiggleton's own expression, they were occasionally invited to Islington; and it is upon one of these occasions that we found them, as the reader remembers, preparatory to their visit to the Wiggleton's.

It is not our purpose to follow our young friends, throughout the evening; but shall be content with stating that when the time had arrived to retire, Mr. Stacey Stubbs found himself very busily—but very vainly—endeavouring to persuade Emily Wiggleton of the mysterious truths of mesmerism, for that young lady had too much sense to be deceived.

It would be foreign to our intention to describe minutely the subsequent visits of our two friends to the villa of Mr. Jonathan Wiggleton; Mr. Thomas Cagsby generally having a new song or a new piece which he wished "the girls" to look at, whilst Mr. Stacey Stubbs had some new experiments or novel views to promulgate on his old subject. It soon became obvious that there was something more than at first appeared in the attentions of these young men; and Emily Wiggleton's bright eyes were not backward in discovering that she was an object of interest to one, if not both, of her visitors.

Matters went on thus for some time; and Stacey Stubbs became an altered man—in many respects. Always of a somewhat melancholic temperament he became even more than usually serious, whilst upon the occasions of visiting the Wiggletons all the vivacity his disposition was capable of accommodating seemed to return to him.

* * * * *

"You're not well to-night, Miss Emily," said Mr. Stacey Stubbs, as he sat with the sisters one evening, "you're looking pale—what's the matter?" he inquired.

"Oh! nothing of much import, Mr. Stubbs, thank you," replied Emily, laughing, "perhaps a mesmeric pass or two might cure me, eh!" she observed playfully.

Nothing could have been more after Mr. Stubbs's own heart than an observation of that kind.

"There's no doubt about it—allow me to operate. Miss Sarah, do you object?"

"Not in the least, if Emily agrees," said Sarah.

"Well, it can't hurt me at all events," said Emily, "and who knows? I might become a proselyte!" she observed; and exchanged a very meaning glance with her sister which Mr. Stubbs could not understand.

Mr. Stacey Stubbs had other motives in making Emily the subject of an experiment, besides that of amending her ailments. His firm belief in his science induced him to think that under certain circumstances it was possible to probe the innermost recesses of the soul; and he was anxious to ascertain whether a reciprocity of sentiments existed in the mind of Emily towards himself.

Having composed her countenance as well as she could, Emily seated herself in the required position, whilst her sister Sarah stood by.

Pass after pass was made for some minutes, and still the smile on Emily's face was there. The operator was most inflexible and assiduous. In a few moments, the countenance of the girl became fixed—the eyes gradually closed—and, to the great delight of Mr. Stubbs, who motioned to Sarah, who could scarcely stifle her laughter, to remain quiet—the patient became apparently quite insensible. "This is a good case," whispered Mr. Stubbs to Sarah, who stood smiling by; "she'll begin to talk presently. What would you like to ask her?" Sarah intimated that she did not care. "You'll observe," said Mr. Stubbs, "that when I touch this bump, she'll jump," and with that he touched a certain part of the patient's head, and, as Mr. Stubbs had sagaciously foretold, she started. "And when I put my finger here—she'll sing," said Mr. Stubbs; and in obedience to his touch, Miss Emily commenced "Love was once a little boy." "You see how extraordinary these phenomenon appear," said Mr. Stubbs, as he wiped his brow, from which the perspiration fairly dropped.

Placing his finger again on some part of the head, the operator inquired:—

"Do you know where you are?"

"Yes, to be sure: in my papa's house," said the patient, still appearing in the same stupor, the eyes closed and the limbs motionless; "and there's the garden—and there's my sister—I wish—oh! I wish *he* was here!"

"He! who?" inquired the operator anxiously.

The patient was silent.

A few more passes seem to revive the patient; and Mr. Stubbs, for his own information, essayed a few more questions.

"Is it your papa you wish was here?"

"Oh! no—not papa—if I could only see *him*—I should be so glad—I think *he* loves me! oh dear!" and here the patient sighed.

"What would you tell him?"

"I would tell him that—ahem!—his—his—oh dear!—his attentions have not been thrown away—and that—heigho!—unless he makes haste, I shall be obliged to accept Tom!"

The laughter to which Sarah Wiggleton unwittingly gave way seemed to disturb the patient—who, on awaking, joined her sister in an outburst of hilarity, which somewhat discomforted Mr. Stacey Stubbs.

* * * * *

We need not detain the reader much longer. The information which Mr. Stubbs obtained, had the effect of rousing him to a sense of his position with regard to Emily Wiggleton. Driven to fury almost by the idea that he had a rival in the field, and that rival his own friend Tom Cagsby, that very night he determined not to leave the house, till assured of the state of affairs; and although Emily attempted to laugh the matter off, he took an opportunity, in the absence of Sarah, of declaring himself.

* * * * *

At this very moment Emily Wiggleton is the wife of Stacey Stubbs; and Sarah's cards bear the name of "Mrs. Thomas Cagsby." The mesmeric phenomena have never been forgotten, and have ever since the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs been a fruitful source of mirth and merriment. Strange to say, Emily has not since been susceptible of the influences of this mysterious agent, never being able to command herself with sufficient seriousness for the purpose.

The occurrences of that evening had the effect of making Mr. Stubbs somewhat doubtful; and he never hears of young ladies being the subjects of mesmerism and clairvoyance without being somewhat suspicious of the real merits of the case.

SONG OF "THE RAILWAY KING."

By M. W. H.

HURRAH! hurrah for the rail,
 See how we fly along;
 Though the stoutest hearts may quail,
 We'll raise our jovial song.
 Rouse up the slumb'ring coal,
 Close fast the iron door,
 I'll fly from pole to pole,
 With a giant's strength and roar.
 Let Bacchus quaff the cup,
 To raise his drooping soul,
 We'll fill our measures up
 With heaps of burning coal.
 See how the steam ascends,
 And foams like a living thing,
 Now turn the guage my friends,
 I am the Railway King!
 A mighty giant am I,
 A king of strength and might,
 I pass the winds as I fly,
 And beat the birds in their flight.
 Then hurrah! hurrah! I go,
 No arm shall stay my speed;
 I'll crush it down with a blow,
 And laugh as I do the deed.
 I serve my masters well,
 Better than knights of old;
 I fight their battles myself,
 And fill their purses with gold.
 My train is a gallant band,
 No armour we require;
 We drink from the mountain spring,
 Our food is fuel and fire.
 Then hurrah! hurrah! for the rail,
 In triumph my song I sing;
 My heart shall never fail,
 I am the Railway King.

INTELLECTUAL DEMOCRACY.

BY TRIBUNUS.

At a time when revolutionary movements are agitating the whole of Europe and extending their influence to the remotest quarters of the globe, it may be well to enquire into the causes of these, and the best means of restoring society to that degree of tranquillity so essential to its well-being, and the happiness and prosperity of its members.

Not only are those countries which have been generally regarded as the most oppressed, engaged in these tumults, but even those which have been considered as in the enjoyment of a paternal government. Poland and Austria, Italy and France, Ireland and England, all are agitated, if not equally, to a very great degree at least, and promise rather a continuation of their turbulent state than a return to their former peaceful condition.

The great feature of all these revolutionary proceedings is the same in all these countries: it is an attempt on the part of the people in each state to extend their influence in its government, and so protect their liberties, and direct its authority to their own immediate advantage.

This, however, can hardly be regarded as a selfish movement, as, although many of the parties at present engaged in it may benefit by it, the greater number will derive but little immediate advantage, certainly not so much as they might have attained under the forms of government which they have succeeded in overturning: the advantage is rather prospective than immediate, and is more likely to be enjoyed by the children of the revolutionists than by themselves.

Whatever may be the result of the present movement, whatever *facts* may be hereafter developed, one fact of great importance has already been declared, namely, that the great masses of the people of Europe ardently desire, and are determined to have, a full share in their several governments.

This is a fact which is not to be disregarded, even by the enemies of democratic power; the declaration has been decided and all but universal. It is possible that the intrigues of individuals, the machinations of parties and the designs of ambitious men, may thwart its results; but no efforts will

prevent their ultimate realisation, or negative their consequences. The only thing likely to act in this way, would be a general European war, which, by inflaming men's minds and directing their thoughts to other channels, might give a new turn to the popular feeling, and thus by degrees succeed in re-establishing that state of despotism which has so recently been set aside.

But many circumstances combine to render war distasteful to the nations of Europe. The remembrance of the thirty years' war, has not yet passed away, and its effects are still felt. France looks back to her glorious but vain struggle in the cause of liberty; and whilst she sighs over the ashes of her brave children, slain in the strife, turns with a painful heart to the renewal of another struggle, which may end like the last, in a few noble victories, defeat and discomfiture.

Austria remembers her wonderful efforts at Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, and elsewhere; she thinks of her children slain, her treasures squandered, and her capital violated by the entrance of a conquering army, and would fain avoid a return of such scenes.

Prussia and Russia have similar, although not equally potent reasons for opposing a war. Jena Eylau, and Moscow, have not witnessed the destruction of so many thousands in vain.

England is equally unwilling to encounter a repetition even of Waterloo. It is true that her soil has not been invaded by the foot of the conqueror; nor has she suffered equally with the continental nations; yet, war is not less distasteful to her rulers: the national debt already amounts to eight hundred millions! the interest of which, with the expenses of the country is scarcely met; how is the cost of many years' war to be defrayed? Who is to pay for the slaughter of men? Whence are the millions so necessary, to be procured? Whatever may be the case with other nations, it is certain that we cannot afford another four or five hundred millions for the purpose of placing one more of the curse of Europe—the Bourbon Family—on the throne of France.

But independently of all these considerations, the minds of men are averse to warfare; intelligence has dissipated much of that prejudice which formerly incited man against man; and extended intercourse has enlightened the masses as to the disposition of their neighbours. Each regards the other as composed of men like to themselves, with the same hopes and

fears, the same wants and wishes, the same frames and feelings ; and cannot understand why they should be led on to crush the aspirations of the noble mind, or stifle the cries of the impoverished artizan.

Men do not now contend for the establishment, by the sword, of a faith, which has declared that he who wields the sword, shall perish by the sword ; they are not to be incited by the religious enthusiast, or the bigotted fanatic, or the ambitious priest, or the avaricious minister, or the unprincipled adventurer. They regard religion as an opinion, and as the creature of an education, over which men have but little controul, and will not be induced to assail their brethren at the instigation and for the benefit of designing men.

What are we to gain by a war ? is the demand of the people ; and the reply is *nothing*. Whosoever then may profit by war, it is certain that the people gain but little by it.

All parties therefore, both the rulers and the ruled are averse and opposed to war, although it may be from very different reasons.

Whoever then takes a careful review of the events recently passed, and the mighty demonstrations which have been made over the nations of Europe, must feel the utter hopelessness of any attempt to retard the onward march of the people, and re-establish the throned tyrants who have been driven—from the countries they have deceived—into exile.

That democracy will form an integral part in all future governments in Europe, can hardly be questioned. The only question that can be raised with any degree of reason, is, the extent to which the democratic power is to be admitted, and the form under which it is to be arranged. The form of government, or the mode of administering the democratic power is the principal question. The great desideratum is the establishment of an Intellectual Democracy, on a sure and solid foundation ; and the embodiment of such details as will ensure the free and fair exercise of the democratic authority, without those licentious abuses which are too apt to creep in upon its exercise, and negative or vitiate the result which should flow from its adoption altogether.

That every country is equally well adapted to the possession of the same form of government, cannot be maintained. The Russian serf is not fitted to enjoy the same liberty which the intelligent German, or French, or English citizen demands

and can appreciate. The democratic authority and its administration require, then, modification to suit it to the country in which it is to be exercised.

The term Intellectual Democracy, affords us a standard for our guidance. The intellect, the intelligence of the people will regulate the details.

The people of Germany, France,—and we might add England,—claim the *universal* diffusion of this intellectual democracy; or, in other words, demand universal suffrage. It would be presumptuous to attempt to decide so difficult a question as regards our continental brethren; but the endeavour on behalf of our own country, is perfectly legitimate.

Assuming intellect as the basis for the establishment of a more democratic government than that which we now possess, we confess, that the demands of the labouring classes for universal suffrage, receive our warmest support. The intelligence of the English operative has been rapidly increasing of late years; and now, stands in a position to claim a share in an Intellectual Democracy. It is true that some few may be unfitted to take their places in society as intelligent men; but their number is small, and will be decreasing annually, as education becomes more diffused, and the means of obtaining information is placed more within their reach. It is not their fault that they are not more intelligent, and they should not on this account therefore be excluded from their legitimate power.

Some will object to a suffrage so widely extended, on the grounds of such electors being more within the reach of a bribe, and not being qualified to judge as to the fitness of the several candidates,

These objections are untenable: an extended franchise is the most secure from bribery, as it is all but impossible to bribe thousands, although a few hundreds may be easily purchased. The most independent electoral districts, and the most free from the charge of selling their birthright, are those which possess a numerous constituency. Contrast, in this respect, the metropolitan districts of Mary-le-bone, Westminster, Lambeth, Tower Hamlets, &c., with those of Horsham, Harwich, and Stamford, and how immeasurably superior do the former appear in our estimation.

That all electors would be capable of judging as to the fitness of the several candidates, is not perhaps to be expected under an universal suffrage; but their choice would be that of the

majority, and therefore it is highly probable would not be an injudicious one: besides, we may ask, is the selection of candidates at present a fit or becoming one? The strongest supporter of the existing state of things cannot sustain them by any argument derived from the selection made by the electors in returning the present House of Commons.

The history of Rome, Greece, Venice, Genoa, and other ancient states, afford many arguments in favour of popular power, or rather in favour of an intellectual democracy; but we have no occasion to resort to ancient history; the modern example of America, is in its favour. Under its auspices a new land has rapidly advanced in the Arts and Sciences, and already rivals (although not yet a century in existence) the oldest nation of Europe in the products of peace and the materials of war.

The exercise of the democratic power in America has been, it is true, frequently abused; but the abuses attendant upon it have not at all approached to those of despotic institutions, and have been more than counterbalanced by the numerous great and solid advantages derived from the exercise of democracy.

Where an Intellectual Democracy is established, and is carried out by appropriate details, it matters little what form of government may be adopted. In England, the monarchical form is supported by the majority of the nation, and limited as it is, presents one of the best models for a paternal constitution; the triple power vested in the Monarch, the Lords, and the Commons, if properly exercised, would be productive of many advantages.

But this is not so: the Monarch is surrounded by a Court, which is characterised by profuse expenditure and reckless extravagance, which is to be provided for by the nation. The Lords have become insolent, and have violated the privileges of the people, the Commons do not deserve the name—they are not returned by the commons or people.

These abuses spring, and are almost inseparable, from any monarchical form of government, and are with difficulty resisted and with difficulty overcome: the Monarch or the Lords constantly encroaching on the popular rights for their own advantage, these become gradually contracted, until the Monarch finds it necessary to resort to the people for his own protection, or the people have recourse to measures for the vin-

dication of their rights, which lead either to a reformation or a revolution.

The British Constitution then approaches to perfection in theory, but in practice it fails to realise the good which should be expected from it. The unceasing efforts on the part of the Monarch and the Lords to encroach on the people, and the constant struggles of these to protect their rights and liberties, too frequently leads to a discordant state of society which is neither advantageous nor enviable.

The British Constitution therefore does not present to any of the nations who are now engaged in constructing a form of government, a model which is to be more than imitated; its abuses must be carefully provided against in time; those who make an exact copy of it will be miserably disappointed.

The recent events in Paris afford much cause for congratulation, and strong evidence in support of an Intellectual Democracy, a traitor king has been deposed, a dynasty has been overthrown, the Bourbon curse has been expelled from France, a government has been formed, property has been respected, and peace preserved by the voluntary heroism of an Intellectual Democracy.

Shall we be laggards in the march of Intellect? in the manifestation of Intellectual power? No! Heaven forbid! Impelled by the growing intelligence of the age, by the ardent desire that is springing up for the possession of manly liberty, and incited by the wants and wishes of a people deprived of that which is necessary to both mind and body, to pander to the licentiousness of an extravagant nobility, a tyrant oligarchy, and an insolent and profligate priesthood, an advance must be made to place the Rights and Liberties and Privileges of the Nation secure from the extravagance of Monarchs, the insatiate rapacity of Lords, or the political profligacy of a servile Commons.

Who shall accomplish this? AN INTELLECTUAL DEMOCRACY.

ON HEARING MUSIC.

How soon those soothing sounds depart,
 And cease to fill the air !
 With rapture they entrance my heart,
 And find an echo there !
 Oh—lady fair ! renew that strain,
 That filled me with delight ;
 Touch the sweet lyre but once again,
 But once again to-night ;
 And let me while its music flows,
 Reflect on mortals fate,
 The mournful thoughts its strains disclose,
 That I may estimate.
 'Tis ever thus with Happiness !
 As fleeting Time rolls on ;
 'Tis but a temporary bliss,
 A moment—and 'tis gone !
 And like the music's balmy breath,
 That glides upon the wind—
 It softly echoes into Death,
 And leaves the wreck behind !

MADEIRA, THE OCEAN FLOWER.

There's a blossom that bloometh in Nature's wild glee,
 And in fragrance it floats on the breast of the sea ;
 And its buds are all ruddy and blooming and gay,
 And it wafteth the perfume of health o'er the spray.
 And the droopings that nestle its petals among,
 Like the changing moths creep from their caves hale and strong ;
 And that bloom of all seasons, the sunshine and show'r,
 Is the joyous Madeira, the bright Ocean Flow'r.
 'Tis the refuge of Beauty when chased by her bane,
 For its breath scares her foe to the offing again ;
 You may quaff of its nectar, its fragrance inhale,
 As 'tis borne on the wings of the life-giving gale ;
 You may bask in its sweetness or bathe in its dew,
 For its balm is soul-healing, enduring, and true.
 In the calm or the tempest, the sunshine and show'r,
 Ever bloometh Madeira, the glad Ocean Flow'r.

LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

BY HENRY VINCENT FALKLAND.

 DRAMA.
(Continued from page 416.)

KEAN.

Will my lady be pleased to ratify the favour shown me by her noble husband?

ELENA.

But.....I really.....

KEAN.

I entreat you.

AMY. *(takes the Count's arm)*

Come, once your wife is possessor of the secret, you will have no difficulty in guessing it. You are a diplomatist.

THE PRINCE. *(takes the Count's other arm)*

And when you know it, you will let us share your fortune, will you not, sir Count? provided always it be not contrary to government orders.

[They lead the Count towards the fire-place.]

ELENA.

Give me the letter, then, since its perusal can exculpate you.

KEAN.

Here.

ELENA. *(reads)*

"Sir, I have called upon you; but have not found you at home. To say, though I have not the honour of your acquaintance, that on the interview will depend the course of my life, is to assure myself that I shall have the pleasure of meeting you to-morrow. Anna Damby to Kean." Thanks, a thousand thanks, sir.....but what answer did you return?

KEAN.

Over the page, my lady.

ELENA. (*reads, while Kean converses with the Prince and Count*)

"I knew not how to see you, Elena; and I dared not write. An opportunity offers, and I seize it. You are aware that the precious moments in which you turn from me to those around you, pass so rapid and tormented, that they mark their passage in my life but by remembrance.....

[*She stops astonished.*]

KEAN. (*coming forward*)

Be pleased to continue, madam.

ELENA. (*reads*)

"I have often considered how a woman of your rank, and who truly loves me, might devote an hour to me without compromising herself, and I have hit upon the following expedient. If this woman loved me sufficiently to give me an hour, in return for which I would give her my life, she might, when passing Drury Lane Theatre order her carriage to stop at the box office, and enter, under pretext of engaging tickets. The box-keeper is devoted to me; so I have desired him to open a secret door communicating with my room, to a lady veiled and in mourning, who would perhaps come and see me the first night I play." Here is your letter, sir.

KEAN.

A thousand thanks, my lady Countess. (*He bows and is about to retire*). Sir Count, my lady, your Highness.....

AMY. (*advancing*)

Well! Elena?

THE PRINCE.

Well! madam?

THE COUNT.

Well! Countess?

ELENA. (*slowly*)

It was a foul slander to accuse Mr. Kean of the abduction of Miss Anna.

KEAN.

I thank you, my lady.

[*Exit.*]

THE PRINCE. (*looking after him*)

Ah! Mr. Kean, you have just been playing a charade which, I assure you, I can easily solve!

So ends the first act. In the second, we have Kean's lodgings, and a scene or two on that actor's foible, the passion for drink. He is asleep on a table, with a pipe in one hand and a bottle of rum in the other; and several of his brethren of the buskin are similarly disposed around him. Salomon, a prompter, who is devotedly attached to Kean, in company with one Pistol, then entertain the audience with long panegyrics on the talent and benevolence of their master—who, at last, wakes up and curses his folly and weakness in having yielded to the bottle on the previous night. "But, what would you have," says he to Salomon, "I cannot amend my life. Besides, an actor should experience all the passions, in order the better to delineate them. I study them upon myself, and it is the best way of learning." Miss Anna Damby, the young girl already mentioned, then comes by appointment to Kean, and tells how she has been left a fortune by her parents, how it has been taken from her, how she has been persecuted by Lord Melville, a *roué*; and how she has determined to become an actress—demanding Kean's advice upon the subject. He very honourably exposes all the temptations and miseries which are cloaked behind the tinsel and applause of an histrionic career, and strongly advises her to turn the matter over in her own mind before taking any further steps. And the scene closes.

Alexandre Dumas is very fond of introducing tavern brawls, gamblers, and fights, in his plays, and in the third act he is lavish enough to give us a specimen of all three. This is in the Coal-Hole, whose frequenters Dumas seems well informed of. He says: "John Cooks the boxer, with his company of the ring, is discovered. On the right and reading a newspaper is the constable"—a very necessary addition, M. Dumas, say we. Lord Mervill (the villain of the piece) enters, and calling the host to him: "A young lady, (fancy, modest reader, a young lady seeking refuge in the *Coal-Hole*—oh! Alexandre) will arrive here this evening, and ask for a chamber. Let her have the best your house can afford. Let her have everything she desires. Pay her every attention and respect; for, she is destined to become one of the first ladies in England. And here is for your trouble." Lord Mervill goes out, and Kean comes upon the stage again; when the conversation and *action* that ensue are so characteristic of the author and his stage heroes in general, that we cannot refrain from laying a portion

before the reader. Kean is disguised as a sailor—why, we are not informed.

KEAN.

Master Peter Patt !

PETER.

Ah ! is't yer' honour ?

KEAN.

In *propria persona*. And now for supper.

PETER.

They are preparing it in the hall.

KEAN.

It is well. (*Sits down at a table opposite the constable*). In the meantime, let me have something to drink.

PETER.

Ale or porter, sir ?

KEAN.

Do you take me for a Fleming, hound ! Champagne of course. (*Peter serves him*). And no one has been here ?

PETER.

None, sir.

KEAN.

See how the supper is getting on.....I fancy it will be overcooked.

PETER.

Yes, yer' honour. [*Exit.*]

JOHN COOKS.

I must see what metal that fellow's made of...(*To his comrades*) Let me alone a moment and we shall have some game.

SECOND DRINKER.

What are you going to do ?

JOHN COOKS.

Mark my words ! if he swallow a glass of that champagne before me, my name's not John Cooks. (*Swaggers up to Kean*). There appears to have been good sport at the North Pole this season, my pretty whaler, and that... ..

KEAN. (*looking at him*)

What's the matter with your eye ?

JOHN COOKS.

And that we have turned the oil into champagne.

KEAN.

You should apply leeches to it, my man, for it's not handsome.
[*He pours champagne into his glass.*]

JOHN COOKS. (*takes up the glass*)

Nothing could be more delicious. [*Drink and sets down the glass ; Kean meantime watching him.*]

KEAN.

Unless you would have another black eye, which is easily done, you had better not repeat that trick.

JOHN COOKS.

You don't mean it !

KEAN. (*filling again*)

I do.

JOHN COOKS.

Then I may try another ?

KEAN.

Gratis.

JOHN COOKS. (*drinks*)

Here's to the merchants !

KEAN. (*pulls off his coat*)

Thank you, friend.

JOHN COOKS.

Ah ! you understand the science ?

KEAN. (*pulls off his waistcoat*)

Yes, and I will answer for it's effect.

JOHN COOKS. (*laughing*)

Ah ! Ah !

ALL.

Bravo ! bravo !

[*Enter Peter*]

PETER. (*to Cooks*)

What are you up to now ?

JOHN COOKS.

You'll see once I'm ready.

PETER. (*to Kean*)

What's yer honour about?

KEAN.

One moment, and you will learn.

PETER. (*to Cooks*)

But do you know who you're fighting with?

JOHN COOKS.

That's no business of mine.

PETER.

Constable ! [*The constable mounts upon a chair, the better to see the sport.*]

CONSTABLE.

Let alone, stupid—you'll spoil the fun.

PETER.

Well! well! fight if you're determined. [*Exit.*]

[*Appropriate music to be played while Kean and Cooks box. After a few rounds, the latter receives a blow upon his other eye and falls into the arms of his friends. Kean re-dresses himself and sits down again.*]

It seems a settled point among the French writers that all our countrymen have practised the art of self-defence, and that they devote their moments of leisure to boxing, drinking, &c., &c. This was in a measure unfortunately true about a century ago, when it may have attracted the attention of the authors of that day, as we know it did from Corrine's relation to the inanimate Nelvil of her youth in England. But ask a Frenchman his opinion of us now-a-days, and it is just the same. "These English do nothing but drink porter, eat *ros-bif*, box, and swear *damm*." And this portrait of us is nourished by such scenes as the one we have just quoted and by their public instructors. They imagine that every Englishman has a bull-dog constantly at his side, whether he be walking or in the house, and to such an extreme is this idea carried, that at the "Ambigu" in Paris, a theatre corresponding to our "Surrey," where English characters are frequently represented, and generally as wicked lords, coiners, boxers, et cetera, it was found necessary to keep a few *property bull-bogs*. Be this as it may, one thing, however, is certain, that with all our

prize-fighting—which disgusting exhibitions, alas! are much too frequent—we never butcher one another in cold blood as these polished Parisians do during their periodical revolutions!

But to return to Kean whom we left victorious. The constable and he get very intimate and finish two bottles of champagne together: this was policy in the actor—but, restrain your curiosity, gracious reader; Alexandre will show how, all in good time. While Kean is out, Miss Anna Damby enters, who is shown to the best chamber; an attention she attributes to his anticipating kindness, while, in reality, she owes it to Lord Mervill, as already seen.

A monologue, by Salomon, the prompter, contains some truth, and in justice to Dumas, here it is.

SALOMON.

(seated where the constable was and taking up the newspapers.

Ah! let me see what they say about our last representation of Othello. Hum, hum. Paris; Saint Petersburg; Vienna. What do they mean by filling their papers with politics and news from France, Russia, and Austria? who reads them I should like to know? Ah! “Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Kean in Othello. There was a thin house here yesterday...” Five hundred people were turned back, that’s all. “The miserable choice of pieces.” That’s rich: Othello and a Midsummer’s Night Dream, Shakspeare’s masterpieces both in one evening. “The inefficiency of the performers...” Yes; the whole strength of the company—Miss O’Neill, Mrs. Siddons, and Kean, the immortal Kean. “The frantic acting of Kean who makes Othello a savage.” Well! and should he make him a fashionable? *(Looks at the signature of the article.)* Ah! this does not astonish me: “Cooksman”—too well known. Shame! shame! and these are the men who judge and condemn. *(Takes another paper.)* Ah! here is quite a different thing: it is by Brixon, who takes care to write his own critiques. -The public don’t know that, but we do. Let’s see. “The performance at Drury Lane yesterday was magnificent; the doors were besieged at an early hour and half who attempted admission were disappointed. ‘The grand and wily Iago,’ that was the part he took, “was splendidly played by Mr. Brixon.” He does not mince matters at any rate. “The weakness of the actor entrusted with the part of Othello...” This fellow finds it too weak, the other too strong. “only served to bring

out the depth of our celebrated..." (*He throws down the paper.*) A plot! a plot! I thank my stars I'm only a prompter!

Kean learns from Salomon that the bailiffs are at his house, whereupon he determines on remaining at the Coal-Hole for the present. Miss Anna meets him and, after some explanations, they both find out that Lord Mervill has been playing tricks. The constable offers her his protection, and the twain retire. Then Lord Mervill comes in masqued, and Kean and he quarrel, which bring us on to act the fourth.

Here we are introduced behind the scenes at Drury-Lane—Kean's dressing-room, in which Pistol and Salomon are discovered preparing "eau sucrée" for the actor. This last enters in a towering passion which so frightens Pistol that he is off like a shot. Kean informs Salomon that the bailiffs are pursuing him, and inveighs bitterly against his lot. He declares that he led a much happier life when merely a mountebank, and that he is determined to take to it again. He says: Let placards be posted all over London that Kean the clown will perform feats of strength in Regent-Street, on condition that he receives five guineas per window, and in eight days my fortune will be made, for everyone will rush to see how Hamlet walks on his head, and how Othello cuts summersets." The good prompter tries to bring him to reason but without avail, and his master, having heard a tap at the secret door, sends him to keep watch outside, whilst he admits the Countess Elena. A love scene ensues wherein the latter calls Kean her *Othello* and he returns the compliment by saying that he will be very jealous of his *Desdemona*—alluding to the attentions paid Elena, not by her husband, but by the Prince; "my friend Wales," as Beau Brummell used to say. He swears by the soul of Shakspeare, however, that if she remains true to him she may command his life. But, hark! a knock; her husband's voice; in a moment she is off by the secret passage and Kean, calling forth his artistic powers, assumes a Joseph Surface look, and admits the Prince, the Count, and Salomon. The former is convinced he heard a woman's voice, "Miss Anna peut-être," but the husband, "with jealousy's quick eye," discovers his wife's fan which he quietly pockets along with wrath, to be produced on a fitter occasion. When they have retired, Elena sends for the fan, and while Kean is vainly seeking it, the

manager calls to ask if he may signal the musicians to strike up. Kean tells him to please himself on that matter, but that he won't stir a peg till the fan be found, as it was "a present from the Prince of Wales." This, of course, is not forthcoming; the public grow impatient; the manager entreats, then threatens; and there is every prospect of a row as bad as those of O. P. celebrity. "Kean has refused to play!"

The prayers of his good genius, Salomon, at length prevail; the tragedian retracts; the manager's anxious look disappears, and radiant with smiles, he steps before the curtain.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have to solicit your kind indulgence on behalf of Mr. Kean, who, finding himself suddenly indisposed, feared he could not do justice to his arduous task, but has at last consented to make the trial."

THE PUBLIC.

Bravo ! bravo ! bravo !

The following is the action of the scene :

[*The manager bows and retires ; the orchestre play "God save the King" !!! ; the curtain ascends upon the parting scene in "Romeo and Juliet." The Countess of Kæfield, the Prince of Wales, and the Count, are in a stage-box ; Lord Mervill in one opposite ; Salomon at his post of prompter.*

JULIETTE.

Ne tourne pas les yeux vers l'horizon vermeil,
Tu peux rester encore, ce n'est point le soleil ;
C' e'tait le rossignol et non pas l'alouette
Dont le chant a frappé ton oreille inquiète.*

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

JULIET.

Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

* JULIET.

Wilt thou begone ? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;

Act 3. Scene v.

The dialogue then proceeds in French, till the words as above in the original tongue.

ROMEO.

Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[Here Kean, who has begun to descend, perceives that the Prince of Wales is in the same box with Elena ; so, instead of making his exit, he ascends upon the stage and comes forward, staring fixedly at them.]

JULIET. *(follows him)*

What does he mean ? *(in a whisper)* Kean, Kean, you have missed your cue.

SALOMON. *(appears at the wing, book in hand)*
Master ! dear master !

JULIET. *(recommencing)*
Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

SALOMON. *(prompting)*
Farewell, farewell ! one kiss.....

KEAN. *(laughs)*
Ah ! ah ! ah !

SALOMON. *(prompting)*
Romeo !

JULIET.
Romeo !

KEAN.
Who calls me Romeo ? who fancies I'm playing Romeo ?

JULIET.
Kean, you're a fool.

KEAN.
But I'm not Romeo...I'm Falstaff...Jack Falstaff companion to the Prince of Wales. Come hither my brave comrades... Poins, Peto, Bardolph, dame Quickly...and fill, fill your glasses, for I am going to drink to the health of the Prince of Wales, the greatest rake and the most conceited fop among us. To the Prince of Wales to whom nothing comes amiss, from a barmaid up to a maid of honour ; to the Prince of Wales who cannot look upon a woman, virtuous or not, without ruining her ; to the Prince of Wales whom I thought my friend, but whose toy I only am...Ah ! royal Prince, 'tis well your person's sacred, else you would have some business with Falstaff.

LORD MERVILL. (*from his box*)
Down with Kean ! down with the actor.

KEAN.

Falstaff...and I am now no more Falstaff than I was Romeo, I am Punchinello, the Falstaff of the streets...A stick for Punch, a stick to thrash Lord Mervill, a stick to thrash the cowardly villain who wears a sword and yet refuses to combat those whom he has ruined, because, forsooth, he is a nobleman, lord, peer...Ah ! yes, a stick to thrash Lord Mervill, and how we'll laugh.....Ah ! how I suffer...help ! [*He falls into the arms of Juliet and Salomon who drag him out.*]

Henceforth all is confusion both among the audience and actors—Mercutio asking “the bloody Tybalt” in a friendly tone what is the matter, and many similar incongruities. For Salomon has announced :

“ Ladies and Gentlemen, the performance can no longer continue : the sun of England is eclipsed, the celebrated, the sublime Kean has been seized with madness.”

A piercing cry is heard from the Countess of Kœfield's box and the curtain falls on act the fourth.

Dumas has reached the verge of probability, has greatly exceeded all actual truth, has given many *novel* readings in the life of Kean ; he must now retrace his steps and mend up matters, or he sets all biography at defiance. These he brings about in his usual felicitous and summary way, accommodating his characters to a conclusion which renders both them and their audience equally delighted.

The Count and Countess become suddenly reconciled ; the Prince of Wales pays off all Kean's debts who thereupon recovers his senses and quits England by the “ Washington ” for New York, carrying with him Anna Damby and faithful Salomon, the prompter.

We have thus given “ Kean ” in detail ; upon its general character we shall offer no further comments, but leave the reader to deduce any he pleases.

Alexandre Dumas has had no small share in preparing the minds of the Parisians for the revolution, now in progress among them, by a new melo-drama, entitled “ Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge,” in which first occurs the Girondist chorus so much in vogue, “ Mourir pour la Patrie.”

And of such are the public instructors in France !

THE COURT OF VERSAILLES.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

IN one of the splendid saloons of the Palace at Versailles, after the royal supper one evening, Louis the Sixteenth stood before a marble table upon which was placed an elegant coffee service. Raising the richly gilt cover from a porcelain sugar basin, he took two lumps of sugar, and letting them fall gently into a cup of boiling coffee, amused himself by watching the small yellow bubbles as they rose from the sinking sugar to the top of his coffee, successively releasing from each fragile prison the air which it contained.

Monsieur de Maurepas approached the king. The revolution was not at that moment contemplated ; but passing events were agitating most minds ; the vase of futurity was full—waiting only the drop, great or small, which was to cause the fatal overflow. The court, persevering in blindness until its last day, was gay, inconsiderate, and wholly devoted to a young and beautiful queen equally gay and inconsiderate. Monsieur de Maurepas was minister, a witty, facetious, old man—or rather a child of threescore years and ten—who would have given a province for a piece of lace for the queen, and a sea-port, that the king might delight in La Belle France and that France be comprised in Versailles for Monsieur de Maurepas, and a few fine forests for the king to hunt in, whilst his subjects laboured for the payment of his taxes.

What do the people complain of ? asked one of the aristocracy, at the beginning of the revolution ; and what do they want ? Have they not hospitals and asylums ?

Monsieur de Maurepas did not even think of hospitals—he thought the people ought first to obey the laws, then to live and die as their destiny appointed, without troubling themselves about their betters. This disdainful indifference, this sacrilegious forgetfulness of the most simple, as well as the most responsible duties of humanity, seems impossible in a prime minister. Nevertheless, it is the true history of Monsieur de Maurepas's political character, that Monsieur de Maurepas, who drew near the king and having waited until his majesty had swallowed several mouthfuls of coffee, said, “How does your majesty like the coffee this evening ?”

“It is excellent,” replied Louis.

“Yes: the mocha is of a most delicious quality; but does your majesty find it to have the usual flavour? the sugar which they have this evening supplied, has it agreeably softened the sharpness of the coffee?”

Louis the Sixteenth was timid, yet obstinate in his temperament, and like his grandfather, Louis XIV., dreaded nothing so much as a jest or *bon-mot* at his expense. Surveying his minister with doubtful looks, then reflecting upon his own high position and the courtier-like habits of his minister, he said rather sternly, “What do you mean, sir? are you dissatisfied with our comptroller of the household? or, do you know of any better coffee than mine?”

“Oh, no! sire; neither one nor the other; but allow me to ask yet another question:—your majesty has put two pieces of sugar into your cup, how much does your majesty think they cost each?”

“Ah! you are about teaching me a lesson on economy, I perceive,” said the king. “Well! well! I shall be delighted with it, come let us see. Sugar costs four francs six sous a pound. I suppose in a pound of sugar there are eighty pieces the size of those in my coffee, that makes it a sou per lump—or, as I am King of France and, as such, pay more for everything than my subjects, my two pieces of sugar would cost me six or eight sous at most.”

“Those two lumps of sugar,” said M. de Maurepas with emphasis, “cost your majesty nothing, they are a present from one of your majesty’s subjects, but to him they cost a louis d’or each.”

“A pretty story truly, Monsieur de Maurepas,” said the king, “if all the sugar eaten in the palace were to cost at that rate, I should have to sell the domain of Rambouillet to sweeten the dauphin’s boiled milk. Explain, sir.”

“Willingly, sire; but first will your majesty condescend to examine this sugar well.” Monsieur de Maurepas emptied the basin on to the marble table, and counted the lumps: there were forty-three; “with the two pieces in your majesty’s cup,” said he, “making forty-five lumps, this pound of sugar costs one thousand and eighty francs. See how sparkling and light it is! just taste it, what an exquisite flavour!—so very sweet, melting in the mouth without leaving the slightest disagreeable flavour behind.”

"Well!" said the king, the grey hairs of his minister keeping his rising temper in order, "well! the sugar is sweet, that is simple enough—would you have it better, pray?"

"But your majesty could never guess what this sugar is made from."

Louis the Sixteenth was not an ignoramus, he had some knowledge of chemistry and its mystical operations. He drew back a little, fearing to be compromised by the mention of some ridiculous amalgamation, then said in a loud tone of voice, "It is cane sugar, Monsieur de Maurepas; but let us talk of something else—the parliament."

"Sire!" said Maurepas, "it is beet root sugar."

"Beet-root! what is beet-root, sir?" asked Louis.

"Sire!" said a little duchess who had listened to the conversation, and waited to snatch an opportunity of making herself remarkable, "beet-root is little red slices of I don't know what, which my people soak in vinegar and eat with salad." The king laughed heartily.

"Sire!" said Monsieur de Maurepas, "beet-root is a very common root in France, much liked by your own brother, and of this root sugar is now made."

This conversation between the king and his minister had excited the curiosity of all the attendants; none had dared to approach lest they should disturb some state scenes, but not a movement of the interlocutors escaped notice. They had seen the minister shew the king his cup of coffee, turn the sugar out on the marble table, and examine every lump. One of the courtiers withdrew into the queen's card-room, and whispered in the ear of a friend, that the king had just taken poison in his coffee-pot. "You terrify me," said the devoted fellow-courtier, "I have had coffee too, and perhaps from the same coffee-pot."

"Don't be alarmed," said the other, "the coffee is not poisoned, it is the sugar, and no one but the king has taken from the prepared basin. We shall have a regency; so I will begone and pay my respects to the dauphin's governess."

The report spread from one to another until it reached the queen, who rose in great agitation, throwing her cards down, she hastened to the king who was still conversing with his minister. "Oh! sire! sire!" exclaimed Marie Antoinette, much agitated.

"What is the matter?" asked the king, "and what brings

you in such haste? how pale you are," added he, with more than usual tenderness in his manner, then filling a glass with water, he threw in several lumps of sugar and, presenting it to his royal consort, said, "drink this, madam, it will revive you—you will also become acquainted with a new kind of sugar."

Monsieur de Maurepas was light and frivolous, but possessed of abundant finesse, he had, moreover, great experience in the tricks of a palace, growing old amidst them: he knew well how to judge from the face of what was passing in the heart. He seized the glass of sugared water from the king and drank it off.

"Oh! thank you," exclaimed Marie Antoinette, putting out her hand to the minister; then turning to the king, she said, gaily, "It is all nothing. I am going back to finish my game."

At that moment, the captain of the guards entered, and hurrying towards Louis, said, "All the palace doors are closed, your majesty may be assured that no one has passed in or out, the last half-hour. The culprit is taken and they are now bringing him before your majesty." Scarcely had he uttered these words ere the saloon doors were thrown open and in marched eight or ten *gardes-du-corps* surrounding a man whose coarse dress and frightened mien bore a striking contrast to the glitter and smiles of a court sparkling with costly diamonds. Monsieur de Maurepas, always self-possessed, made an immediate sign for the military to retire; then advancing towards the astonished and terrified stranger, re-assured him by presenting him to the king, saying, "Sire! this is the good man who filled your majesty's sugar-basin this evening, this is he who makes sugar from vegetables; doubtless he will manufacture cinnamon, pepper, and ginger, next, so that we may soon dispense altogether with our colonies."

Louis perceived that in all that was passing there was something purposely concealed from him, drew the sugar maker aside, and began to converse familiarly with him.

"Has the king really taken poison?" asked Marie Antoinette.

"As much as I have," replied the minister, "we shall die the sweetest death possible—I most happily in having saved your majesty's life, and shared the lot of my sovereign."

"Do not jest, if you please, monsieur," said the queen.

"Madam!" replied the minister, "be assured the affair is nothing more than a case of beet-root sugar: if there be a plot at all, it is against the sugar canes."

“What is it all about this sugar?” asked the queen.

“Madam!” replied Maurepas, “during the regency of the Duc d’Orleans, one Oliver de Serre attracted by the colour of beet-root, thought to make wine from it, but instead of wine he found it contained sugar. The good man died, leaving the receipt of his discovery amongst his papers, which were bought by a Prussian chemist who actually made the first beet-root sugar. This man, with whom the king is talking, has improved the manufacture; and behold the imaginary poison.”

The queen courageously took a piece of sugar from the table and ate it; all the ladies followed her brave example. Maurepas facetiously exclaimed, “Take care, ladies and gentlemen, every lump is worth a louis d’or.”

“It is no better than other sugar,” said her majesty, “and since it is so dear, the taste for it would be ruinous.”

“True:” added Maurepas, “the sample is dear; but the inventor thinks if he could have two millions of francs to establish a sugar bake-house—”

“Two millions of francs for a bake-house!” cried the courtiers with one voice, “oh! fie! ’tis too much, a great deal too much.”

“Sober sir!” cried the king to the manufacturer, “take this snuff-box as a testimony of our gratitude. Our coffee has been well sweetened this evening, it is true; but two millions of francs for your manufactory is too much money—the court are agreed upon this point.”

“Sire!” replied the sugar maker, bowing low, “sooner or later, beet-root will make its way.”

That same evening, Marie Antoinette obtained from Louis his signature which drew from the state coffers three millions of francs for the enriching of the Polignac family. More than fifty years have elapsed since these events; we will not enter upon the fate of the actors in this little history, but, in the significant words of the manufacturer, beet-root “*has made its way.*”

NOCTES DRAMATICÆ.—III.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEEPS INTO SHAKSPEARE."

John Lyly.

(Continued from page 463.)

WE know not whether it be the beauty of the legend or the melody of the name which renders it so peculiarly interesting and charming to us, but of all Lyly's plays we prefer his "Endymion." One who has enshrined the same subject for ever in our heart amid the sweetest music, exquisitely exclaims

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
Its loveliness encreases—

And ever as we think of that long sleep, wherein the love-lorn Endymion lay and "sighed away his soul to Cynthia," does this truth become more heartfelt. How could such a story fail to win our regard towards even the most plain and simply-worded drama? But really the subject seems to have inspired even Lyly himself, and there are often the most beautiful expressions, and throughout the whole an elegance superior to anything which has appeared from his pen. We confess it is some deterioration from its beauty to know that in Cynthia, the divine Cynthia, Lyly affected to exhibit his mistress, Queen Elizabeth, before whom the play was performed, and whose vanity was such that she never had the slightest difficulty in swallowing every camel which might be pawned upon her. Although her reign was glorious, and her ability for public affairs undoubted, her private character we consider contemptible. However, it is not very difficult to separate the mind from this, when we have before us the idea of the "orbed maiden," her dreamy adorer, and the faithful Eumenides.

It is, we believe, superfluous to narrate the plot of "Endymion"—it is too well known. Lyly has drawn the character of Endymion in a dreamy quiet, and spiritual style that is very suitable to the nature of the story, and although Cynthia occasionally breathes too strongly of mortality, she is likewise a charming creation.—It is ludicrous, however, to hear her addressed as "madam" in the good old style of the period,

and tends still further to make her appear of the earth, earthy.

We extract a few lines from the commencement of the play—it is part of a conversation between Endymion and Tellus, his lover ere he fixed his eyes upon his “bright particular star.”

TELL. How now, Endymion, always solitary? no company but your own thoughts? no friend but melancholy fancies?

END. You know (fair Tellus) that the sweet remembrance of your love is the only companion of my life, and thy presence my paradise, so that I am not alone when nobody is with me, and in heaven itself when thou art with me.

TELL. Then you love me, Endymion?

END. Or else I love not Tellus.

TELL. Is it not possible for you, Endymion, to dissemble?

END. Not, Tellus, unless I could make me a woman.

TELL. Do they all dissemble?

END. All but one.

TELL. Who is that?

END. I dare not tell....

TELL. You will be sure I shall take no vantage of your words. But in sooth, Endymion, without more ceremony—is it not Cynthia?

Take heed, Endymion, lest like the wrestler in Olympia, that, striving to lift an impossible weight caught an incurable strain, thou by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach, fall into into a disease without all remedy. But I see thou art now in love with Cynthia.

END. No, Tellus, thou knowest that the stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the clouds never boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley, nor ivy that climbeth up by the elm can ever get hold of the beams of the sun; Cynthia I honour in all humility, whom none ought or dare adventure to love; whose affections are immortal, and virtues infinite! Suffer me, therefore, to gaze on the moon, at whom, were it not for thyself, I would die with wondering.

Far superior to this is the scene of his awakening from his long term of sleep, to find the twig to which he had laid his head had since become a tree. It is really charming, and is less marred by the peculiar bombast of Lyly than other portions of the play. We shall make no apology for transcribing it.

CYNTHIA. Well, let us to Endymion. I will not be so stately (good Endymion) not to stoop to do thee good; and if thy liberty consist in a kiss from me, thou shalt have it. And although my mouth hath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life (though to restore thy youth it be impossible) I will do that to Endymion which never yet mortal man could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter. (*She kisses him.*)

EUM. Madam, he beginneth to stir.

CYN. Soft, Eumenides, stand still.

EUM. Ah! I see his eyes almost open.

CYN. I command thee once again, stir not. I will stand behind him.

PAN. What do I see? Endymion almost awake?

EUM. Endymion! Endymion! art thou deaf or dumb? or hath this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah! my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Eumenides, thy faithful friend; thy faithful Eumenides, who for thy sake hath

been careless of his own content? Speak, Endymion! Endymion! Endymion!

END. Endymion! I call to mind such a name.

EUM. Hast thou forgotten thyself, Endymion? Then I do not marvel thou rememberest not thy friend. I tell thee thou art Endymion, and I Eumenides. Behold also, Cynthia, by whose favour thou art awaked, and by whose virtue thou shalt continue thy natural course.

CYN. Endymion! speak, sweet Endymion! knowest thou not Cynthia?

END. Oh heavens! whom do I behold? Fair Cynthia, divine Cynthia?

CYN. I am Cynthia, and thou Endymion.

END. Endymion! What do I hear? What! a grey beard, hollow eyes, withered body, decayed limbs, and all in one night?

EUM. One night! Thou hast slept here forty years, by what enchantress as yet it is not known: and behold the twig to which thou laidest thy head, is now become a tree. Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

END. Thy name I do remember by the sound. but thy favour I do not yet call to mind: only divine Cynthia, to whom time, fortune, death, and destiny are subject, I see and remember; and in all humility I regard and reverence.

CYN. You shall have good cause to remember Eumenides, who hath for thy safety forsaken his own solace.

END. Am I that Endymion, who was wont in court to lead my life, and in just, tourneys, and arms, to exercise my youth? Am I that Endymion?

EUM. Thou art that Endymion, and I Eumenides: wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance?

END. Ah! sweet Eumenides, I now perceive that thou art he, and that myself have the name of Endymion; but that this should be my body, I doubt: for how could my curled locks be turned to grey hair, and my strong body to a dying weakness, having waxed old, and not knowing it.

CYN. Well, Endymion, arise: awhile sit down, for that thy limbs are stiff and not able to stay thee, and tell us what thou hast seen in thy sleep all this while. What dreams, visions, thoughts, and fortunes: for it is impossible but in so long a time thou shouldst see strange things.

There is much good painting in this, and the scene is brought very vividly before us. Had Lyly always refrained from his absurd Euphneism he would have been far more poetical and esteemed as a writer. Where he has been simple he possesses a grace and gentleness very pleasing. As it is, Lyly cultivated Fancy (which was indeed the source and essential to his new system) to the exclusion of heart and imagination, and his dramas are comparatively cold and unable to excite any considerable emotion of sympathy. The comic portion of this play is ridiculous, and when it does excite laughter it is as much directed at the author as the matter. The support of this branch is Sir Tophas, a shallow-pated fellow, who turns knight-errant, and wages war against the tribes of the birds and fishes and after terrific exploits returns victor over a wren. He is a faint ghost of the immortal Don Quixote, though the shadow is about as like the substance as the invaluable Rosinante was to Bucephalus.

“Midas” was printed in 1592, and contains some good

writing, particularly the commencement of the play and the contention between Apollo and Pan for the palm of music: but we must pass on from this to some others of his works from which we think it more fit and acceptable to present specimens.

"Galathea" is one of his best dramas and has some excellent dialogue, although it is somewhat ludicrous to place the *scene* of a classical drama in Lincolnshire, and to dignify the peasantry with such sounding cognomens. The plot is as follows:—Neptune, enraged at the Danes for having destroyed one of his temples, once overflowed the country, but at length consented to remove the waters, on condition that the chastest and most beautiful virgin in the land should be bound to a particular tree, every five years, as an offering to him—he periodically sending a monster, Agar, to convey or devour the victim. Tityrus and Melibæus, two Lincolnshire peasants, in order to save them from this horrible fate, dress up their daughters, Galathea and Phillida, in male attire. The twain meet and fall in love, each supposing the other to be a man, and their courtship under the mutual mistake as to the sex of the other is very pretty indeed.

PHIL. It is a pity that nature framed you not a woman, having a face so fair, so lovely a countenance, so modest a behaviour.

GAL. There is a tree in Tylos whose nuts have shells like fire and, being cracked, the kernel is but water.

PHIL. What a toy is it to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpose! I say it is a pity you are not a woman.

GAL. I would not wish to be a woman, unless it was because thou art a man.

PHIL. Nay, I do not wish to be a woman, for then I should not love thee. for I have sworn never to love a woman.

GAL. A strange humour in so pretty a youth, and according to mine; for myself will never love a woman.

PHIL. It were a shame if a maiden should be a suitor (a thing hated in that sex), and thou shouldst deny to be her servant.

GAL. What dread riseth in my mind! I fear the boy to be, as I am, a maiden.

PHIL. Tush! It cannot be: his voice shews the contrary.

GAL. Yet I do not think it, for he would then have blushed.

PHIL. Have you ever a sister?

GAL. If I had but one, my brother must needs have two. But, I pray, have you never a one?

PHIL. My father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no sister.

GAL. Aye me! he is as I am, for his speeches be as mine are.

PHIL. What shall I do? either he is subtle, or my sex simple.

Venus at length undertakes to change the sex of one of them, and thus brings about a happy consummation. Cupid is caught at his old tricks, and being made prisoner, is only released on Neptune's foregoing the usual sacrifice.

“The Maid’s Metamorphosis,” another of Lyly’s, produced in 1600, is almost entirely written in blank verse. It is quite a pastoral play, and is founded on the following fable:—Apollo falls in love with Eurymene, and extolling his power as a god, is challenged by her to manifest it in changing her sex. He does so, but she afterwards repenting, induces him to restore her to her original state, when she marries Ascanio, the king’s son, who has fallen in love with her.

The following description is very good indeed, and much unlike his usual style:—

Then in these verdant fields, all richly dyed
With Nature’s gifts and Flora’s painted pride,
There is a goodly spring, whose chrystal streams,
Beset with myrtles, keep back Phœbus’ beams:
There in rich seats, all wrought of ivory,
The Graces sit, listening the melody.
The warbling birds do from their pretty bills
Unite in concord as the brook distills,
Whose gentle murmur, with his buzzing notes,
Is as a base unto their hollow throats,
Garlands beside they wear upon their brows,
Made of all sort of flowers earth allows,
From whence such fragrant sweet perfumes arise,
As you would swear that place is paradise.

Although fairies are introduced elsewhere by Lyly, he has never made them perform so prominent a part as in this play. Their songs somewhat remind one of the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day:
As we dance, the dew doth fall.
Trip it little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we.

FIRST FAIRY. I do came about the copse,
Leaping upon flowers’ tops:
Then I get upon a fly,
She carries me above the sky:
And trip and go.

SECOND FAIRY. When a dew-drop falleth down,
And doth light upon my crown,
Then I shake my head and skip;
And about I trip.

The only play of Lyly’s in blank verse is “The Woman in the Moon.” It is evident, however, it was a style with which he was not familiar. Space will not permit us to enlarge further upon this subject, and we shall therefore bring our cursory

remarks on Lyly's writings to a close by quoting a few lines from this play, which show more feeling than is usual with him. Iphicles, in a passion of love, cries to Pandora—

Will me to dive for pearl into the sea,
To fetch the feathers of the Arabian bird,
The golden apples from Hesperian wood,
Mermaid's glass, Flora's habiliments,
So may I have Pandora for my love.

PAND. He that would do all this must love me well.
And why should he love me and I not him?
Wilt thou, for my sake, go into yon grove,
And we will sing unto the wild bird's notes,
And be as pleasant as the western winds,
That kisses flowers, and wanton's with their leaves?

FREE EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.

(LATE THE CHINESE GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER.)

WE were compelled by the late date of the days fixed for the two Private views of this Society's Exhibition, and the press of matter, to postpone until this number a detailed account of the exhibition.

Some minor details of arrangement we think might have been improved; and we doubt not but they must have already suggested themselves to the committee of management,—such for instance as the placing of Mr. Corbould's historical picture at the lower end of the Gallery, instead of over the entrance: the effect of the whole Gallery is injured by this picture being over the door, whereas, if it had been hung at the opposite end, it would have improved the appearance of that part of the room;—not that Mr. J. Z. Bell's Cartoon is an unworthy performance,—far from it,—for the subject and its treatment are, in our opinion good; and the latter places Mr. Bell in an eminent position among Historical Painters. Another thing is, the bare appearance of the roof. We should suggest, that at the next exhibition, some means were taken to hide the beams, and the canvas lining. We have also great doubts respecting the admission of sculpture; although sculpture acquires purity of tone from a contrast with the tints of oil-pictures, the two arts mutually assisting each other in effect; yet it struck us, that the line of sculpture down the centre, had

the effect of narrowing still more, a narrow gallery. The part at the entrance not used for pictures, might, by introducing a light, be made into a good room for the reception of sculpture.

Visitors must doubtless be surprised at the low line of pictures on each side, so entirely different from the packing process at other exhibitions, where large and small works are piled one upon the other, reckless of finish, or the size of the figures. It seemed that good opportunities have been missed by Artists for the exhibition of whole length portraits, or of historical works; for we fear that a *few* out of the contributors to Westminster Hall, must remain unsold. Why do we not see more than a solitary picture of this class by Mr. Corbould? the upper range now remaining unoccupied, would have accommodated these large works admirably. Another important point is, without infringing upon the rights of exhibitors, (upon the just exercise of which the existence of this society depends) to prove to some of them, that neither their interest nor that of the Institution can be forwarded by the conspicuous placing of certain works on the line; provoking by such ill-judged prominence censures from bilious critics, which are maliciously lavished on the whole society.

The evening exhibitions are calculated to do much good, especially among persons engaged the whole day in business; and we sincerely hope, that the small charge of sixpence for admission, will answer the expectations of the committee: here the tradesman can take his family for an evening's rational amusement, at a small cost,—half the amount of the day exhibitions,—surely, the only place of entertainment—excepting the galleries of the minor theatres—which is open at so small a charge, is infinitely more refining in its influence than the congregating of men in the parlours of public-houses! This first step in advance of other Institutions, is due to the New Society of Artists. The works are all well seen in the evening, and the whole effect is particularly pleasing, but we are of opinion that the light upon the pictures would, be much improved if collected in a central stream of jets, with shades, so as to cast the whole of the light downwards, and also to prevent the dazzling effect upon the eye, which requires some time to adjust itself, in order to examine the pictures.

There are 129 exhibitors, and 519 works contributed, of which 438 are oil-paintings, 69 water-colour paintings, and 12 of sculpture.

WATER-COLOUR ROOM.

493. "St. Paul's departure from the shores of Britain," Mr. E. H. Corbould. This fine drawing is the chief attraction in the room: we remember this picture when it was exhibited at the New Society of Painters in Water-colours, and regret that the taste of the patrons of Art has not induced one of them to purchase a work which in treatment and execution, does honour to the English school of Art, and especially that branch, water-colour painting, which is almost peculiar to this country.

Mr. T. Wright has a very clever and richly-coloured drawing, No. 456. "a view of St. Petersburg from the Trinity Bridge;" also Nos. 459. "Portrait of Michael Prendergast L.L.B. Esq. Recorder of Bedford." 461. "Portrait." 470. "Early Indications," which are deserving of especial notice.

Mr. T. C. Dibdin also contributes some interesting works. 484. "Rosamand's Tower." 494. "Lane scene, Cambridgeshire." 500. "The border stone, Borrowdale," besides some lithographic drawings of oriental architecture.

495. and 496. Two drawings of the hacknied subject "Italian Boys," display much power of execution, and shew that Miss Rayner's capabilities are worthy of better subjects.

Mr. Bell Smith has two pretty portraits, 454. and 457. of "Mrs. B. Smith," and "Mrs. J. M. Boddy and her daughter," also "a Portrait of the Rev. Henry Townley," 486. In addition to these talented contributions, he exhibits a lithographic drawing of "the Sepulchre," 458. after a picture in the Gallery by Mr. Claxton.

Mr. J. Wallis has several works, 463. 465. 471. 476. 479. 482. 483. all landscape subjects, and comprising various effects, evidencing considerable powers.

Mrs. Oliver has also two pretty subjects, 461. "View near Windsor," 464. "Barnard Castle on the Tees."

Messrs. G. R. Lewis, J. F. Redgrave, C. Varley, and Glascott have some landscapes worthy of notice.

Mr. J. Z. Bell has also 507. 508. two cartoons, designs for Frescoes painted by him in the panels of the ceiling of the library, at Muir House; the composition is simple, and the drawing in a pure style.

The engravings are by Mr. W. O. Geller, Mr. T. C. Dibdin, Mr. Bell Smith, Mr. S. B. Geller, and C. Billoin, and are good specimens of the art in its various branches.

We observed in this room two photographic drawings, by Mr. Kilburn, which we presume would be considered inadmissible in other exhibitions. Being great admirers of Nature's works, we are glad to see that this new Society of Artists does not shrink from a comparison with the effects produced by the pencil of Nature.

Before leaving this room, a case of imitative cameos, by Miss Nicholls, attracts attention. The illusion is indeed well managed.

From the Water-colour room to the Gallery of Paintings in oil, is a large space, a portion of which only is occupied by a refreshment room: this is the part which might be rendered available for sculpture.

OIL-PAINTINGS.

For some unaccountable reason, the numbers in the catalogue commence at the farther end of the gallery; but as we apprehend few visitors will walk down without looking at the pictures, we shall begin at the beginning—that is, at the right hand of the entrance, where No. 1. should have been, is No. 202. and a worthy commencement to an exhibition. Mr. T. F. Dicksee has here painted a very interesting girl, in an old-fashioned satin dress, and straw hat. The picture is entitled "Sunday Morning." The expression is modest, and the face pretty; a sweet silvery tone of colour prevails, while all the modern requirements of execution are complied with, the satin being marvellously painted.

197. "Heath scene," Mr. G. F. Phillips. A landscape full of high sentiment, strongly reminding us of I. M. W. Turner's early style, before his predilection for mustard and lobster salads. Some confusion arises, owing to the similarity of colour in the water, to that of the earth.

193. "Portrait of an Ioway Indian," by Mr. G. Catlin, the American traveller; a faithful portrait of a savage, with an unpronounceable name.

182. "A View of the Hudson valley from a terrace fronting the Catskill mountain-house, New York." The horizon is stated to be sixty miles distant: a picture of considerable talent, and interesting to an English eye. The colour of the foliage appears more like small shadows cast by clouds, than the varied tints of green foliage.

181. Another picture by the same Artist, also very interesting. Mr. G. Harvey has also some other minor works.

171. "Interior of the House of Lords," Mr. A. Blaikley. This is the picture of most consequence contributed by this Artist. The centre-part of the picture is particularly happy in the effect and treatment, and has great truth. There is, we think, a want of gradation in the size of the heads in the foreground, and those in the distance of the picture. Owing to this, the heads appear too large. A little crudity of colour mars the effect of this part of the picture, which seems to require glazing.

170. "The Lord Bishop of Jamaica," a good portrait by H. Barraud, with accessories introduced, such as the crosier, &c., not usually met with in portraits of English Ecclesiastics.

162. "A passing shower," by Mr. G. A. Williams; an exquisite picture, by an Artist whose works are seen to advantage,—and deservedly so,—in this gallery.

168. "The young Gleaner," by J. F. Pasmore; a pretty laughing child; but Mr. Pasmore's picture 166. "The shooting Poney," has more pretensions. This Artist has on the other side of the room 252. "The battering Rams," two portraits of sheep, disputing over a turnip, excellently painted, and the woolly texture well represented. In 254. "Fresh Arrivals," fish, flesh, and fowl, are depicted with great power and care; the game is quite equal to Blake's pencilling. A figure of a girl introduced, is not equal to the other parts, and seems to want reference to Nature.

Mr. J. C. Bentley contributes 151. 153. 154. pictures of Welsh scenery; they possess great charm of colour, and facility of handling.

149. "Moses." A picture by Mrs. Robertson, painted with great power, and an originality of treatment, especially in the accessories.

147. "An English market town." A charming picture by G. A. Williams, very true in effect, and almost illusive.

149. "Night, a river scene," Arthur Gilbert; rich in colour, and beautifully touched.

Mr. J. Peel sends 125. "near Clitheroe, Lancashire," 126. "near Greta Bridge, Yorkshire," 129. "Whalley, Lancashire," 130. "Richmond, Yorkshire," and 132. "Thirlmere, Cumberland," all bearing evidence of talent of a high order, a fine fresh eye for colour, and a free pencil;

some of the trees seem to want re-touching, and a closer attention to the drawing to prevent a flat appearance: his distances are admirably managed, and the atmospheric effects given with great truth.

122. "The little sick scholar," Mrs. M'Ian, this accomplished lady has made rapid advances in Art within a very few years. Here is a sweet picture, a touching incident in story of the the Curiosity Shop, transferred to canvass, with a sentiment and power worthily illustrating the great master, Dickens. 14. "Highland Girls grinding Corn," by Mrs. M'Ian, in mere painting and colour more pleasing than No. 122, but the subject is not one of general interest. 120. "The Lesson," by Mrs. M'Ian, a figure of a pretty hazel-eyed girl intent upon mischief.

128. "A Groom in waiting;" 73. "Trespassers," by Mr. A. Corbould. Horses painted in a bold vigorous style, somewhat like that of De Dreux, a French painter of reputation. The colour is rich, with great breadth of effect, but a tendency to blackness.

116. "A Highland Funeral;" 117. "A Highland Still," by Mr. R. R. M'Ian; pictures, well painted, richly coloured, natural in treatment, and full of character.

Mr. T. C. Dibdin contributes 111. "The old Bridge-House at Ambleside;" 112. "Sea Shore between Folkstone and Dover;" 108. "Bridge over the Greata, Keswick;" all of them full of talent and truth.

91. "Helvoit sluys;" 92. "Too late for the Ferry;" two of several pictures by Mr. T. S. Robins, the whole of whose works are characterised by truth of colour, and careful but spirited execution.

89. "Scene from Sir Walter Scott's novel of Woodstock," by Mr. J. G. Middleton; a complicated subject skilfully treated, and the various characters of the personages introduced admirably preserved. The execution is remarkably firm and the colour good.

88. Full-length Portrait of Viscount Neville;" a very good portrait and an acquisition to the Gallery.

Mr. C. Dukes has four pictures, the principal of which is No. 82. "Scene from the Gentle Shepherd." Peggy and Jenny are captivating enough to please anybod's "een." The picture is full of beauties, not only of execution, but of colour. "The temptation of St. Anthony," 78., by the same artist, is a good specimen of his talents.

Mr. W. Oliver contributes Nos. 18. 19. 30. 31. 32. 43. 46. 51. all of them clear in colour and possessing much sentiment; "The ascent of Mount Cenis," in particular, where the effect of a gleam of sunshine is extremely well managed, and the gloomy grandeur of mountainous scenery impressed strongly on the spectator.

25. "Moses," A. Aglio. A composition of an intricate character, calculated for a Fresco picture, by the bright and airy tones of colour.

Several Watteau-like pictures, by Mr. I. D. Wingfield, are on this side of the room, of which 74. "Scene near the Diana, Bushy Park," is very attractive. Gaiety predominates in spite of whalebone and high heels: all his pictures are elaborately executed, and harmonious in colour.

"The place of Embarkation," by Mr. F. W. Hulme. A rich, umbrageous scene, reflected in a clear stream, decorated with architecture, and enlivened by figures: the colouring is extremely rich, and a quiet solemnity is diffused over the picture.

10. "Sunny Gleams," by the same Artist. An effect apparently painted from nature, and with great truth.

2. "Diogenes," by Mr. Bullock. A well painted old head, but wanting in grandeur, and in sentiment necessary to the character of the old cynic.

1. "Little Paul," by H. K. Browne, alias Phiz. A sentimental representation of the sentimental Paul Dombey. The flesh tints are not quite in harmony with the general tone of the picture, but the sweetness of expression in the head, will render it an attractive picture.

Messrs. Hixon, Kidd, and Thorpe, have all contributed pictures which are highly interesting, in their several styles of Art.

On the Platform, Mr. E. J. Niemaun has a finely-painted view on "the Thames at Maidenhead," No. 249. It possesses fresh tones of colour full of truth, and a sentiment, truly English, pervades this picture, as well as his other works. 434. "A study," 427. 430. "Sunset," and 13. "Norwich, a study from nature," hung rather too high for its merits, but we suppose, in a *free* exhibition, he chose the situation for himself.—This picture will repay for a little straining of the eye-sight; it is remarkably beautiful, but the introduction of an immense cloud produces a singular effect.

432. "The Jester," a good study, by T. F. Dicksee.

423. "On the River Wharf," by Mr. P. W. Elen, a small subject, but very prettily painted.

"Olivia," by Mr. Bell Smith, a picture of a figure with a sweet sentiment and charming colour. Nos. 414 and 412 are also by the same artist.

401. "The Evening Star," by Mr. R. Scott Lauder, R.S.A. This picture is one of the gems of the Gallery.—A beautiful female figure holding an infant; pure in sentiment, and an echo of Byron's tenderness of feeling, quoted in the illustration. The drawing is good, the colour exquisite, rich and deep, without crudity. 400. "The Tomb of Shakspeare," by the same artist, a happy thought fully and successfully carried out. The great Scott meditating on the tomb of the greater Shakspeare; colour is here again rendered the vehicle of sentiment. This picture, as well as the preceding one, would do honour to any gallery of Art. 402. "Dick Tinto shewing Peter Pattison his sketch of the Bride of Lammermoor," by Mr. Lauder. Pattison is evidently Sir Walter Scott. This picture we remember to have seen before, but it is so good, that we can bear to see it again with increased pleasure. "Amine on the Raft," by the same, from the Phantom Ship, an extraordinary effect produced by very little more than varied hues of grey; the picture is more interesting for the wild sky and sea, than for the figure introduced on the raft.

397. "An Indian Council." 398. "The Eagle Dance." 399. "The Author sketching amongst a herd of American Bisons," by Mr. G. Catlin. The two first are characteristic representations of the Indian ceremonies and painted with considerable dexterity, but the Author sketching the Bisons is indeed the pursuit of knowledge under difficulty—think of coolly sketching, wrapped up in white wolf-skins, while some hundreds of Bisons are scampering about like—we will not say what! These subjects are interesting records of people who are fast disappearing from the earth, and such pictures have claims on our attention beyond those of mere manual skill.

391. "Eel Traps." 392. "A Warm Day." 393. "Approaching Shower," by Mr. S. R. Percy. Three charming specimens by this artist's pencil, the two latter especially.

387. "L'Allegro," by Mr. M. Claxton, a lightly-formed female figure tripping gaily; the head is classical and beautiful, and the figure drawn with skill and well coloured. 389. "The

Tangled Skein, a Knotty Question," by the same, not quite so suited to the artist's powers as "L'Allegro," and 386. "Zephyr and Aurora," which has the same high qualities as "L'Allegro."

Mr. W. Kidd is in strength at this part of the room—Nos. 375. 376. 377. 379. 380. 376. "The Jolly Beggars," is a richly-coloured composition, with a powerful effect, and rampant in character. 377. "The Astrologer," is painted with great skill, but the figure is not quite what we could wish. 379. "The Miser's Alarm," a clever picture of an oft-told tale.

372. "A Woodland River Side," by A. W. Williams, and 371. "A Scene in Knowle Park, Kent," by the same, of which, 372 is to us a charming picture of essentially English scenery. The tones of colour, the effect and handling, are really beautiful, and evince a mastery of the pencil which, properly exercised, will place his name high in the English school of landscape.

368. "An English Pastoral," and 369. "The Redeemer," a study for a Fresco, by Mr. C. Lucy, pleasing specimens of his talent. "The Redeemer" shows a high feeling for religious subjects, and the colour is beautiful.

364. "Fish Market in the Jews' Quarter," by W. Oliver, a ruin in Rome, rich in colour, and drawn with great power.

"The Thames from Richmond Hill," by W. J. Lukeing, a clever picture of this celebrated spot.

352. "Study from Nature," Mr. E. J. Cobbett. A study by an artist whose works we would wish to see more of in this Gallery.

350. "Ruth and Naomi," W. P. Salter, a subject conceived with great elevation of thought, but unequal in parts, not from want of power, but from apparent want of finish. The expression in the heads is fine, and the head of the youngest female well drawn and painted, the sky and back-ground are well introduced and good in colour.

330. "Trotty Veck and Meg," by Mr. W. Dendy. The head of Trotty well conceived and good in expression, the composition is well contrived, but unfortunately Trotty's hands are large—even allowing for his want of high blood.

339. "Portrait of a Gentleman," by A. Corbould, a highly-finished portrait, rich in colouring and deep in tone.

326. "The Virgin Mary," by Mrs. Robertson, a well-drawn

and good half-length portrait with great richness of general colouring and particular portions beautiful in colour, but it is not the Virgin Mary.

321. 322. "A Mill and Lock on the Thames," and "A Timber Yard at Chiddingstone, Kent," two of Mr. S. R. Percy's beautiful works, possessing qualities which, if associated with variety of effects, will render his pictures as valuable as the works of the Dutch masters.

318. "Friar Bacon in his Laboratory," by W. B. Scott, a picture of talent, somewhat German in feeling and treatment.

317. "A Scene in Italian Life," by Mr. Robert M'Innes. This picture was formerly exhibited at the Royal Academy, where its talent was appreciated, but it appears to greater advantage here, owing to its being placed in an excellent light, and to its being extensively re-painted.

319. "Misty Corries—Haunts of the Red Deer," a magnificent mountainous scene, by Mr. M'Culloch, R.S.A. The character of the rock is perfect, and the management of the entire picture conducted with skill. We are happy to hear that this fine picture has been purchased for two hundred pounds.

311. "Portrait of Mr. Tilbury," by Mr. R. B. Davis, a good specimen of the style of this well-known artist.

309. "Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusades," a large composition by Mr. D. Scott, R.S.A. There is much transparency and rich colour in this work, but it seems to have changed rather horny in its general tone. Individual character has been studied, and there is a sentiment and energy expressed by the principal figure befitting a work of this kind. The composition has a tendency to range in straight lines, which somewhat mars the general effect of this otherwise excellent picture.

308. "Whole-length Portrait of the Rev. B. H. Kennedy, D.D.," a good portrait and a valuable contribution to the Gallery, by Mr. J. E. Lauder, R.S.A., who also contributes three other works, Nos. 435. 436. 437. of which the latter is a fine picture,—"A Scene from the Tempest." The Miranda is not scarcely what we could wish, but the rest of the picture is vigorous in composition, in light and shade, and colour, evidently founded upon a judicious study of the Venetian school.

Mr. L. J. Wood contributed seven pictures, all of them good, especially the subjects selected at Rouen, Nos. 300. "Church of St. Mailon;" 303. "Rue de la Grosse Hologe;" 306. "Rue de l'Epicierès."

"The Bath," by Mr. T. H. Campbell, an academy study, carefully painted.

Messrs. W. and H. Barraud have ten pictures—282. "Companions in Arms," a good thought and beautifully painted. 286. "The Court-Yard," another excellent picture, the architecture and figures painted with great care. 281. "A Royalist Family taken Prisoners by the Puritans:" it is the principal work by Messrs. Barraud; the story is well told, the expression of the wounded man just, and well contrasted by the violent gesticulations of the fanatical preacher.

291. "Watt's first experiment on Steam," by Mr. R. W. Buss. This picture we think to have seen before; the meditative figure of the future great engineer is successful, and the picture records an interesting trait of character of a man whose genius has operated beneficially on society.

274. "The Borders of Staffordshire and Derbyshire," by Mr. Peel, one of his best pictures—the distance perfectly beautiful.

Mr. W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A. sends four pictures, of which, 263. "Phædra and Cymocles," is the most successful.

259. "The Despair of Othello," by Mr. A. Christa, an original treatment of this subject, and a fine picture in sentiment and colour: the figure of Othello might perhaps have been more elegant.

276. 275. 274. Pictures by Mr. R. Sayers, containing some qualities,—of which simplicity is the most prominent.

Messrs. P. W. Elen, G. R. Lewis, and I. C. A. Duvall, have some interesting pictures at this part of the room, especially 238. "Fishing Boats," by Mr. Robins, and 236. and 237. "A Rocky Stream," and "Trout Stream," by Mr. P. W. Elen.

265. "Rebecca at the Well," by Mr. Le Jeune, a good specimen of this Artist's powers.

232. "Mob Tyranny," by Mr. R. W. Buss. A lengthy quotation explains the subject of the picture,—the destruction of the original spinning jenny, invented by a poor weaver. The mischief has been wrought by a lawless mob, an incident not inapplicable to the present times. The artist has been successful in depicting the quiet suffering of the poor man, his wife and children, who in silent grief view the destruction of their means of living. Below this picture is 234. "Hogarth at School," by the same. The wicked urchin has been

caricaturing his schoolmistress, who, to punish him, has put on him the fool's cap; the boy's expression is what Hogarth's might have been, when being lectured by his schoolmistress. Pretty in colour and effect.

225. "Anna Page and Slender," by Mr. R. W. Buss; one of the best Shaksperian subjects this artist has painted. 251. "The Marquis of Worcester, while a Prisoner in the Tower, discovering the Steam Engine, 1663;" another picture by the same artist; an interesting subject, treated in an artist-like manner.

231. "The Palace Garden," by Mr. J. D. Wingfield, deserves notice.

230. A good likeness of the "Rev. Robert Montgomery," by Fernando Giachosa.

Mrs. Oliver has a number of exceedingly clear landscapes, of which, "Richmond in Yorkshire," No. 226 is the largest and most attractive. 220. "At Penhurst, Kent," by the same: a pretty study from nature; so is 228. "Near Minster, Kent."

222. "The Castle Wall," by Mr. W. B. Scott. A well-chosen subject—a lady and family witnessing a fierce combat from the ramparts of her castle, while her husband is engaged in a hand-to-hand deadly struggle with his opponent. The effect and colour varied and harmonious; some parts of the picture exquisitely painted; the heads have good expression, but want beauty of form and colour.

218. "The Champion," by Mr. E. Corbould: a bold, dashing picture, from his cartoon which was exhibited in Westminster Hall. 203. is by Mr. E. Corbould. The subject is "William Eynesham publishing the news of the defeat of the Lancasterians at the Battle of Towton Field." This large picture, which is quite an ornament to the Gallery, is one which shews that Mr. E. Corbould possesses a command over the material of painting equal to execute any subject: a more vigorous picture, as regards the execution, was not to be found throughout the whole collection at Westminster Hall: the draperies, armour, weapons, &c., are masterly in the touch. It is to be regretted that so much talent for Historical Art had not been bestowed on a subject of more importance.

219. "The Loose Box:" another of Mr. Alfred Corbould's bold pictures of animals.

216. "The First Translation of the Bible into English," by Mr. F. M. Brown. One of the best pictures in the exhi-

bition ; treated with an exalted feeling, simplicity itself, with no ostentatious parade of the early style of art ; the colour is extremely pleasing ; the attitudes, and expressions of the heads, dignified and quiet. A picture possessing such high qualities of Art as this, would do honour to any gallery or exhibition, English or foreign.

204. "The Welcome of the Boy-King, Henry VI., into London." A large water-colour drawing, but so forcible, that it bears out, although surrounded by oil pictures. This picture is by Mr. E. Corbould : it is full—too full—of figures and incident, but treated in a masterly style—the antiquarian and the artist are here happily combined.

SCULPTURE.

439. "Bust of Lord Palmerston," by Mr. T. Sharp. 443. "Bust of Lord Augustus Fitzclarence, by the same artist ; they are both excellent likenesses, and are well executed busts. Mr. T. Sharp also contributes two others, 440. "Bust of a gentleman," and 445. "Bust of the daughter of Lord and Lady Fitzclarence."

Mr. Thomas Earle has two fine groups in plaster, 442. "The triumph of Sin," and 446. "Abel and Thirza.

A. Malimpri has two works in marble. 441. a pretty composition, "Romulus and Remus," and 447. "Bust of Michael Angelo," in marble, a good bust, much larger than life size ; it conveys a good idea of the countenance of that giant in Art, Michael Angelo.

Mr T. Thrupp has a pretty figure of a Magdalen, 449. and of Hope, 449.A.

In closing our notice of this exhibition, we can safely predict a brilliant future for an enterprise undertaken upon such liberal grounds, and carried out with so much spirit, as stated in the address prefixed to the Catalogue. The expenses must be great, and it is on this account that the Exhibition cannot be thrown open at once free to the public, but we see that the public are to be admitted after the 26th of June, free of charge. This is a boon the public receive at no other Exhibition, (that of the Art-Union excepted), for no other Society of Artists has followed the example of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Fine Arts, by admitting the public gratis to view modern works of Art.- In conclusion, we are of opinion that the refining influence of a good collection of pictures,

(although not graced by any work from a Royal Acadamecian of London) must operate beneficially upon the public taste in Art, and we most cordially congratulate the exhibitors at the Institution for the Free Exhibition of Modern Art, upon the great success of this second experiment.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

CHRONOLOGICALLY AND BIOGRAPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY W. COOKE STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 417.)

THE season of 1806-7 commenced on the 13th of December, and ended on the 21st of July, with three extra nights. It was rendered memorable by the introduction of Angelina Catalani to an English public. This lady was born at Senigaglia, in the Papal States, in 1780. Her wonderful voice soon attracted notice,—exciting much envy and jealousy amongst the holy sisterhoods in the convent where she was educated. Before she was fourteen she appeared on the operatic stage; and, previous to her visit to England, she had won golden laurels in Italy, Portugal, and Spain. During her sojourn in the Peninsula, she married M. Valebreque, an officer attached to Junot's army,—an unfortunate marriage; as the craving, money-loving propensities of the husband, overruled all the generous aspirations of the wife; and in concluding her engagements, (all of which he made himself,) he frequently brought upon Catalani undeserved censure in consequence of the exorbitant terms always exacted; and the niggardliness of every engagement, where other performers were concerned. Madame Catalani had some difficulty in getting to this country on account of the war, and at last succeeded through the intervention of Talleyrand. She told Mr. Gardiner (of Leicester) who saw her at Florence, in 1847, that she was in Portugal in 1807, (a mistake for 1806,) and, though the war was raging, she ventured to make her way to England through France. "When at Paris," she said, "I was denied a passport. However, I

got introduced to Talleyrand, and by the aid of a handful of gold, I was put into a government boat and ordered to lie down to avoid being shot, and wonderful to relate, I got over in safety, with my little boy seven months old."

She appeared in London, on the 13th of December, 1806; in the opera of "*Semiramide*," composed expressly for her by Portogallo, an eminent member of the Neapolitan school. Her debüt was a most brilliant one, and every new character, for many seasons, only served to develop fresh beauties in her singing; added powers in her acting. But Catalani was not perfect,—with majesty, fire, and energy, never exceeded, rarely even approached; with a voice, whose splendour and brilliance, in passages of fire and passion, astonished and electrified,—whilst in those of tenderness and pathos it touched and affected almost too painfully,—she frequently sang out of tune, and her intonation was not always sure. Yet, with these drawbacks, we have never seen her equal, and never expect, "take her for all in all," to "look upon her like again." As a critic, by no means favourable to her, remarks,—"Into whatever she did, she threw her whole soul, imparted her emotions to the breasts of her hearers, and carried them away, willing and delighted captives to her enchantments."* Perhaps, in no composition, of any school, was she more impressively brilliant than in our own national melodies of "God save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia." In the latter, when giving the lines

Blest isle with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair,—

she looked the genius of the isle—descended from a higher sphere to extend her beneficent sway and protecting influence to her votaries.

Catalani was supported by Perini, *prima donna buffa*; Righi and Siboni, *tenori*; Rovedino and Naldi, *bassi*.—Perini and Siboni were new engagements: the former made no impression whatever: the latter was one of the best tenors that had then appeared in England, where justice was certainly not awarded him. The operas were, besides "*Semiramide*," Paer's "*Il Principe di Taranti*;" Trento's "*Roberto l'Assassin*," and "*Il Ritorno di Serse*;" Guglielmi's "*La Virtuosa in Mangellina*;" Portogallo's "*La Morte di Mitridate*;" Mayer's "*Il Fanatico*;" and Paesiello's "*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*."

* "*Harmonicon*;" 1830; page 12.

In 1807, Mr. Goold, whose later years had been rendered anything but comfortable by his connection with Taylor, died; and the latter resumed the management. His reign, however, was not a very happy one; for Waters, Goold's executor, soon commenced a lawsuit against him,—the prelude to a most lengthened and expensive, and eventually ruinous litigation.

The season of 1808, which extended from January 2nd till August 2nd, has been termed "the Catalani season." There was no other principal singer engaged; Madame Dussek, (an extremely inefficient second woman,) Signora Collino; Signors Righi, Siboni, Rovedino, and Naldi, constituted the company. The following operas were performed: Portogallo's "*Semiramide*" and "*La Frascatana*;" Paesiello's "*Didone*," "*Elfrida*," and "*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*," (the former for the first time); Fioravanti's "*Le Virtuosa in Pantiglia*," and "*Il Furbo contra il Furbo*," (for the first time); Nasolini's "*La Festa d'Iside*," (first time); an act of Sarti's "*Gli Amanti Consolati*," and "*Il Fanatico*," compressed into one act. The season, notwithstanding the popularity of Catalani, was anything but profitable to Mr. Taylor.

The season of 1809 opened with the worst company, take it all in all, perhaps ever heard or seen at the opera-house. From a disagreement with the manager, arising out of the exorbitant demands of M. Valebreque, Catalani had transferred her services to Covent-Garden theatre; and Buonaparte having interposed his veto against any of the singers then on the continent coming over to this country, no other *prima donna* could be engaged. In the female department, however, Signoras Bursani, Bianchi, and Calderini, were added to Collino and Pucitta; and in the male, Signor Pedrazzi to Righi, Siboni, and Naldi. Although some of these vocalists as Naldi, had great merit, individually, the *ensemble* is described as being "beneath contempt," and the manager relied principally on the attractions of the dancing, the *corps de ballet* being as strong as the vocal body was weak. This went on till nearly the end of the season, when Tramezzani, a singer of reputation, happening to be in London without an engagement, the manager secured his services; and he made his appearance on the 20th of June, in "*Sidagero*," an opera composed by the younger Guglielmi. To a manly, but limited tenor voice, he added an extremely handsome person, and a noble style of action. He retrieved the fortunes of the opera for the season, his success being immediate and decided. As to the other

novelties Calderini, Bursani, and Pedrazzi (the latter importations from Lisbon), failed; Bianchi remained as a respectable second. The operas produced for the first time this season, were "*Sidagero*;" Fioravanti's "*La Capriciosa Pentita*;" Pucitta's "*I Villeggiatori bixsaurri*," "*La caccia d' Enrico, IV.*," and "*La Quatre Nazioni*;" Farinelli's "*Teresa e Claudio*;" Guglielmi jun.'s "*La Serva Raggatrice*;" and Paesiello's "*Piero*." The season opened January 6th, and closed August 5th.

The next season commenced on the 12th of December, 1809, with a comic drama, "*La Scomessa*," by Guglielmi, the male performers being the same as the last season, with the exception of Pedrazzi: the females Bianchi, Collini, and Calderini. After a few performances, Catalani was re-engaged; and appeared, on the 6th of March, in "*Il Fanatico*." On the 20th of that month she first sang with Tramezzani in Guglielmi, jun.'s "*Atalida*," the music of which was excellent. The "*Romeo e Guilietta*," of that composer was also produced this season, with Puccitta's "*La Vestale*," performed for Catalani's benefit on the 3rd of May. But the most successful piece of the season was Piccini's "*La Buona Figliuola*;" which was performed exactly as it had been given thirty-six years previous. Madame Catalani-brought it out for her second benefit, and performed Cecchini: and, says Dr. Burgh, "it is impossible to imagine any performance more perfect in every respect; or ever to forget the unaffected *naiveté* and innocent simplicity" of that character, "as personated by this lovely and intelligent woman." The season closed on the 4th of August.

The following season opened (on December 22nd) under very unfavourable auspices. Mr. Taylor, (who said his "loss for the three years past had been £17,184 6s. 2d.;") previous to its commencement, issued a circular, requiring an increase in the price of subscriptions; which was not at all pleasant to the subscribers. They held a meeting, at which Lord Bruce presided; and the circular was declared to be "gross and impertinent," and Mr. Taylor's demand of sixty guineas extra, "extortionate." A committee of twenty-one subscribers (amongst them the Marquis of Douglas and Earl Gower) was formed to resist it; and at a meeting of the committee, held on the 11th of January, 1811, the ladies in whose names the boxes were held, were recommended "to make a tender at the opera-office, of the amount of their several subscriptions, as paid for last season (one hundred and eighty guineas);" and if

rejected, "to withdraw their patronage from the opera, whilst it continued under its present management." This advice was partially adopted; and twenty ladies signed a paper, declaring that Mr. Taylor's circular was highly offensive and improper, that they had determined to resist any advance in prices, and to withdraw their patronage from the opera-house.—At one of the meetings of the subscribers' committee, Mr. Bonner, the treasurer of the opera, laid a statement before them, from which it appeared, that the receipts of 1809-10 were £37,245 17s. 6d., and the expenditure £36,711 8s. 11d., leaving only £534 5s. 7d.—and the insurance was not paid: this shewed no very flattering prospect, and seems to justify (added to the absolute losses of the two previous seasons) Mr. Taylor's demand. This demand was made the ground of a proposal to erect a new theatre, by a subscription of from £60,000 to £80,000; which scheme was very strongly patronised by Colonel Greville,—whose plan was, to turn the Pantheon again into an opera-house; and he affirmed, that "he had got as subscribers to the Pantheon, thirty or forty ladies,—five or six" of whom "were duchesses; and eight or nine marchionesses."

On the 8th of August, 1811, Colonel Greville convened a meeting at the Pantheon, to consider his plan,—which offered to subscribers the high interest of 11½ per cent.; after which he estimated his own annual profits at near £9,000. The meeting, however, repudiated his scheme,—the following resolutions being passed, on the motion of Colonel Kelly:—"That to convert the Pantheon into a theatre for Italian operas and foreign dances ought not to be countenanced or encouraged, for the following reasons:—Because there is already in the metropolis one of the largest theatres in Europe, exclusively devoted to performances of that description; because the public ought not to be unprovided with national theatrical entertainments." Colonel Greville did not abandon his project; and he obtained a license for the Pantheon,—but, according to Mr. Taylor, "the Lord Chamberlain, in granting it" declared, that "he never meant to infringe, or interfere at all with the Queen's theatre; nor would he ever have consented to any license of that kind." *Intermezzi* of singing and dancing were performed,—Miss Stephens, (her first appearance on the stage,) and several of the Italian performers, being engaged. A report, however, that the theatre was not strong enough to bear the roof, drove away the audience, and the Pantheon was closed. Thus Taylor triumphed, and through the mediation of Mr.

Ebers, the bookseller, his subscribers returned to him; but the expenses to which he was put, and his own improvidence, greatly increased his difficulties.

The season at the opera-house, opened with the opera of "*Zaire*," composed by Federici, for Signora Bertinotti, who was engaged to sing alternate nights with Catalani. Signor Cauvini and his wife were also new engagements; Naldi was retained; but Siboni, Righi, Rovedino, Calderini, and Bianchi received their *congé*. Bertinotti had a pleasing voice, very sweet and articulate, with great pathos in its tones, and as a musician "she was unexceptionable." After performing in "*Phædra*," an opera composed for her by her husband Radicati, she embraced the comic opera, and brought out Mozart's "*Così fan tutte*" at her benefit. This was the second opera of that incomparable composer's which was publicly performed in England; for, although a party of amateurs had played "*Don Giovanni*," "*La Clemenza di Tito*," and "*Figaro*," since Mrs. Billington had introduced his music into this country, the opera-managers and performers had not thought his music worthy their patronage. There were several drawbacks to the performance of "*Così fan tutte*," as neither Bertinotti nor Cauvini (a pretty woman and pleasing singer,) were equal to some portions of the music: still, it was a high treat to the public. Naldi, encouraged by the success of the "*Così*," brought out "*Il Flauto Magico*" for his benefit: but the company were not equal to the music, and it was only repeated once, for the benefit of Collini. The other novelties of the season were, Pucitta's "*Sultane*," and Trento's "*Climene*." The season closed on the 3rd. of August.

The season of 1812, (commenced January 14th, and closed August 1st,) exhibited a goodly company, comprising Mesdames Catalani, Grassini, Mrs. Dickson, (formerly Miss Poole, an English opera singer of great merit), and Signora Bertinotti; with Signors Tramezzani, Naldi, Martini, and Fischer, (a German bass of considerable merits.) During the season Mozart's "*Clemenza di Tito*" was repeated; and his "*Le Nozze di Figaro*" performed for the first time. In the latter, Mrs. Dickson at least divided the applause in the duet of "*Sal Aria*." The only other novelty was Pucitta's "*La Ginevra di Scozia*." Madame Bertinotti left England for Lisbon, where she was engaged as *prima donna*, shortly after the close of the season.

The season of 1813, (which continued from January 19th, to July 13th,) was one of considerable pecuniary embarrass-

ment to the manager. With the exception that Madame Ferlandez, (a comic singer of little merit) replaced Bertinotti, the company was the same as in 1812;—but at the close of April, Catalani left the theatre, her salary being in arrear. On the 1st of May, when an opera was announced without her, the audience expressed great dissatisfaction; and a regular row arose, in which great damage was done to the house. An effort was made; the affair of the salary was adjusted: and the next evening Catalani re-appeared. At the close of the season she quitted the opera-house. The new operas, this season, were, Pucitta's "*Boadacea*," Ferrari's "*L'Eroina di Raab*," (which was composed in England); and Orlandi's "*La Dama Soldata*,". Cimaroso's "*Gli Oraxi e Curiazo*" was revived.

In April of this year, (1813), Mr. Waters, (who as Gould's executor had commenced a chancery suit against Taylor, as we have already stated), obtained a decree in his favour; and he became shortly after, the manager of the opera in Taylor's place. In the course of the season, he purchased the theatre for £35,000. The sale, we may state, was annulled by legal interference; but at the re-sale, in 1819, Waters was again the purchaser, though now at the advanced sum of £70,150. His purchase became the cause of Mr. Chambers the banker's connection with the theatre. He advanced money to Waters, to enable him to complete his purchase, and took a mortgage of the property. This was the first step to embarrassments, which eventually led to the ruin of an honourable and amiable man.

In 1814, (the season commencing April 12th, and ending August 6th, being one of the shortest on record), the company was composed of Mesdames Ferlandez and Grassini, (returned after the peace of Paris), Mrs. Dickons, Mesdames Bianchi and Pucitta, Trammezzani, Murzachi, (a new tenor of no great merit), Naldi and Fischer. The only new opera produced was Pucitta's "*Aristodemo*."

In the season of 1815, (January 10th, to August 12th), "the male singers," to use the words of Lord Mount Edgecumbe, "were so wretchedly bad, that even their names cannot be remembered." The play-bill records tell us, they were Signors Gerri and Graun, *tenori*, and Vasseur, *basso*. The prima donna, Madame Sessi, possessed some little merit, but not sufficient to float the dead weight with which she was connected. The new operas were Mayer's "*Adelasia et Alderano*," Fioravanti's "*L'Orgoglio avvilito*," Farinelli's

"*I Riti d'Efeso*," Bianchi's "*Il Consigli impudente*," Portogallo's "*Barseni*," and "*Regina di Lidia*," and Liverati's "*I Selceggi*," all pieces scarcely now known, even by name. On the 20th of July, Madame Vestris appeared in Winter's "*Il Ratto di Proserpino*," for the benefit of her husband, the celebrated dancer. Her beautiful contralto voice produced a great effect.

In 1816, the vocal strength of the company was certainly improved,—Madame Mainvielle Fodor, a Russian lady of great talents being the prima donna. The *contralti* were Mesdames Marconi and Vestris; *tenori*, Signors Geni and Rosquellas, and Mr. Braham; *bassi*, La Vasseur and Naldi. Madame Fodor was much liked; she made her debut in Paer's "*Griselda*," producing a great effect, particularly in the *air*, "*Griselda Sareggio*." Marconi would have been considered a fine contralto, if Vestris had been absent, who confirmed and extended her reputation; the two Italian tenors failed, and left the opera-house at the close of the season; and Braham vindicated his claim to be considered the first tenor singer in England, if not in Europe. It is only just that a passing tribute should be paid to this celebrated and highly-popular vocalist. For power, execution, and pathos, no singer of any school ever exceeded him. His taste was vitiated at one period of his life, from the habit of singing to the audience in the galleries of our theatres, but he rectified this defect, and became as refined as he was brilliant. He made a large fortune by his vocal talent, which he lost by his connection with the Colosseum, and the St. James's theatre. He then made a lengthened tour in the United States; and returning to England in 1843, at the age of 72, he continued to delight and astonish his audiences. He has now, we believe, retired from public life, to enjoy that *etium cum dignitate* which no one more deserves. Madame Vestris was the daughter of Bartolozzi, the celebrated engraver; her husband was Armand Vestris, one of the *corps de ballet* at the king's theatre. When she appeared there, she was very young, extremely beautiful, and possessing great dramatic talents, and a splendid voice, which was capable of the richest modulations,—no wonder she charmed the public. She left the opera-house at the close of the season 1816, to win even greater popularity on the English stage.

(To be continued.)

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A CITY CHURCHYARD.

By M. W. H.

Away from care--apart from earthly toil,
 Let's court the stillness of the silent grave,
 Where dwell--within the death-encumbered soil,
 The ashes of the fair--the gay--the brave !

How many trophies mark the hallowed ground, !
 Vain mock'ry of the sad and peaceful tomb !
 How many fabrics cast their shade around !
 Emblems of death ! of man's unerring doom !

Vain mortal !—read thy solemn sentence here !
 And learn from these thy unrelenting fate !
 One lot awaits the peasant and the peer,
 The suppliant beggar, and the haughty great !

The hand of Art may grace the marbled urn,
 Or Flattery's voice pronounce the deeds of fame,
 Yet Death triumphant calls aloud—"Return !
 From Dust thou camest—return thou to the smae."

Ev'n here the moralist may learn to scan,
 The virtues,—vices,—frailties of his kind ;
 Ev'n here may see the vanity of Man,
 Still loth to perish,—though to die resigned.

Affection's voice, here, bids the tomb to rise,
 And wakes the memory of Virtue fled,
 Here Flattery lauds the recreant to the skies,
 And strews vain laurels o'er th'unholy dead.

Here—lie the remnants of a father's care,
 Here rest the ashes of an only child,
 Who sought his sorrows, as his smiles to share,
 Whose playful gambols, once his hours beguiled.

How often, when the toilsome day was o'er,
 Rejoicing, has he sought his peaceful home ;
 Where smiling beauty bade him sigh no more,
 And cheered his progress to the silent tomb.

These days are past—these fairy scenes have fled,
No joyful welcome meets his sad return ;
His smiles are buried with the crumbling dead,
His hopes are centered in the mould'ring urn,
But no !—his loved one borne to worlds on high,
(His child was ta'en the anxious sire to save),
Awaits him still in realms beyond the sky,
Released from death,—victorious o'er the grave !

Thence still with smiles, he calls his sire away,
From earth, to regions of eternal bliss !
He comes !—their ashes mingle in the clay,
Their souls embrace in one undying kiss.

Here !—where the sculptured marble rears on high,
The mouldering monument of human pride ;
The fading lines demand the stranger's sigh,
For one, who, pity,—e'en to—Want—denied.

Who scoffed the tear, that—silent—dared to speak
Of woes more piercing than the winter's blast ;
Who mocked the furrow on the lone one's cheek,
And spurned the suppliant beggar as he passed.

He lived unloved, and, dying, left behind
No sorrowing breast, to mourn the sable bier,
To Death—his wealth and honour—all—resigned,
Nor gained the tribute of a falling tear.

Hence ! sordid wealth ! thou poison to the mind,
Thou base enthraller of the human breast,
The worst of tyrants that enslave mankind,
His direst foe,—and yet—the most caressed.

Why do we listen to the Syren's voice,
And clasp the monster to our beating heart,
Forbear to yield—though Heav'n itself rejoice,
And angels seek the impious bond to part.

Near yonder pile, whose sullen shade denies,
One single ray to light his hallowed bed,
Heaven's dearest child*—the wayward poet lies,
Unmourned, unpitied, as the nameless dead.

* Chatterton.

One homely slab alone, the place attests,
One fading line his simple name declares ;
In peace, at length, the sport of Fortune rests,
From bondage freed—released from earthly cares. !

O God ! what fire illumed this mouldering clay !
What spirit animated this frail piece of earth !
Chaste and unsullied as the Sun's bright ray,
Pure as the spring that first had giv'n it birth.

Hast thou, bright flame ! the gift of Heav'n to Man,
As morning's dews to airy nothing fled ;
Shone—as the meteor's rays—through life's brief span,
To perish breathless—as th'unhonoured dead ?

Forbid it Heaven !—thou hast not so designed,
That thy pure spirit thus should pass away ;
Should vainly vanish, as the fleeting wind,
Or moulder as the creeping worms decay.

In climes as yet unknown, the minstrel's lay,
Shall wake the soul to deeds of glorious fame :
Ages unborn, illumined by his ray,
Will light their torches at the Muses' flame.

In yon secluded spot !—from all apart !
There, where the cypress casts his gloomy shade ;
Where, now, no anguish rends her bleeding heart,
The fallen child of misery is laid !

Hard was her lot !—betrayed by him she loved,
Driven as an outcast from her native home ;
Houseless and friendless over the world she roved,
But found no shelter,—save—within the tomb !

Yet she was once the gayest of the gay,
The happiest, fairest, of the village fair :
When rustic sports beguiled the hours away,
And homely joys dispelled the thoughts of care.

Lonely—and desolate—and forsaken child !
Thou wert not made to face the pelting storm,
Before the torrent's rage—the tempest wild
To bow thy head—and bend thy fragile form.

When thy poor spirit from this earth had flown,
 No pious hand was there thy lids to close;
 No lips to breathe a prayer to Mercy's throne,
 Thy sins to pardon; and to heal thy woes.

Yes! there was One! the mighty and the Great,
 Whose hand was there, Omnipotent to save;
 One, who will feel and pity thy sad fate,
 And raise thee spotless from thy lonely grave.

Ah! what dread truths do these sad scenes disclose,
 Here Beauty, Strength, and Youth's elastic tread,
 And Pride, and Pomp, and Power, alike repose,
 Prostrate and senseless, in their dreary bed.

This fleeting world was not for Man designed,
 'Tis but the pathway to eternal life,
 Where he may dwell, in happiness enshrined,
 And joy for grief,—and peace—exchange for strife.

The grave his bed!—curtained in clouds of night,
 He waits the summons from his drear abode!
 Whence called—at last—to realms of love and light,
 He wakes—to meet his Maker and his God!

SIR RORY HEARTY, OF HEARTY HALL.

By S. D.

CHAPTER II.

“I’VE caught it!” exclaimed Dr. Textum in exultation.

“Caught what? what is it?” asked Sir Rory hastily.

Dr. Textum put on his wig with a knowing air, drew near to Sir Rory, and raising himself on the tips of his toes,—for he was so little that even when Sir Rory was sitting the doctor couldn’t reach his face,—whispered under his friend’s ear the words “Get married!”

Sir Rory started. He had perfectly heard the words, but he could not help exclaiming in his surprise, "Eh? what did you say?"

"Get married!" repeated Dr. Textum, in a loud tone, striking both his fists on the table by way of emphasis.

"Who to?" exclaimed Sir Rory.

The doctor sat down, looked reflectively at the carpet for a moment, then started up, threw his wig into the fire, and exclaimed, "The widow Merry!"

"Eh?" cried Sir Rory.

"Marry the widow Merry!" repeated the doctor, hastily running off to rescue his wig.

"By G—d!" bawled Sir Rory, who thumped at his forehead, started up, snatched up his hat and stick and bounced out of the room and into his carriage.

"Where to, sir?" enquired the footman, touching his hat.

"Widow Merry's," panted Sir Rory.

Up jumped the servant, off went the horses, and away went Sir Rory, who in a few minutes found himself mounting, three at a time, the stairs of the country house, where resided his friend, the pretty little widow. Sir Rory burst into the room, and was welcomed with a merry little laugh from the merry little widow, who shook hands with him with the most enchanting frankness.

Poor Sir Rory sank into a seat, and wiped his forehead, gazing all the time at the pretty, bustling, smiling, good-natured, happy-faced, little widow.

"Will you be Lady Hearty of Hearty-Hall?" asked Sir Rory, suddenly jumping up, and running to her.

The pretty little widow gave a pretty little scream, and opened her pretty little blue eyes.

"Will you be Lady Hearty of Hearty-Hall?" again exclaimed Sir Rory in his softest tones. "Do, now! there's a dear!" And Sir Rory ventured to salute her just once. How, we shall not say. Still the widow was silent, and looked blushing upon the carpet, seeming as if she was trying to faint, but could not for joy.

"Do say yes!" pursued Sir Rory coaxingly.

And the widow *did* say "Yes!" Yes, that she did, though it was in a very faint tone. And, in reality, she was not very much surprised either, but somehow,—for ladies are very sharp that way,—she had rather expected it. But if *she* was glad, what was Sir Rory? His conduct was, indeed, very

extraordinary. He caught her in his arms, and gave her six or eight kisses before she could get loose! And when she did get loose, perceiving that she only gave a very faint scream, Sir Rory made up the dozen, and rushed down stairs, out of the house, and into his carriage in such an ecstasy of joy that he left behind his wig, hat and stick, and was perfectly deaf to the query of his servant, as to where he wished to go next. As his master could not express his will, the servant took the matter into his own hands, and consulted his own peculiar inclination by driving straight home to the Hall.

How Sir Rory got into his library he never knew, but after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, finding himself seated in his easy chair, he then discovered that he was *minus* his wig. After perfectly satisfying himself, by means of a strict examination of his head and his heels, that the former member was uppermost, Sir Rory proceeded down stairs with the view of questioning his servant as to what had become of his wig. But as the worthy gentleman passed one of the rooms on the ground-floor, he was rather surprised at hearing a loud talking inside. So, pushing open the door, Sir Rory marched two yards into the apartment, and then stood quite still with surprise and anger. And well he might! The room was half full of men, whom he recognised as the wretched tenants of Squires Squeezeum and Grinder. These two worthies and Mr. Richard Snap forthwith emerged from the group and confronted Sir Rory with looks of malicious triumph. For Sir Rory looked flushed and angry. His dress was disordered and his wig was gone.

"My poor uncle!" faltered Mr. Richard Snap, putting his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Poor man! without his wig!" sighed Squire Squeezeum.

"It's a dreadful sight! Only look at the poor man! What an awful thing is a benighted intellect!" ejaculated Squire Grinder.

"To think I should be forced to this at last!" sobbed Mr. Richard Snap.

"It can't be helped! It's your dooty, my dear fellow!" observed Squire Squeezeum.

"Dooty must be done, however painful to the feelings?" remarked Squire Grinder.

All this time Sir Rory had stood petrified with astonishment, but he now sprang forward, and, merely uttering an emphatic ejaculation of "Scoundrel!" forthwith collared his loving

nephew. Mr. Richard Snap, instantly putting a stop on the further outpouring of his afflicted feelings, bawled out most lustily for help.

"Help! help! a madman!" screamed Squires Squeezum and Grinder in chorus.

"Help! help!" echoed all the company, rushing, in a body upon Sir Rory.

"Hooray! hooray! hooray!" bawled a hundred voices just outside the door.

The squires listened: the trampling of feet was heard, and the next moment all the villagers, headed by Jimmy Hodge, Ralph Hatchet, Billy Black, and Tom Sawyer, burst into the room.

"Hooray!" here's the blessed old Master," bawled out Jimmy Hodge.

"Hearty for ever!" vociferated Ralph Hatchet.

"Hooray!" shouted Billy Black, and Tom Sawyer.

"Down with the old skin-flints!" cried all the rest of the crowd.

"Kermission of luneracy! eh!" cried Hodge, who by the bye, had not the slightest idea what that meant.—"We'll kermission of luneracy you!"

The squires and their adherents did not wait to see what was intended by this awful threat, for the windows were thrown open in a twinkling, and all the intruders scrambled out in such a surprising hurry, that the floor was left covered with hats, and Hodge's associates were too late to catch anything but three men and the same number of coat tails. The crowd therefore proceeded heartily to beat the three prisoners, till the unfortunate captives were rescued by Sir Rory. After this, Hodge and his companions gathered up all the trophies,—to wit, thirteen hats, and three coat tails, and carried them out in great glee with the intention of making a great bonfire with them. This enjoyment, however, was postponed, by common consent, till they had first chased Mr. Richard Snap, the two squires, and all of their confederates to the distance of two miles. Upon their return, the villagers enjoyed their bonfire, and they enjoyed something else too, which had been sent down from the Hall, at the conclusion of which, they unanimously declared, that it had been long since they had enjoyed so happy a day,

Yes! and in a fortnight from that time, Hearty Hall received a mistress in the person of Lady Hearty, late the

widow Merry. A capital little wife she made too, and a happy man was fine Sir Rory Hearty. And from that time forward, Sir Rory had the pleasure of snapping his fingers at Squires Squeezeum and Grinder, who could never again muster up sufficient courage to disturb his peace with a Commission of Lunacy.

FINE ARTS.

THIS period of the year is by far the most important of any others to the editorial department of the fine Arts, and calls into activity the critical pen by demands from many quarters where exhibitions of Art are on view. The British Institution in Pall Mall, is now closed for the season, having given its two annual soirées to the patrons and exhibitors collectively; —a plan reflecting much credit on the directors, as the intention is a good one, that of assembling the patrons and the artists. It may perhaps as a matter of right be doubtful how far artists should consider themselves justly entitled to be present at the private view of this Institution, as the gallery is mainly supported by the aristocracy, headed by Her Majesty, and except for the auxiliary shillings taken at the doors, may be regarded as a private gallery. However, the invitations to the two evening exhibitions alluded to above, may be intended as some compensation to the exhibitors for not being invited to the private view.

A private view of an exhibition is a custom which in our minds would be "more honoured in the breach than the observance," but as the custom has been attended to ever since Art has found a footing in this country, it may not be altogether desirable to abolish it, it being considered as a compliment to the patrons and lovers of the Fine Arts; it also forms a public ground upon which the artist may hear refined criticisms passed upon his works, by men of the most exalted intellect; and there is also a great chance of artists being introduced to parties who may benefit them, both by their society and their wealth.

Whatever may be the advantages of this arrangement for private views, we contend that all exhibitors should be invited to them. Why should the members of the Royal Academy,—accommodated at a great annual expense to the public in the gallery at Trafalgar Square—presume to exclude their exhibitors from the private view? Why did the Royal Commissioners of Fine Arts exclude the historical painters, who had contributed works to the National Exhibition in Westminster Hall? and moreover, make them pay to see their own pictures! Why do the members of the Society of British Artists exclude their exhibitors from their private view? The answer is, that the Academy has set the pernicious example years ago, to collect on one point all the talent and rank of the Kingdom, and to pay court to it with a view to the disposal of their own works, and to furnish a rich intellectual banquet to their visitors, which banquet is, for the most part prepared by the excluded artists: we do hope that before long, some reform in this respect may take place. The young party in the Academy has urged some changes in the arrangements of that body already, and it is to be hoped that in time, private views may either be entirely abolished, or if there be any particular advantages to be derived from them, that all artists who contribute works to the exhibitions may be equally entitled to participate in the benefits; but we are so loyally disposed as to feel beyond doubt, that a day should be set apart at any time, whenever Royalty should signify its wish to view any exhibition.

This consideration of the subject of private views leads us to approve of the arrangements made by the artists who manage the affairs of the Free Exhibition of Modern Art; not that they followed a bad example, and besides, had two private views, but that they liberally allowed their exhibitors not only to attend, but to invite such friends as they thought desirable should be at the private views. This feeling, with others of an equally liberal character, will, we hope, show the profession that it is possible to have an exhibition conducted upon plans which are diametrically opposed to the petty, narrow views of those men who would convert public institutions into places where, by meanness, and trickery, a few paltry extra guineas may be acquired.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

This year, report—which was as usual rife with the praises of the expected exhibition at the Royal Academy—has been in a great degree justified by the result, the exhibition of this year being considerably above the average, as indeed it ought to be, when we know that a great quantity of very talented works have been inadmissible—no doubt upon the comfortable plea of want of room! Among other names, we have heard of works by Messrs. Jenkins, Alexander Johnson, Goodall, Ansdell, Le Jeune, &c., &c.; all of them artists whose contributions would do honour to any exhibition of Art.

A second visit to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, confirms us in our opinion of the superiority of this one over those of the previous years. Although the senior members of this body are not in great strength, yet the deficiency is amply compensated by the talent of its junior members, all of whom are indebted to the opportunities afforded them by the Society of British Artists for the first public impression produced by their works. Had it not been for the exclusive possession of the royal countenance, and the funds raised by royal and aristocratic patronage, the Royal Academy would this year have been supported by Messrs. Reinagle, Ward, Chalon, Etty, Landseer, and Maclise; while the Society of British Artists would have had their exhibitions graced by the works of Stanfield, Roberts, Lee, Creswick, Hart, Webster, Frith, Poole, C. Landseer, Herbert, Knight, and Elmore, all of whom have been attracted from the Society of British Artists. It is to be hoped that by these means some reformation may be wrought in the conduct of the Royal Academy towards their brethren, the exhibitors, who are treated with the greatest disrespect in everything that concerns them and the Royal Academy.

In a collection containing 1474 works of Art, we cannot do more than notice the most attractive of these works in each room. In the great room there are 271 pictures, between sixty and seventy of which are portraits: in this department, Mr. J. Watson Gordon is conspicuous for talent.

71. Portrait of Sir William Newbiggin, M.D., one of the finest portraits in the exhibition, simple in its treatment, quiet in expression, and altogether a masterly production.

Messrs. Pickersgill, R.A., J. P. Knight, R.A., B. R.

Faulkner, J. C. Horsley, F. Grant, F. Sayer, J. G. Middleton, R. Bothwell, T. F. Dicksee, and other portrait painters of celebrity contribute works.

117. "Mrs. Farquharson," by F. Grant, is one of most attraction.

223. "Mrs. Charles Lamb," is also a beautiful picture.

218. "James Bentley, Esq.," a fine whole length portrait, by Mr. Knight, R.A.

Of the figure subjects, two, Nos. 8 and 18, illustrations to a poem called "Bereavement," painted by Mr. Eddis, are very charming, and have much tender sentiment.

11. "Cardinal Wolsey," by Mr. Cope. R.A. elect, has some excellent parts. The attitude, figure, and expression of the Cardinal are extremely happy; but we feel that the subject does not so exactly suit Mr. Cope's powers as many others which in previous years we have admired. A gratifying circumstance is announced with the title of the picture, that it is painted for His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

20. By Mr. M'Innes, "A Summer's Afternoon on the Lido, near Venice." A fresh picture, vividly portraying the comfort of an Italian pic nic, carefully executed throughout, and harmoniously coloured.

35. "Flora and Zephyrus," by G. Patten, a poetical composition, pretty in colour, but appearing too much elaborated for the size of the figures.

36. "The Vintage," South of France. An interesting picture, by Mr. Uwins, R.A.; but the figures sentimentalised out of character, unless field labourers in the south of France are more refined than those of the country about the capital.

47. "A Young Goathord of the Campagna of Rome," by Mr. P. Williams, one of the best small pictures by this well known artist.

49. "Fruit," by R. Clothier, treading close upon G. Lance, in power; the colour of the gold is too brown, which injures the general effect.

62. "Queen Margaret of Anjou, and the Robber of Hexham," Mr. C. Landseer, R.A., painted with the facility and purity of colour, characteristic of Mr. Landseer's works. Margaret's head would have been improved, and more true to history if it had been more dignified; the background has a somewhat theatrical appearance.

66. "The Harvest Field," Mr. W. F. Whittington, R.A. a charming picture, clear in colour, the textures well discriminated, and the whole natural in effect.

77. "St. John the Baptist reproving Herod." This picture adds to Mr. Herbert's reputation—the composition is simple—the attitudes simple—the expression just and dignified. Herod's head especially is natural, expressing a consciousness of the justice of St. John's reproof; the furniture and architecture are most judiciously chosen, and the scale of colour high but not rude; this would suit admirably for Fresco painting. Of the figure subjects, this picture is the highest in sentiment of all in the present collection and elicits deserved praises.

78. "Chivalry in the time of Henry VIII.," an oil picture after the fresco, exhibited by Mr. Maclise, in Westminster Hall, three years since. It has all Mr. Maclise's excellencies and defects; it is chalky in effect, polished all over, textures all alike, and not appealing to the feelings of the present day; but drawn with great power, and executed with amazing facility.

85. "Sketch of My Father," by Mr. Edwin Landseer, R.A. : one of the very best heads in the exhibition; the character excellent, the colour exquisite—here is all that an artist could wish for.

22. "An Italian Peasant Family Prisoners with Banditti," by Mr. Eastlake, R.A. The great charm of this work is its colour and effect: the character is refined away, and the forms too, soft as if painted in wax, and melted together by heat.

111. "John Foster, Esq., in the character of Kiteley," by Mr. Maclise, R.A. ; a small picture elaborately painted, but crude in colour.

135. "The internal economy of Do-the-boys Hall," by Mr. Webster, R.B. : a small picture with the variety of character this artist always introduces. Mrs. Squeers is the most conspicuous figure, and Wackford, Jun. is tyrannising over the unhappy Smike—an interesting treatment of this stinging satire.

144. "The Foray," by Mr. A. Cooper, R.A. ; a picture in Mr. Cooper's accustomed style; full of interest, and beautifully painted; far better than 58, "Ariadne," which is a nudity, ill drawn.

148. "Luncheon." 149. "Country Courtship," good pictures by Mr. Duke, and Mr. Clater.

157. "Lady Jane Grey," by Mr. Leslie, R.A. An intellectual head, and a dignified figure worthy of the historical character; the back-ground appears black and heavy.

162. "The Shell," by the same artist, a well-painted group of portraits, and the incident of the shell happily thought of. The expression of surprise and listening in the child's face very successful.

160. "The Butt," by Mr. Mulready, R.A. Praise has been lavished on this picture, which is not equal to Mr. Webster's boys, but the colour is marvellously fine, as colour, although quite different to any article of clothing ever worn by town or country boys, both in colour and texture. The subject though vulgar, has been happily treated, but the poor butt appears to profit little by the experiment.

164. "The Doubtful Document," by Mr. Lear, very clever but very foreign.

173. "Country Cousins," by Mr. Redgrave, A., painted for Mr. Vernon's collection, an interesting subject, elaborately painted, and the character well preserved: a sweet little boy, his sister, and mother, all enlist our sympathies: on the other hand, the purse-proud relations are depicted with a sly touch of satire; the nonchalance of the old man is excellent.

176. "A Rubber," by Mr. Webster, R.A. This beautiful picture requires no schooling to understand—no mock sentimentality destroys the truth of nature—but without coarseness, Mr. Webster tells his story to perfection: the triumphant look of one player watching his partner about to play—the puzzled countenance of the inexperienced opponent, and the angry expression of him who is to lose, are all excellent.

188. "A Group of Captives," by Mr. Etty, R.A.; mere patches of colour, occupying the place of better works.

191. "Henrietta Maria and the Prince of Wales assisting at the toilette of Madle. Montpensier," by Mr. C. Landseer, R.A.: much clever painting bestowed upon an unworthy subject.

208. "Alexander and Diogenes," by E. Landseer, R.A. The comic history of Greece represented by dogs—they are wonderfully painted—such as no other artist can equal; but the cause of high Art would not be advanced by an Art-Union prizemaker giving a great sum for this picture.

225. "Fruit, by Mr. Lance. This exquisite picture is placed on the floor, to make way for such sketches as 215. "Aaron," by Mr. Etty, and 188. "Captives" by the same!

229. "An old cover Hack," one of Mr. Landseer's best pictures; the drawing is masterly, the colour beautiful. The horse and dogs have evidently had a hard run.

234. "A Lacemaker," by Mrs. Carpenter: a charming picture.

235. "Incident in the life of Napoleon," by Sir W. Allan, R.A.; illustrating the daring of two English sailors, and the generosity of Napoleon. The story well told, with Sir W. Allan's usual power.

240. "L'Allegro," and 262. "Il penseroso," companion pictures by Mr. Cope. The first is pretty, but upon a borrowed style—that of the late T. Stothard. 262 is a fine picture, and is treated with much originality of thought.

In Landscape, Messrs. Cooper, Lee, and Stanfield are, as usual, pre-eminent. Mr. Stanfield's "Amalfi" is a very large picture, and one on which he has concentrated his strength: the scenery is romantic and bold to an extreme; picturesque buildings are adapted to the ravines and crags; a fine sea, with complicated forms, aids the general effect. The colour is beautiful, and the atmospheric effect admirably managed.

9. "Sunset," by Mr. S. Cooper, R.A., is an exquisite picture.

19. "The Greenwood Stream," by Mr. Creswick, A. a scene as true to nature as the canvas could give it. The same applies to 57. "Summer time," by the same artist.

125. "The Gravel Pit," an unaffected quiet study from nature, by Mr. Mulready, R.A.

150. "View near Penshurst, Kent," by Mr. Lee, R.A.; also 88. "The Broken Bridge: these are both excellent pictures; the latter especially, has great truth of colour, fine feeling for nature, and a precision and mastery of the pencil, quite astonishing.

252. "Chancel of the Collegiate Church of St. Paul;" a very fine work by Mr. Roberts, R.A., and worthy of its destination—the Vernon collection for the nation.

Of the untitled artists, many very good works are in this room; the best of which, are 12. "Mont Blanc," by Mr. G. A. Fripp; a large picture of this fine scene, painted with great power.

34. "Showery Weather," by Mr. Percy; but it is placed too high to be examined properly. The effect is good.

86. "At Ambleside," by W. Stanfield, Jun. A clever picture by this young artist.

91. "Naworth Castle," by Mr. J. Blacklock; a fine and highly finished picture.

95. "A Summer Day," by Mr. Elen: one of his prettiest pictures.

127. "Scheveling Beach—low water," by Mr. S. Wathis: a very clever work.

147. "Scheveling," also, by Mr. E. W. Cook. This picture and 174. "Dutch Yachting on the Zuyder Zee," are both excellent marine pictures, but are sacrificed by being hung below the line.

176. "A Forest Pond," by J. Stark. and 226. "A Water Mill;" two pictures, of which the great charm is truth to nature, which might be expected from an artist educated in a school of Art founded on a constant and zealous study of nature.

231. "The Shepherd's Boy returning from the Fells, Ambleside," by A. W. Williams, appears to be a good picture, if a well-managed effect be combined with proper finish; but the picture is not well placed.

This room appears to be the great focus of talent, as, with few exceptions, the line is occupied by the choicest works of the Academicians.

MIDDLE ROOM.

In this room there are about 50 portraits, of which 283. "Portrait of the Earl of Sefton," by Mr. Westcott is very talented.

322. "The Right Honourable Lord John Hay," a portrait in naval costume, by Mr. Watcon Gordon, a very fine portrait both in drawing and colouring.

324. "Lady Louisa Cavendish," by Mr. J. Lucas, an exceedingly interesting portrait, gracefully composed.

336. "Portrait of Lady Charlotte Guest," by Mr. R. Buckner, elegant and lady-like.

357. A curious portrait of "Mrs. Charles Dickens," by Mr. Maclise, hard and confused in effect.

365. "Viscountess Pollington, her son, and sister," one of Mr. Grant's beautiful groups, animated in expression, and well composed and coloured.

384. A very sweet portrait of "Lady Anne Charteris," by Mr. J. R. Swinton.

432. "Lady Jones," by Mr. W. Carpenter, a fine portrait.

441. "Equestrian portrait of Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart., by Mr. Grant. With this fine picture, we close our notice of portraits.

279. "Idleness," by Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, talented, but not worthy the painter of the "Burial of Harold."

282. "The death-bed of Robert, King of Naples," sur-named "the good and wise," by Mr. Elmore, the action rather artificial, the flesh well coloured, and the picture one evidencing great improvement.

297. "Sir Richard Sutton's Hounds," by Mr. Grant, a picture full of hunters, horses, and dogs, the likenesses excellent.

308. "The landing of the Primitive Puritans or Pilgrim Fathers, on the coast of America, 1620," by Mr. C. Lucy. This picture is a sequel to that of "the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers," now engraving. It has great delicacy of colour, a pure and high tone of feeling, and a careful study of character.

321. "The Peninsular Heroes," by Mr. Knight, R.A., interesting to the relations of the heroes.

336. "Euphrosyne," by Mr. W. E. Frost, this classical composition is elaborated in every line; the action is graceful and easy, the drawing very careful in its details, and the colour beautiful.

358. "Meditation," by Mr. Hart, R.A. Had this picture been placed above the line, to make way for some more studied and finished work, it would have been better for the academy, the academy, and some unfortunate artist, whose more elaborated picture has been displaced by this slight production.

377. "Incident in the life of the Duke of Wellington," by Sir W. Allan, R.A. This picture is in the usual style of this artist, and requires no lengthened notice. It is evidently intended as a *pendant* to that of Napoleon in the great room.

378. "A scene on the Carrara Mountains," another of those brilliant pictures by Mr. M'Innes, the action of the figures and animals is good: there is a fine block of marble just on the move for some Canova or Thorwalsden.

305. "An old Woman accused of having bewitched a peasant Girl, temp. James I.," by Mr. Frith. This very fine

picture, has not a particle of German manner to recommend it, neither is it French nor Italian, nor has the artist troubled himself about any style, or any school beyond that of Nature. With a fine perception of colour, and apt choice of light and shade, he has told the story most forcibly, bringing home to our feelings, the insults and injuries formerly sustained by the poor, especially if they attained a great age,—a state of feeling not yet quite passed away, even in these enlightened times. A venerable old woman is dragged by a thorough-bred Dogberry before the Justice, accused of bewitching a pretty but pallid girl; the charge is supported principally by a black cat, seized upon by another official, and held up in triumph over the poor old woman's head. Should she escape conviction on this charge, there is another ready to be brought forward by a mother, waiting in the hall, with an emaciated child in her arms. From the recurrence of three heads, in a three-quarter view of the face, and some likeness to be traced between them, it would appear, that the buxom middle-aged woman is appealing to the Justice on her mother's behalf. The young man, a falconer, seems to be the grand-son of the supposed witch, and is also about to protest against such injustice. From the intellectual countenance of the Justice, we may infer, that he sees through the absurdity, and will dismiss the charge. Every head has been thoroughly studied, and the character admirably expressed. This artist is forming a school which will counteract the evil effects of affectation, under which the English art is at present suffering.

403. "A random Shot," a simple, but painful incident, portrayed with the accustomed skill of Mr. E. Landseer, R.A.

416. "Highgate Fields during the great fire of London in 1666," by Mr. E. M. Ward. This is a picture of great power, and invention, but the composition appears in two halves. It will repay the spectator for a careful examination. The groups of burnt-out actors and actresses in the left-hand corner, has much of the genuine humour of Hogarth, while their frivolity of manner, and the nature of their occupations contrast forcibly with the prevailing horror, and the condemnatory expression of the Puritan. The incident of the child, restored to its parents, is happily introduced; the whole picture is carefully finished.

440. "Arlite, a peasant girl of Falaise, first discovered by Duke Robert Le Diable," by Mr. Poole. There is much in

this picture that shows great talent. From the treatment of the subject, beauty of form would appear to have been the object of the artist. Arlite, although pretty enough for her reputation, might have been more beautiful; the colour is singular, and requires time, or management, to reduce into masses.

291. "A scene in landscape, in North Devon," by Mr. Wittington,, R.A. demands notice from its freshness and truth.

314. "Home by the Sands," by Mr. Creswick, A., who, in this, and another picture in the next room, has added an agreeable feature to his practice; the colour is charming.

322. "Mount St. Michael," by Mr. Roberts, R.A. This everlasting subject has called forth successfully the powers of this celebrated artist.

347. "Mill on the river Oguir, North Wales," by Mr. Lee, R.A., a charming subject.

383. "A Summer morning," the joint production of Messrs. Lee and Cooper, R.A. and A. The peculiar beauties of each artists' style, are here harmoniously blended. The most successful union of different artists painting we have ever seen.

436. "Looking Out," by Mr. Hollins, a marine view with large figures; sure to attract notice by the extraordinary composition.

447. Caius Marius in the ruins of Carthage," by Mr. Danby, a fine classical subject, with a rich sunset.



